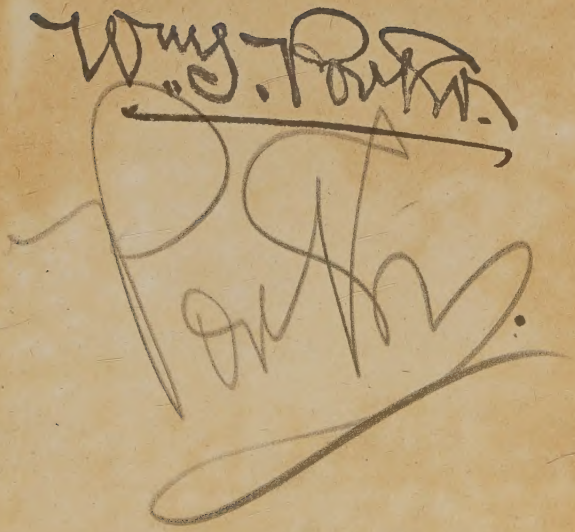

The Napoleon of the Pacific

Kamehameha the Great

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By

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To

EDMOND STEPHEN MEANY

friend and colleague

Foreword

JUST a century ago,—on May 8, 1819,—the greatest child of the Pacific, "from chaos until now," Kamehameha the First of Hawaii passed away, leaving to his children a legacy which they were unable to retain. The United States, which have providentially become the inheritors of his realm, are also made thereby the guardians of Kamehameha's fame. It is in the hope that Americans will find some interest in the story of one who surely deserves his title of "the Great" that this book has been written. The author has drawn freely upon all the materials available. Particular use has been made of Fornander's "Polynesian Race," Alexander's "History of the Hawaiian People," King Kalakaua's "Legends and Myths of Hawaii," and some of the older histories such as those of Jarves and Dibble. The writings of the old missionaries, such as Ellis and Bingham, have also been of great service, and, of course, also the Voyages of the great navigators, such as Cook and Vancouver. I wish to acknowledge very gratefully the help which has been thus derived and without which the memoir could not have been written.

HERBERT H. GOWEN.

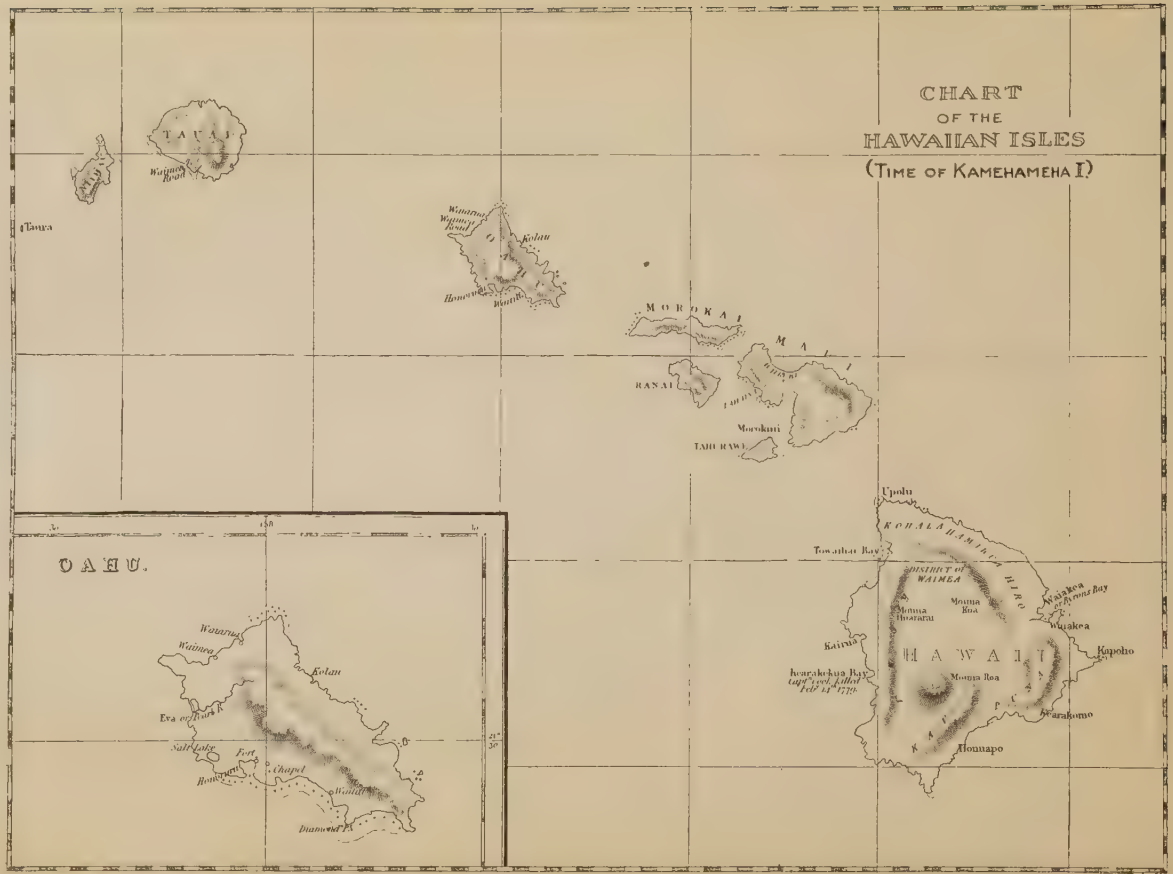
CHART
OF THE
HAWAIIAN ISLES
(TIME OF KAMEHAMEHA I)
TAUAI
Waimea Road
Taura
Waianae
Waimea Road
Kolau
Honolulu
MOROKAI
MAUI
RANAI
Morokini
TAHURAWI
Upolu
KOHALA HAMAKUA HIRO
Towaihai Bay
DISTRICT of WAIMEA
Waiakea or Byrons Bay
Waiakea
Kapoho
Kairua
HAWAII
Kearakekua Bay
Kearakomo
Honuapo
OAHU.
Waianae
Waimea
Kolau
Eva or Pearl R.
Salt Lake
Fort
Chapel
Honolulu
Waikiki
Diamond Pt.

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I

INTRODUCTION

"Arma virumque cano."

HAWAII to-day attracts the tourist in search of health and pleasure rather than the historian on the trail of the past. Yet the sunshine of the present hour cannot forbid the shadow of the past from crossing its path. Sooner or later the visitor to Honolulu finds his way to the square between the Iolani Palace and the Aliiolani Hale. Such at least were the dulcet syllables by which we once described the dwelling place of Hawaii's sovereign and the meeting place of her Parliament. But times have changed and names have changed with them. More prosaic titles fit more prosaic times. Yet, prominent in the square, just in front of the Legislative Buildings, is a monument which no change of time or name can rob of interest. For Monarch and Legislature, yes, alas, and People too, may pass only to bring into higher light the grandeur of him whose statue here keeps sentry guard.

It is the chief who made Hawaii a kingdom, giving it such cohesion and stability that as a kingdom it endured for just a century. Here stands Kamehameha I, "the lonely one" (as his name implies), as he might have appeared in life in those

heroic days when the chiefs of Hawaii fought like "gods of war dispensing fate."

I remember well the man whom the artist used as model and often had occasion, as he rowed me from Maui to Lanai, to admire his size and thews. But, before the statue, one thinks not of Kaopuiki but of Kamehameha. We see him, a man of gigantic mould, with furrowed and smileless countenance, as of one who spoke not but to command and commanded only to be obeyed. Spear in hand, feather helmet on head, and on his shoulders the feather cloak which took nine generations of kings to construct,—we seem to see him, a "Mars armipotent" of whom Homer might have sung:

> "On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
> And all their falchions wave about his head:
> Repulsed he stands, nor from his stand retires,
> But with repeated shouts his army fires."

A century and a quarter ago, in the year 1795, this man effected what, under the circumstances, seemed a task of insuperable difficulty, the union under one government of the Eight Islands of the Hawaiian archipelago. What the difficulties were and wherein consisted the greatness of the man who overcame them will appear as we proceed. Suffice it here to say that of his race there was none like him before, there has been none like him since. In all that shadowy time, from the dawn of island history to the establishment of intercourse with the western world,—the time of heroes nine feet high, who wielded spears ten yards long, heroes who fought with and received aid from gods, like the

warriors at Troy,—heroes such as Kiha of the magic conch, or Liloa or Umi or Lono,—there was none who did what Kamehameha did by the patient toil and dauntless courage of forty years of strife.

Moreover, in all the time since, spite of the unexampled advance which has made of the old Hawaii a land of telephones and electric lights, of universal education and universal suffrage, no Hawaiian has arisen with a hundredth part of the manhood possessed and used, mainly for good, by this heroic savage.

If the conquests of Kamehameha were inferior to those of the conquerors of fame, it was because he had not Alexander's or Cæsar's scope. At least he fought till he had no more worlds to conquer, and what he conquered he held till the dynasty expired. He is sometimes called the "Napoleon of the Pacific," and like Napoleon he had unswerving faith in his destiny and his power to sway it.

For though the union of eight small islands into one kingdom may appear a small achievement, as a matter of fact it was anything but easy. The islands had each their traditions of preëminence, and their inter-relations were controlled by furious jealousies. Intercourse for many generations almost ceased except for war. Even two generations ago the natives of the windward and the leeward islands could be distinguished by their dialect and even to-day the K's and L's of Oahu are distinguishable from the T's and R's of Lanai. Able soldiers and statesmen before Kamehameha had attempted the consolidation of the race, but all alike had failed. Even the wise Vancouver tried to dissuade Kamehameha from what he believed to be a dis-

astrous and Utopian enterprise. But the savage followed his stars to fortune and prevailed.

King Kalakaua, an unbiased witness, inasmuch as he inaugurated a new line of rulers, passes the following judgment on his illustrious predecessor:

"Kamehameha was a man of tremendous physical and intellectual strength. In any land and in any age he would have been a leader. The impress of his mind remains with his crude and vigorous laws, and wherever he stepped is seen an imperishable track. He was so strong of limb that ordinary men were but children in his grasp, and in council the wisest yielded to his judgment. He seems to have been born a man and to have had no boyhood. He was always sedate and thoughtful, and from his earliest years cared for no sport or pastime that was not manly. He had a harsh and rugged face, less given to smiles than frowns, but strongly marked with lines indicative of self-reliance and changeless purpose. He was barbarous, unforgiving and merciless to his enemies, but just, sagacious and considerate in dealing with his subjects. He was more feared than loved and respected; but his strength of arm and force of character well fitted him for the supreme chieftaincy of the group, and he accomplished what no one else could have done in his day."

The extract does no more than justice to Kamehameha's powers of body and mind. Indeed, distinguished as he was for bravery in an age of valour, it is his intellectual quality which gives him enduring place in history.

We may put him beside Fabius Maximus for his

invincible patience. "Unus homo cunctando restituit rem," was said of Hannibal's great conqueror and of the conqueror of Kalanikapule and *la haute noblesse* of all Hawaii it may be said that not less by waiting than by fighting did he make a kingdom out of chaos. Something of the Hawaiian indifference to time perhaps enabled Kamehameha to take defeat so easily and to retire so contentedly, like another Cincinnatus, to his patrimonial fields at Waipio, but without doubt also he stablished himself in faith, waiting for the fullness of time,—a faith the very reverse of common in barbarous societies.

None knew as Kamehameha knew so to bear defeat as to make each repulse a step to completer victory. He might well have adopted the words of Coligni: "In one respect I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, it is true. I have lost four great battles; and yet I shew to the enemy a more formidable front than ever."

Moreover, he knew when to strike and then struck hard. Like Napoleon, he could hurl his force at a given point with celerity and precision, and, once he had formed his plan, he suffered no obstacle to limit its success.

Then, once more, Kamehameha had a singular genius for discerning the proper instruments for his undertakings. Many great men have ruined their work, either by assuming too large a share personally or by selecting unsuitable instruments. In each case the work fails to outlive the worker, even if he himself see not the ruin. We say, "Such and such a successful ruler had the good fortune to

be surrounded by such and such a brilliant galaxy of statesmen." The good fortune in reality was in the good sense and the keen faculty which chose the instruments aright.

We shall see that the throne of Kamehameha had for pillars of support men who might easily have become his rivals, and that among all the chiefs of his day none was discarded save such as Kaiana whose untrustworthiness made assistance more a menace than a mainstay. As it was, few kings ever had an abler council, more conspicuous for courage in battle or for skill in the arts of government than he whose service enlisted men like Kalanimoku, Kameeiamoku and Keeaumoku and the Englishmen, Young and Davis.

Kamehameha, too, lived long enough after he had crushed opposition to his rule to show that he understood the consolidation no less than the establishment of a monarchy. For twenty-five years he governed Hawaii with steadily increasing skill, piloting the new Union through every kind of embroilment with the nationals who sought adventure and profit in his realm.

Like William the Conqueror, he purposed to govern justly what he had won cruelly. If he was overstern to suppress, he undoubtedly spared the country misery which a weaker policy would have brought in full flood.

So, looking at our hero as man rather than monarch, we need not deny him the title "Great." He could win victories over himself as well as over others. Perhaps greater than any triumph over rival chiefs was that over his weaker self when he broke free from the trammels of the foreigner's fire-

water and bade his countrymen imitate him and be saved.

But enough has been said in these introductory words to suggest that at the foot of the statue of Kamehameha we need not muse merely of a perishing race, as Gibbon mused on the Decline and Fall of Rome hard by the Temple of Jupiter. Not merely to the antiquarian, searching amid the sad ruins of a remnant for the ashes of romance; not merely to the historian, seeking here and there in ancient archives for iterated illustrations of meaning in the human story; not merely to the lover of adventure and stirring incidents of warfare; but to the student of man as man, the story of the first Kamehameha should possess interest and instruction.

For heroism is of no age and of no race. It compels the sympathy of all; and if this little sketch fail to show in the life of the Hawaiian monarch that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, that quality of manhood which obliterates distinction of East and West, assuredly it is not the tale but the telling of it which must be blamed.

II

THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF KAMEHAMEHA

"Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nurs'd the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;
And no man knew."

THE normal state of Hawaii a century and a half ago was that of war, so it can hardly be regarded as of special omen that at the time of Kamehameha's birth great preparations were proceeding for a campaign against the island of Maui. Yet the circumstance was appropriate, as was also the weather; for, strange as it may seem with our conception of Hawaii as a Paradise "where never breeze blows roughly," on the November night when Kamehameha first drew breath, not only was the air filled with the shouts of men preparing for battle but louder and shriller still rose the voice of a storm which made the night forever famous in history and presaged to those skilled in weather lore the advent to this world of a hero greater than his fellows.

It was at Halawa, near Kohala, in the extreme north of the island of Hawaii, the largest island of the group, that on this stormy night in the month *Ikuiwa,* or November, somewhere between A. D.

1736 and 1740, probably nearer the former than the latter date, that the cry of a new-born babe obtruded itself upon this strange world filled with the shouts of armed men and the sound of thunder and the wrestling winds.

Alapainui, king of Hawaii, was staying at Kohala at the time, engaged in preparing his canoes and superintending the massing of troops for an attack on the adjacent isle of Maui. With him were two young princes, Keoua, the accepted father of Kamehameha, and Kalaniopuu, who afterwards became Moi, or king, instead of Alapainui. "Accepted father," we say; for, though Keoua, or to give him his full name, Kalanikupuakeoua, was generally taken to be the father of the newly born prince, by his wife, the high-born princess Kekuiapuiwa II, there are circumstances which imply a different parentage. Indeed, the mystery which surrounded the birth of Arthur, when, in the dismal night, "a night in which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost," the naked babe came riding down the flaming waves and was borne to Merlin's feet, surrounded also the arrival of the Hawaiian prince upon this mortal stage. As men disputed, saying, "Here is Uther's heir," with others crying:

> "Away with him!
> No king of ours! A son of Gorlois he,
> Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
> Or else base-born!"

so it was with Kamehameha. All through life, while commonly reputed to be the child of Keoua, there were those who pointed to more distinguished lineage and to a father who was no other than the

famous king of Maui, Kahekili, in after years the chiefest obstacle to that winning of the monarchy upon which Kamehameha had set his heart. Kahekili was one of like mould with himself, quick indeed to recognize the prowess of the younger man and to foresee his future fame, but holding out grimly and successfully until death.

But, it will be asked, what is the evidence for this extraordinary story, a story which implies that father and son were rivals for long years together, spite of the knowledge, on the father's side at least, of the relationship?

Historically, perhaps, the evidence is no way conclusive, but such as it is it may be presented as follows.

First, no ordinary reader of Hawaiian history can fail to note the remarkable similarity in the characters of Kahekili and the subject of our sketch, and the more than ordinary interest, sometimes amounting to the grimmest pleasure, with which the former watched Kamehameha's exploits.

Secondly, that same night in which Kamehameha was born he was stolen away from his mother's side by a Kohala chief named Naeole. There was bitter wailing in the house of Keoua, and all night long search was made for the kidnappers and the infant. For some time the search was vain but, when at last Naeole was found in possession of the child, instead of being punished with death, the usual and legal penalty for such a crime, he gave some mysterious explanation which left him the *kahu,* or nurse, of the prince until he was five years old. Thus, from the very beginning, Keoua forfeited claim to the education of his reputed son, and there is reason to

believe that in the whole transaction Nacole was acting as the agent of Kahekili.

Thirdly, more cogent perhaps is the fact that no sooner did the news of Kamehameha's birth reach the court of the king of Maui than that chief sent Kameeiamoku and Kamanawa, his two half-brothers, the twin sons of his father Kekaulike, to Hawaii with orders to act as Kamehameha's guardians,—a step inexplicable unless dictated by parental interest. The service rendered by the two famous ambassadors for many subsequent years, in fact till Kamehameha had completed the union of the islands, is a remarkable testimony to the personal concern they felt with regard to him. For him they watched the course of events, for him they plotted, for him they fought. They roused him from apathy, encouraged him in defeat, followed him in victory, counselled him in difficulty, and afforded a lifelong and magnificent example of heroic constancy and unswerving faith.

For these reasons, and perhaps most of all for the general concurrence on the point of the Hawaiian traditions, it is not fanciful to hold that Kamehameha was the son of Kahekili rather than of Keoua. It may be urged that Vancouver speaks of Kahekili in 1793 as a man about sixty years old, which would make him only three or four years older than his son. But the instances are numerous in which foreigners failed completely to estimate aright the age of natives, and we know from other sources that, at the time to which Vancouver referred, Kahekili was at least eighty and so twenty-three or four at the date of Kamehameha's birth. Let us remember too that we are dealing with a

society which used two words for "father," one denoting the real parent, the other the legal parent or husband of the mother.

In any case, with a claim to two fathers, Kamehameha had an unusual supply of "nurses," and these evidently regarded themselves as charged with duties of special responsibility.

For five years the child remained in the house of his kidnapper, Naeole. At the expiration of this term he was transferred to the court of Alapainui, there to be educated as befitted a prince of the highest rank. The change was probably coincident with the rites attendant upon a boy's promotion from the *hale noa* to the *hale mua,* that is, when he was separated from the women, forbidden any longer to eat with them, and allowed for the future to eat *kapu* food, such as bananas, pork and squid. It was an important epoch in a boy's life. A hog was baked for the gods, its head cut off and laid upon the altar of Lono, and one ear deposited in the calabash suspended around Lono's neck. After this bananas and cocoanuts were offered, and the child's father pronounced a long invocation to the gods, partaking at the same time of a little of the consecrated food. Then the service concluded and a general feast was held on the sacrifice. From this time onwards the boy lived his life among the men.

Though we are told that Kamehameha had no boyhood, we are sure from his subsequent career and his skill in all manly exercises that he loved the sports which constituted the training of an Hawaiian chief. We are, in fact, taken back to the atmosphere of the old Greek life when the budding warriors gathered

"to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, th' ponderous mace to wield,
To urge the race, to wrestle on the field."

Alapainui assigned him for an instructor the famous warrior Kekuhaupio, a chief who accompanied his pupil through many moving adventures. And it was for adventures, especially those of war, that Kamehameha was trained.

The games of his boyhood were not games such as *konane,* or draughts, only fit for old men past the use of war; or *puhenehene,* when men had only to sit in a circle and guess the whereabouts of a bit of stone hidden under a mat; rather were they games which gave earnest of the danger and excitement of the battle-field.

There were wrestling and foot-races, popular to youth in every land. There was *mokumoku,* or boxing, a sport governed by fixed rules and never failing to attract crowds of ardent partisans, though the combatants were often left dead upon the field. More characteristic of Hawaii was the sport called *maika,* in which a highly polished disk of stone or lava was bowled along a track sometimes half a mile in length. There was also the *holua,* a game in which a narrow sledge, fourteen or fifteen feet long, was used in sliding down a steep, smooth hillside. He who by strength or skill in maintaining his equilibrium travelled the furthest was declared the victor. It was deemed a sport for the gods and one of the thrilling legends of Hawaii tells of the contest between Kahavali, the chief of Puna, and Pele, the volcano goddess,—a contest ending in a fearful lava-flow which devastated the island of Hawaii.

Still another game was *pahe.* The pahe was a blunt kind of dart, from one to five feet long, made of heavy wood, which was hurled along a level floor some sixty yards long and between a certain number of upright pegs three or four inches apart. It was a laborious game under the hot sun of Hawaii; yet the boy Kamehameha might have been seen at the sport hour after hour, while the yells of the excited multitude and the beating of drums roused the excitement of the contestants to the highest pitch.

But the prince of all sports was the surf-swimming. It has always possessed a fascination for the natives of Polynesia, in spite of the danger from the sharks. Almost from the cradle the children are amphibious and early learn the use of the *papa he nalu,* or "wave-sliding board." This is generally a piece of plank, almost flat, five or six feet long and a foot wide, stained quite black, oiled after use and preserved with the greatest care. With this as the sole equipment, men, women and children go forth to ride the billows. The higher the sea, the better they like it. Swimming out from the shore, diving under the billows as they go, they watch the approach of the largest wave. Then, poising themselves on the topmost edge, paddling with hands and feet, they ride shorewards on the foaming crest, till just as the wave breaks on the rocks with the noise of thunder they slip from their board and dive back beneath the water. The greatest address was necessary to maintain a position on the wave, yet so expert were the swimmers that they could change their position as they rode and even stand upright on the surf-board, as on the very manes of the horses of the sea. Kamehameha was a great adept and

loved surf-swimming almost next to war. Even in his old age he maintained a reputation for skill in this daring and exhilarating exercise.

Above all sports, however, Kamehameha loved the hard training of a man of war. He could have had no better military instructor than Kekuhaupio, one of the foremost warriors of the day. Under this teacher the young prince became expert not only in hurling spears at the smallest mark but, what was no less important, also in catching the darts which were hurled at him. So dexterous was he in this, that on one occasion Vancouver saw as many as eight spears thrown at the king at once. Three of these he caught, three more he warded off, and the remainder he escaped by quick motions of his body. In connection with the dedication of a temple it was customary in the evening for the king to go fishing, taking the idol with him, and, on his return, for a man to hurl a spear at him from the shore. Generally, of course, this was a sham; but in Kamehameha's case nothing but the reality was deemed satisfactory. The king, moreover, never failed to catch the spear.

With exercises such as these both pupil and pedagogue were fully occupied, and if pupil rarely had more competent a teacher, teacher certainly never had more willing and precocious a scholar.

III

KAMEHAMEHA'S FIRST TASTE OF WAR

"Continuo nova lux oculis effulsit, et arma
Horrendum sonuere: tremunt in vertice cristae
Sanguineae, clypeoque micantia fulgura mittit."

IT was unnecessary for Kamehameha to play at war very long, for the real thing, with all its horror, soon appeared, with abundant prospect of long continuance, when the young chief attained his manhood. If we must make here a little excursion into somewhat tedious details of Hawaiian history, let it be remembered in extenuation that it is necessary to establish the proper starting point for our hero's career.

We have seen that, at the time of Kamehameha's birth, Alapainui was engaged in an expedition against Maui. He took with him Keoua, the legal father of Kamehameha. But this time no fighting took place in Maui, for they found the old king Kekaulike, father of Kahekili, dead, and after seeing the dead king's bones safely concealed, according to custom, in the Iao Valley, and witnessing the proclamation of his own nephew, Kamehamehanui, as king of Maui, Alapainui made peace, joined his forces to those of Maui and set off for the relief of Molokai, then holding out, as best it could, against the king of Oahu.

Here, at least, was no lack of fighting, and a memorable and bloody battle took place near Ka-

wela. The Oahu troops, under their king, Kapiiohokolani, made a fierce and obstinate resistance to the Hawaiian army, but in the end were routed with tremendous slaughter. The extent of the carnage may still be estimated when the strong north wind sweeps over the famous battle-field, and, lifting up the mantle of sand, discloses bones bleached by a hundred and fifty years' alternate burial and exposure.

Alapainui did not stay to annex Molokai, but, leaving the local chiefs in possession of their rights, sailed north to achieve if possible the conquest of Oahu. Here, however, his good fortune failed him. The chiefs of Oahu, now fighting for their native soil, held out against the invader till the arrival of a powerful ally in the person of Peleioholani, king of Kauai, an island still further to the north. Face to face with this adversary, Alapainui was glad to avail himself of the good offices of his two attendant chiefs, Kalaniopuu and Keoua, to arrange a meeting with Peleioholani. At this meeting, alone and unarmed, the two kings concluded a peace recognizing each other's rights and spheres of influence. Soon after, Alapainui, baffled in his schemes, returned with his fleet to Hawaii.

The very next year, however, the two sovereigns met again, this time in full clash of arms. Peleioholani was the aggressor, for he had interfered in the affairs of Maui by inciting Kauhi to rebel against his half-brother, Kamehamehanui. Alapainui at once went to the assistance of his nephew and desperate fighting raged for two days north of Lahaina. Then at last Kauhi was defeated and, it is said, drowned by order of the conqueror. The two

kings met on the battle-field and agreed to draw off their respective forces to Kauai and Hawaii, leaving Kamehamehanui in his rather insecure position as king of Maui. Molokai was left to Oahu and Alapainui returned to his home with no new possession added to his dominions as the fruit of victory.

From this there was comparative peace for twelve or fourteen years, in fact till 1752, but the domestic history of Hawaii during this period is not without its bearings on the story of Kamehameha.

In the above-mentioned wars of Alapainui the young chief had fleshed his maiden sword, and it was with reluctance that he returned to cultivate the arts of peace. Soon after his return, however, his father, Keoua, died. The cause of death is wrapped in mystery. Some say Alapainui had a hand in it, by the use of poison or by *anaana* (praying to death), which in many cases was much the same. The justice of the charge must remain undetermined. What is certain, however, is that the "nurses" of Kamehameha believed, or pretended to believe, that the life of their charge was in danger; so they persuaded Kalaniopuu to attempt a second abduction. Kalaniopuu consented, sent a war-canoe round to an appointed place, and, accompanied by a few trusted followers, went himself by land to Piopio, to the house of the deceased Keoua. He found the customary wailing for the dead proceeding and, taking advantage of the distraction of the mourners, endeavoured to remove the young Kamehameha. The purpose, however, was perceived and frustrated, and it turned out well for him that he had sent the war-canoe round to meet him, for the assembled chiefs regarded his attempt as an act of

open rebellion and would undoubtedly have slain him had he fallen into their hands.

Plunged into this war, it was easier for Kalaniopuu to go through than to go back. Forces were gathered on both sides and a civil war commenced which did not cease till 1754, when Alapainui left his kingdom and his troubles to his son, Keaweopala. Under these circumstances, the intermission was but brief, and as soon as the rites over the bones of Alapainui were completed the flame burst out again and blazed most furiously. Fuel was supplied by a chief who afterwards became one of Kamehameha's most conspicuous supporters and counsellors, Keeaumoku, surnamed "*The crab of the evening,*" a man who may with justice be called the "Warwick" or "Kingmaker" of Hawaii. The division of lands which followed on the death of a high chief was always a source of discord and on this occasion Keeaumoku was so dissatisfied with his share that he rose in open rebellion against Keaweopala. He was defeated, but soon after, joining his forces with those of Kalaniopuu, he entered the district of Kona and gave battle to the royal troops. The fight lasted several days, and indeed seemed likely only to end with the extinction of one or other of the opposing parties. As when Israel fought with Amalek Moses kept his arms extended in prayer until the defeat of the foe was assured, so in this battle the conflict was prolonged by the prayers of Kaakau, the priest of Keaweopala. Then by the advice of Kalaniopuu's priest, Kaakau was singled out and slain and from the moment of his fall victory inclined to the side of the rebels. Keaweopala was slain and Keeaumoku made his début

as Kingmaker by proclaiming on the field of battle Kalaniopuu as the sovereign of the island of Hawaii.

The conqueror was of the ancient line of Pili and was of a warlike and restless disposition, but for a while he contented himself with the consolidation of his power, reorganizing the government, promoting agriculture, building canoes and collecting arms in readiness for wars which were still to come.

Then, perhaps as much to give employment to the ardent spirits around him as to please himself, he began to plan in earnest the conquest of the eastern half of Maui. It was about 1759 that he sailed with a great fleet, landed in the Hana district and took possession of the country commanded by the famous fortress of Kauwiki. "Lofty Kauwiki," as the place is called in the Chant of Kualii, is a prominent hill overlooking the harbour of Hana and is memorable in legend as the residence of Hinaiakamalama, the mother of Maui. Here, at the base of the great extinct volcano of Haleakala, "House of the Sun," Kalaniopuu found a natural fortress which, amid many fluctuations of fortune, he was able to hold for many years. It was taken at last by Kahekili, brother of Kamehamehanui, and, as we have assumed, father of Kamehameha, about 1782, by cutting off the water supply. The garrison, after desperate efforts to break through the lines of the besiegers, finally capitulated. In spite of this submission, they were slain and their bodies baked in the great oven, or *imu loa,* as sacrifices to the gods.

But we are anticipating. The war of Kapalipilo, as the conquest of Hana by the Hawaiian army under Kalaniopuu was called, continued till 1765,

when Kamehamehanui, king of Maui, died suddenly at Wailuku. His bones were disposed of in the usual manner, the customary mourning was observed, and Kahekili reigned in his stead, establishing his court on the other side of the island at Lahaina.

Meanwhile, Keeaumoku, "the evening crab," had wearied of allegiance to Kalaniopuu, had rebelled and experienced defeat. Escaping from Hawaii, he arrived at Lahaina with a handsomely equipped war-canoe, just as Kahekili was holding his court. The coming of the stranger made quite a sensation in the court, for no more than the slightest glance was needed to recognize an *alii*. Tall and stately, about thirty years old, with hair and beard cropped close, his head bound round with yellow *kapa*, his feather mantle on his ample shoulders, *malo* round his loins, and *palaoa*, or ivory emblem of chiefhood, around his neck, his presence could scarcely fail to impress.

Let us note this man well, for to him in after years Kamehameha owed not only his crown but also the best-loved of all his wives, the beautiful and romantic Kaahumanu.

At the court of Kahekili, where the exiled chief after this defeat was now made welcome, lived the comely Namahana, widow of the late king Kamehamehanui. To her, in defiance of the royal etiquette and of the dictates of prudence, the courtly stranger paid his addresses. So well did he woo the illustrious widow that ere long, and without consulting the king, Namahana gave Keeaumoku her hand and heart.

Now in far more civilized communities than Ha-

waii such an act would have been construed as a step towards usurpation. We have a precedent in the Old Testament where Adonijah, the son of David, ventured to ask for Abishag, the Shunammite, as his wife. The request was immediately regarded and punished as treason. Even so appeared the unceremonious love-making of Keeaumoku to Kahekili. Moreover, the king had intended Namahana to be his own wife and was only waiting for the proper period of mourning to terminate. Her haste, therefore, seemed to him the more indecent and Keeaumoku's offense the more rank.

Thus, for the third time, "the Kingmaker" became embroiled with his feudal superior and would very likely have expiated his temerity with his life had not Namahana fled with him to her own estates at Waihae. Here the queen-mother was popular enough to laugh at Kahekili, who, moreover, had not been long upon the throne and did not deem it prudent to disturb her peace.

But the crafty chief was only biding his time, and when he heard that Keeaumoku was living in such regal style that his designs on the throne could no longer be misunderstood, he knew that a suitable opportunity for interference would not long be delayed. The occasion came without need for Kahekili to show his hand, and he had only to take advantage of the jealousy of a neighbouring chief. This chief, Kahanana by name, he persuaded to attack Keeaumoku, with the result that the offending lovers were forced to flee to Molokai. Once in Molokai, Kahekili had no scruple as to following them, and at once invaded the island with a large host. Keeaumoku did his best to resist the attack, but in

the sea fight which formed the most striking episode of the campaign he was defeated disastrously and once again sought refuge by flight. Between two enemies, once his friends but now the victims of his fickleness, he chose to throw himself upon the clemency of Kalaniopuu, whose wrongs were not so recent as those of Kahekili. The Hawaiian permitted him to be received courteously by Mahihelelima, the governor of Hana, and here, within the protecting walls of the fortress of Kauwiki, he remained.

But with such ignoble peace the restless warrior was by no means content. He spent his days dreaming of campaigns to come. He made spears and built canoes. Like Alfred of England in the enforced idleness of the swineherd's hut, he fretted for action. So life went on till 1768, when courage returned with opportunity. The opportunity was the presentation to him by Namahana of a daughter. In days to come this daughter was to exercise authority in Hawaii such as no woman had ever wielded before. She was to become the wife of Kamehameha, the regent of the kingdom, the destroyer of the gods, the temples and the tabus. A century after men would look back to the happiest times the land had known and talk of them as the "days of Kaahumanu."

All this was as yet "on the knees of the gods," but the great things in store for the baby chief were predicted, it is said, by her being born with a yellow feather in her mouth. Much more was predicted not many years later by the aged seer Keaulumoku, who also encouraged the fickle father to attach himself definitely to the rising star of Kamehameha.

Now at last we come upon events wherein the

name of Kamehameha figures as an active participant in the story of the time. In the year 1775 the war between Maui and Hawaii once more burst forth. Kalaniopuu still held Kauwiki, in the district of Hana, and from this stronghold made irritating and devastating sorties into the dominions of Kahekili, laying waste the fields of Kaupo and reducing to misery the people who were totally unprepared for such excursions.

This expedition is known as the "*Kalaehohoha*" from the fact that the prisoners were beaten cruelly about the head with the war-clubs of the victors. Such conduct as this could ill be brooked by the passionate Kahekili, who was, metaphorically if not literally, as sore-headed as any of his subjects. Mustering his forces he lost no time in avenging the insult. With such fury and effect did he attack Kalaniopuu that the Hawaiians were utterly routed and but a bare remnant effected their escape to the friendly shelter of Kauwiki.

The gloom of defeat was broken for Kalaniopuu by the valour of two men of whom honourable mention is made in the legends of the time.

These were Kekuhaupio and his pupil, Kamehameha, who before they were compelled to retire performed prodigies of valour. Kamehameha was the Ajax of the fight, and his towering bulk and unerring spear made a lasting impression on the minds of his adversaries.

Among the notable feats of this day, so far the most memorable in his career, was the saving of his teacher from the hand of Kahekili. If it be true that this battle was potentially the "*Sohrab and Rustem*" tragedy of the Pacific, father and son

fighting together for the mastery, the gallantry of the son, all unconscious of his parentage, in defense of Kekuhaupio, goes far towards shedding a gentler light upon the savage scene.

IV

PREPARING FOR THE STRUGGLE

"There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand."

KALANIOPUU was so weakened by the reverse described in the last chapter that he determined to return to Hawaii, as the Titans returned to their mother earth, to repair his exhausted forces. This time he decided not to court failure by underestimating his enemies' strength, and all his chiefs, Kamehameha included, were kept busy throughout the year. Never before had such a mustering of troops and canoes been seen. Never had court been so completely transformed into a camp. At the head of the army, now reorganized and divided into brigades, was a regiment of life-guards drawn from members of the royal family. Just below these were two fine brigades composed of nobles who had the right to eat at the king's table. Next came six army corps of the finest warriors of Hawaii, all perfectly drilled and splendidly armed.

Such a force did not spell defeat, but to make assurance doubly sure and to satisfy both priests and people, Kalaniopuu availed himself of resources spiritual as well as material. In the first place,

Holoae, the priest who in an earlier battle had circumvented the incantations of Kaaukau, was set to work with his fellow divines to use all spells in his possession for the discomfiture of Maui. As Balak, king of Moab, sent for Balaam to work the ruin of Israel, so sent Kalaniopuu for Holoae to overcome by sorcery the might of Maui.

In addition he exerted himself to put in good repair the temples of the gods. He was determined that no slighted deity should take advantage of the impending campaign to avenge a neglected shrine. So, to the great satisfaction of the *kahunas,* the *heiaus* at Kahaluu and at Kailua, in the Kona district, were thoroughly restored.

One god received special attention and, as this deity in years to come played no unimportant part as the war-god of Kamehameha, we may as well make his acquaintance at once. This was *Ku-kaili-moku,* sufficiently designated as Kaili, a veritable Moloch, the favourite war-god of the Hawaiian kings from the days of Liloa, in A. D. 1460, and possibly long before. Kaili was a wooden or wickerwork idol, covered with red feathers, with eyes of mother-of-pearl, and a wide, gaping mouth rendered hideous with rows of sharks' teeth. His shrieks, it is said, could be heard above the din of battle and the imagination of the Hawaiians rose to the belief that Kaili might be seen riding above the sea of death, like a bloodthirsty demon of the war.

Had all these preparations been confined to the side of Kalaniopuu doubtless the course of history in the islands had been materially deflected, but Kahekili met the friendly attentions of his neighbours with preparations not inferior to their own.

Not to be outdone spiritually, he in turn looked about for a Balaam to curse his foes and from Oahu obtained the services of a priest who was at least the equal of Holoae. This was a notable wizard, named Kaleopuupuu, the ex-high priest of Peleioholani. Since the death of that chief the priest had been out of employment, but he now appeared to be the very man needed to curse the invaders. Of most distinguished lineage, since he was descended from the foreign priests who were brought to Oahu by Paumakua seven hundred years before, this formidable sorcerer easily persuaded Kahekili to imitate Kalaniopuu by putting in order all the *heiaus* in his jurisdiction. He was assured in return that the Hawaiians would be snared like fishes in a net. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"; with such kings as Kalaniopuu and Kahekili and such priests as Holoae and Kaleopuupuu, it was certain that the struggle to ensue would be worthy to be recorded in the annals of the land.

While the canoes of Kalaniopuu are proceeding with their prows towards Maui let us take advantage of the opportunity to describe briefly some of the more conspicuous features of Hawaiian warfare.

In the calendar, the months from January to June were the legal war months, but so far as appears, the chiefs were not over-scrupulous about extending their operations into the closed season. When a war was planned, the first thing was to send out heralds, or *lunapais,* to summon the chiefs to meet their overlord. Every chief brought with him his tenants, and every tenant his weapons, a supply of candle-nuts for torches, calabashes of water

and stores of dried fish or other provisions. Occasionally, another officer, known as *uluoki,* was despatched a little later to hunt up stragglers and slackers, arrest them, slit their ears and bring them back ignominiously to the camp with a rope around their loins. There was, however, seldom need to employ the *uluoki,* since the alacrity of the Hawaiian for war rarely needed any spur. The *lunapai* travelled with such speed that he was able, so it is said, to complete the circuit of the island of Hawaii, a distance of three hundred miles, over mountains and gorges, with the delays necessary for him to deliver his summons, in the space of eight or nine days.

A war might be either a war of courtesy or a war of devastation. In the former case, the hostile chiefs were formally challenged and all details, such as place of landing and field of battle, arranged beforehand; in the latter case, it was obviously important to keep all plans as secret as possible and to give the foe no advantage.

When the war conches sounded thousands of men flocked together from areas whence only hundreds could be drawn to-day. The priests then consulted the auguries and, if these were found auspicious, the preparations went on apace. For the most part the warriors went into battle naked but for the *malo* around the loins, or perhaps with a piece of *kapa,* or native cloth, bound about the head. They bore for weapons the long spear, or *pololo,* sixteen or twenty feet long, and used to hurl at the yet distant foe; the javelin, or *ihe,* made of *kauila* wood, six or eight feet long, and used at close quarters; the *laau palau,* or halbert, used either for thrusting or strik-

ing; the *pahoa,* or knife, a formidable weapon sharpened at each end, the handle being in the middle; the war club of hard wood, used by skillful hands with fearful effect; the sling, made from human hair or the fibre of the cocoanut, from which stones of a pound weight could be discharged with wonderful accuracy; the battle-axe, made of lava from the summit of Maunakea or Haleakala; and daggers of great variety of size and shape, edged perhaps with bits of flint or, worse still, with sharks' teeth. Bows and arrows were only used in sport, for the purpose of killing mice or birds. Shields and protective armour of any kind were scorned by these warriors, who trusted to dexterity of hand and agility of body to evade the darts of the enemy.

The troops were headed by their chiefs, who were distinguishable from the rest not only by their greater stature but by the ivory clasp, and the helmet and cloak of yellow feathers. The arrangement of the army varied with the nature of the ground and with the plan of the commander. As a rule, there was a centre, commanded by the king in person, and right and left wings, officered by the highest and ablest chiefs. In the forefront went the priests, bearing the gods, whom they invoked with prayers and cantillations loud and long, while other priests concerned themselves with the enemy, using the bitterest sneers, insults and provocations to the fight. As with all primitive peoples, the "taunt-song" was an important prelude to the actual fighting, and a battle of invective raged until the voices of the *kahunas* ceased from hoarseness, or until the impatience of the excited warriors refused any longer to be restrained.

The battle was generally in the open field, sometimes, as has been already said, by mutual arrangement. Strategy was seldom practiced, and the ambush was regarded as an act of detestable treachery.

When the priests at length ceased their grimaces and yells in front of the enemy, the slingers advanced, and a deadly hail of stones and spears commenced. The first victim was called *lehua* and the exultant victor would tear from the corpse a lock of hair and raise it aloft with shouts of "*He oho,*" "A frontlet." The whole host would respond "*He oho, He oho.*" Then, as Achilles dragged the slain Hector round the walls of Troy, the Hawaiian conqueror would drag his heana to the *heiau,* or temple, to be sacrificed as an *ulukoko, i. e.,* "increasing blood." Similarly, the second sacrifice was *makawai,* "face of water," and the third *helua oni,* "sand-dug."

No quarter was given or expected. Even those who escaped from the battle-field were hunted down and beaten to death, or baked alive in the huge ovens made for the purpose. The slain were mutilated and left unburied, but in the case of chiefs the teeth and bones were collected by the victors as trophies, as highly esteemed as the scalps of an Indian brave. Some chiefs carried about with them in their baggage the bones of the *alii* whom they had killed in battle.

Behind the army followed the women, with food and water to refresh the hungry and thirsty combatants. Not infrequently they also took part in the fray, fighting beside their brothers and husbands and sharing all the risks of combat. When the last champions of idolatry fought against

Kamehameha II, Manona, the wife of Kekuokalani, transformed herself from a camp follower into a warrior, and in the end, with a bullet through her forehead, fell lifeless upon the corpse of her husband.

A truce was arranged, when desired, through a messenger who bore a branch of *ki,* or ti, plant, and was universally respected. If a more durable armistice was required, the leaders met in the temple and wove together a wreath from branches of the fragrant *maile.* When the wreath was finished heralds were sent out to announce the news over the countryside.

Such was the general conduct of war at the time of which we speak. More we shall learn as we proceed, but these few details will enable us to follow the account of the great battle of the Sand-hills which marks the year 1778 and brings into more conspicuous place the military prowess of Kamehameha.

V

THE BATTLE OF THE SAND-HILLS

"So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore,
From east and south when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.
And as on corn when western gusts descend,
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend:
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears."

THE island of Maui is shaped like a lady's bust, with the face turned towards the west and slightly inclined to the south. The face is represented by the mountain mass of Eke, rising to its culminating point where the ear should be, and from that point sending out valleys in every direction like the radii of a circle. Chief among these valleys is the famous Iao Valley, which runs from the ear of the bust to the neck. The other portion, corresponding to the breast and shoulder, is entirely occupied by the great extinct volcano of Haleakala, the largest crater in the world. It is difficult to convey any idea of this enormous cone of lava, once the peculiar chosen home of Pele and all her kindred deities, now the gathering place of their ghosts in chariots of driving mist and cloud. The "*House of the Sun*" rises to a height of 10,000 feet, clothed with dense thickets of tangled shrubs and creepers. To the climber who has attained the topmost ridge five islands of the archipelago are visible below, through streamers of cloud, while beneath his feet on the one side

yawns the awful abyss where once Pele and her companions tilted at one another with lances of fire, and rode the fiery surges as mortals ride the surf of the sea. Seven miles across is the now desolate and empty cup, while the steep sides of black volcanic sand stretch downward to a depth of at least two thousand feet. Rolling through the Koolau gap pour the leagued battalions of cloud spectres, sometimes filling the crater till nothing but a mist caldron lies before the eyes and the light of the sun is blotted out. But when they chase one another forth again, flying to the south through the gap of Kaupo, you may see, like ant-hills, the sixteen cones of sand, of which the least is some six hundred feet in height.

Now imagine yourself somewhere on the slope of this terrific mountain, at Makawao, for instance, and you may have as fine a view of the battle of the Sand-hills as could anywhere be obtained.

But we must go back for a moment to our illustration of the bust. Eke, as we have said, makes a shapely head; Haleakala the bust itself, with the point of the breast just below Makena. Between the two is a neck of lower land, with Kahului Bay forming the nape of the neck and Maalaea Bay the hollow of the throat. The isthmus is a belt of sand-hills, across which, when the trade-winds blow, you can watch the sand-pillars march like twisted columns from some Moorish palace moving along in weird procession. Near the back of the neck at the opening of the Iao Valley is the town of Wailuku, where in this year 1776, at the time of Kalaniopuu's invasion, Kahekili was holding court.

Resuming our station on the slopes of Haleakala,

and fixing the position of the court of the king of Maui, we may cast our eyes along the contour of the throat and breast of the island and see the coast suddenly become alive with the canoes and warriors of Kalaniopuu. They lined the whole shore, some landing at Makena, some proceeding to points further north. So sudden and so general was the incursion that no resistance was thought of by the poor fisher-folk and peasantry of the district of Honoaula.

But the wily Kahekili was by no means asleep, though it was early in the morning when the Hawaiians effected their landing. Kalaniopuu, eager to follow up his initial success and deceived by the apparent inaction of the foe, listened to the war-cry of his warriors, "On to Wailuku!" and resolved to gratify their ardour. Possibly the enemy was to be caught napping and the funnel mouth of the Iao Valley occupied without opposition. Success in this would mean the destruction of Kahekili's army.

So Kalaniopuu selected from his nine brigades one which he deemed invincible. It was the famous Alapa regiment, eight hundred men, of whom every one was a noble familiar for deeds of daring to the College of Heralds. As this band of heroes marched swiftly across the isthmus, over what is now the Waikapu common, they would have made from our vantage point a dazzling sight, eight hundred warriors, all of equal height, with weapons of equal length, feather cloaks streaming in the wind, plumed helmets flashing back the rays of the morning sun, and dusky bodies gleaming among the scanty vegetation of the sand-hills. Not even on the plains of Troy was ever witnessed a braver sight.

Still they marched, encountering no opposition, and it was not till they reached the very outskirts of Wailuku that they discovered Kahekili's readiness to receive them. Then the astute old warrior fell upon the Alapa brigade with troops from every quarter, and, with neither power nor desire to flee, the Hawaiians prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Well may the historians speak of this as the Balaclava of Hawaii, but it was more costly than the original which gave the English Light Brigade undying fame. For only two men got back to the canoes to tell the news to Kalaniopuu. Of the rest the victors caught but one alive to sacrifice at the *heiau,* and even he disappointed his captors by dying of his wounds.

There was bitter wailing in the Hawaiian camp. Seldom had such a galaxy of heroes thronged the dim halls of Milu as on the day when the "Eight Hundred" fell, with their faces to the foe. Yet when the dismal news was brought to Kalaniopuu at Kiheipukua by the two survivors, with that power of swift decision for which he was noted, he at once called together a council of his highest chiefs.

Whether Kamehameha was invited to this council or not it is impossible to ascertain. Probably he was there, for he was now nearly forty years old and already experienced in war. Among those who were present to our knowledge were several whose names loom large as Kamehameha's friends and counsellors. There was the tutor, Kekuhaupio, who was son-in-law to the priest Holoae; Keawemauhili, the king's half brother, famous afterwards in the story of Kamehameha both as enemy and ally; the two

half brothers of Kahekili, Kameeiamoku and Kamanawa, who had come to Hawaii as Kamehameha's nurses; Naeole, who had kidnapped our hero on the night of his birth; and many others, including many of Kalaniopuu's sons and relatives.

It was not doubtful that the alternatives were a speedy retreat or a rapid advance of the entire army. Naturally enough, the general opinion was that Kalaniopuu should move upon Wailuku at once and overpower the Maui king by force of numbers.

So once again the Waikapu common was covered with soldiers, and once again the cry *"On to Wailuku!"* was heard on every side. This time, however, Kahekili changed his tactics. Large reinforcements had just arrived from Oahu, under their king Kahanana, and with these distributed among the sand-hills, and his own force near the Waikapu stream, the Maui chief did not hesitate to engage the enraged warriors of Hawaii. Once more the battle raged over the plain. Chiefs scoured the field in search of fitting antagonists and around them fought their retainers in compact masses. Prominent in the mêlée were the savage features and the stentorian voice of Kamehameha.

> "In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
> Faced every foe and every danger sought;
> His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
> Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
> Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
> And meditates the distant enemy."

But even valour such as his (and the legends are full of prodigious acts of bravery performed) was

unavailing in the invader's cause this day. Kahekili's men were fighting, not for plunder but for home and native land, and they fought as men who would not own defeat. Yet it seemed as little likely that their opponents would yield, as they strove to avenge the destruction of the Alapa brigade. So the stubborn fight went on, till the plain from the Kealia salt marsh almost to Wailuku was covered with hillocks of slain and each army was ready to faint with exhaustion.

> "So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,
> And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired."

At last, as night closed in, Kalaniopuu's enfeebled remnant fled coastward and the victors had lost so many warriors that they had neither heart nor strength for any lengthened pursuit.

But Kalaniopuu knew well enough that the respite was but temporary, so once more the council was summoned, this time to consider measures for terminating the now hopeless contest. The first idea was to send Kalaniopuu's wife, Kalola, who had the advantage of being also Kahekili's sister, and might be supposed to have influence with her brother. But the lady firmly declined, urging that as the war was one of devastation and not of courtesy her life would scarcely be safe. She was, however, willing to suggest other emissaries and her authority as a high chief was such that at last the king agreed to send his son and heir, Kiwalao, accompanied by the two royal half brothers, Kameeiamoku and Kamanawa.

We may be sure that it was with much trepidation and many forebodings that the three chiefs, attended

by the heralds, passed through the outposts of the Maui army and approached the dwelling of Kahekili. The etiquette of access to a high chief was at any time complicated and rigid, and it would be particularly so in the case of a defeated invader. For the slightest offense of the kind death was the penalty. It was death to cross the king's shadow; death to enter the inclosure unbidden; death to remain standing even when the king's name was mentioned in a song.

However, the three ambassadors were respectfully received at the gate by the soldiers, who prostrated themselves after the Hawaiian manner. They were then allowed to enter the inclosure, Kiwalao wearing the ivory clasp and all other insignia of his rank, while the two attendant chiefs bore his *kahili,* or feather standard, and his spittoon calabash. What would be their reception? Would the verdict be life or death?

It must have been great relief, not only to the envoys but also to the spectators, when Kahekili, who, Hawaiian fashion, knowing no mean between strenuous activity and lazy self-indulgence, was lying stretched upon a couch of *kapa,* turned over on his back face upward. The diviners and all others who stood near knew this to be a sign of clemency, for the Hawaiian chiefs were unwilling, like modern judges, to waste time and breath in elaborate summing up of evidence and were wont to declare the royal decision by some not too violent change of position. "*Iluna ke alo,*"—"face upwards," was as infallible a sign of grace as the opposite position, "*Ilalo ke alo,*" was of inexorable wrath. Even so, but with more display of enthusiasm, the Roman in

the amphitheatre declared his royal will by turning back the thumb.

Whether Kiwalao anticipated this action or no, he had at least learned a good lesson from past Hawaiian history. He remembered, doubtless, the story of Umi, the peasant prince of Hawaii, and how, desirous of forcing his father Liloa to recognize his kinship, he adopted the risky device of overleaping the royal inclosure, fighting his way through the guards and flinging himself unceremoniously into the lap of the dozing monarch. It was a kill-or-cure method, and in Umi's case it worked a cure, restoring him to the status of a king's son. Possibly Kiwalao bethought himself of this ancient precedent, for on entering the house he went straight to Kahekili's couch, sat down in the royal lap, and commenced the customary salutation and wailing. For Hawaiians use their blood-curdling "*auwe*" not only to give vent to grief, but also to express pleasure at the meeting of friends. Doubtless both grief and pleasure were mingled in Kiwalao's case, but, until his safety was assured, the prevailing emotion was that of anxiety.

That the king's favour was secured was soon apparent. Kahekili's half brothers began negotiations by crawling on their knees to the victor's feet. Then, since Kiwalao's rank precluded him from speaking before Kahekili, the latter stated his demands. Terms of peace were arranged and a day or so later ratified at a meeting between the two kings.

Then, humbled and ashamed, a poorer but, we may hope, a wiser man, Kalaniopuu sailed with his discredited armada back to Hawaii.

VI

THE PROPHECY OF KEAULUMOKU

"Amid the strings his finger strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lighted up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along."

ONE would have supposed that by this time Kalaniopuu would have lost all stomach for fighting, or at least would have left Kahekili in peace. But so deeply did the sense of defeat rankle and so vehement was the desire to repair his damaged prestige that next year he is again upon the war-path and once more in Maui, ravaging the country from Kaupo to Lahaina. With this expedition, however, we do not need to trouble ourselves, since, although Kamehameha took an active part in it, we do not hear of any individual exploit. Suffice it to say that on the whole the balance of victory still inclined to the defenders, and that Kalaniopuu's genius had still to look ahead for the retrieving of fortune.

However, from the skirmishes and raids of this year 1777, one event emerges which, small in itself,

was not without its bearing on the future fortunes of the islands.

It may have been surprising to the reader that all through this sanguinary duel between the kings of Maui and Hawaii the chief Keeaumoku had taken no part, on the one side or the other. Both kings had been his friends; one he had assisted to his throne; and now both had become his enemies. What was his reason for inaction? Was he lying in wait till the rivals were mutually exhausted? Was he hoping to pay off old scores against them both? Was he taking time to find out which combatant was the better man? Or are we to suppose that Kahekili, like Achilles, was sulking in his tent and despairing of any further glory to be won?

But one day, when the army of Kalaniopuu was occupying the lovely beach and cocoanut groves of Lahaina, there came from the camp across the mountains to Hana a very welcome visitor. He was in appearance a man of venerable age, a very Merlin to look at, though not really much over sixty years old. His body was bent towards the earth, though when he raised his head his piercing black eyes shone like coals of fire through the masses of white hair and beard which swept his breast and shoulders.

The visitor was no other than the famous seer, Keaulumoku, whom we have already encountered as a prophet of good things to Kaahumanu, the beautiful daughter of Keeaumoku. Keaulumoku was famous as a wizard in every island of the group. There was no knowledge hidden from him, and his lightest utterances were listened to and treasured up as oracles of the gods. He was a native of Ha-

waii, born at Naohaku, in the Hamakua district, and here, on the rocky north coast, at the base of Maunakea, he had spent his youth more in communion with Nature than in intercourse with man. For him the voices of the winds and waves were no inarticulate utterances and the stars spake with silent eloquence of the course of coming events and the fate of men.

For some years, however, he had been an exile from his native island, in the house of Kahanana, king of Oahu, as court poet. When Kahanana became the ally of Kahekili Keaulumoku accompanied him to Maui and figured as a kind of Tyrtæus in the campaign of the sand-hills. His muse, however, was not the sole property of Oahu or Maui, for when Kahanana transferred his support to Kalaniopuu Keaulumoku followed suit and remained in the service of his native island even after the king of Oahu had returned home.

This is the explanation of Keaulumoku's presence at Lahaina with the warriors of Kalaniopuu and of his visit to renew the acquaintance of Keeaumoku. There is something of pathos in this meeting between the soldier and the bard. Just as Job's friends, sitting over against him in his adversity, wept but spoke no words of commonplace commiseration, so Keaulumoku sat over against the fallen warrior and wailed to himself of the change of fortune which had thrust the blood-drinking spear into a corner to rot and forced the chief of old renown to deem himself no longer of use.

Then the wailing ceased and there stepped forth from the women's apartment a lady, still beautiful, though no longer young, leading by the hand a

bright-eyed little girl. The lady was Namahana, the wife whose marriage with Keeaumoku had caused so much jealousy and suspicion in the heart of Kahekili. The child was her daughter, Kaahumanu. Kaahumanu was born to inspire love, and the circumstances of her little life had already endeared her to her parents in no common measure. She was, as they said, "*he keike ia no ka wa ilihune o na makua o maua,*" "the child of the time of her father's and mother's poverty." Twice already in her infancy she had escaped drowning. Once, wrapped in a roll of white *kapa,* she was laid asleep in the pola of the double canoe, while her parents coasted the bay of Kealakekua. Still fast asleep, she fell into the sea, and it was only when the long roll of *kapa* floating on the waves attracted the attention of the rowers that the baby was missed. Then they rowed back and drew her out of the water just in time. On another occasion, following with baby feet her mother along the beach, she was just passing round the prow of a canoe when a huge wave came and carried her away. She was barely rescued by the strong swimming of a cousin, even while the people on the shore were wailing, "Dead is the daughter of Keeaumoku."

At this beautiful child of destiny the sage gazed musingly and promised that next morning he should have dreams to relate concerning her. So it came to pass, for before returning to Lahaina Keaulumoku chanted of the glimpses given him in the visions of the night of the future of Kaahumanu, the future wife of a king of great renown.

Keeaumoku was naturally pleased, but at the same time disposed to think that information with

regard to his own future would be more immediately to the point than the horoscope of a girl of ten. "And is her father's name to be heard no more?" cried the chief, impatient with slow-footed destiny. "Here in Hana am I stranded, like an old canoe. Must I live a woman's life and die here forgotten before my death?" "Nay!" replied the prophet, "much have you accomplished in the past, O slayer and maker of kings, but the past is but a shadow of the future. Your greatest work is still to come. Then at last you will pass in peace."

More still the wizard told him,—how he should be the servant of a mighty warrior yet to appear, one who at present was beyond his guess, but whom at the right moment he would unhesitatingly recognize. Further he would not enlighten him. It was enough that Keeaumoku was soon to reappear in the council chamber and on the battle-field. Then would be his opportunity to scrutinize the faces of the chiefs to discover him under whom it was destined he should serve. More than once he might be disappointed, but the true hero would be pointed out by the spirit of Lono. Patience he had learned already, both in Hawaii and in Maui. Let him still be patient for a while and his reward was sure.

With this advice the "Evening Crab" had to be content. Vague as it was, the prophecy could not be other than cheering to the man exiled from politics and war these long and eventful years. It was, moreover, a prediction calculated to bring about its own fulfillment; it took him back to courts where heroes were to be seen and appraised. We may be sure then that it was with more cheerful mien that Keeaumoku bade farewell to Keaulumoku and

watched the venerable figure making his slow way back over the mountains to Lahaina.

Meanwhile, there was much need for patience, for there were years still to elapse ere the prophecy might be fulfilled. Kamehameha's personality, though by no means unfelt, was not yet dominant in the councils of his peers. It might be feared that, for a man who had reached the age of forty without recognizing the main mission of his life, destiny had already slumbered too long. But precocity is not always promise. True maturity comes slowly and the fruit of life is in proportion to its discipline. There is no generator of power equal to endurance. Moses waited through forty years of shepherd life in Midian before he was chosen to be Israel's leader and lawgiver; Muhammad waited through long years of unrenown as the camel-driver of Mecca before he received his commission as prophet. In like manner, the "divinity that shapes our ends" was preparing Kamehameha through some inglorious years for the achievement of his task.

Moreover, an event was about to come to pass which, dwarfing all intestine struggle, was to become an outstanding factor in the education of Kamehameha. Hawaii was about to be unveiled before the outside world through the arrival in 1778 of Captain James Cook.

VII

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

"What a door for scoundrel scum
I opened to the West, through which the lust,
Villany, violence, avarice of your (lands)
Pour'd in on all those happy, naked isles."

THOUGH the sole credit for the discovery of Hawaii is generally awarded to Captain Cook, there is reasonable ground for the belief that the islands had been reached by Europeans long before the days of the great British navigator. Hawaiian tradition declares that in the reign of Kealiiokaloa, the son of Umi, a vessel arrived off the islands, commanded by a white man, who was accompanied by his sister. The ship was dashed to pieces on the reef and most of the crew perished, but the captain and his sister escaped safe to the shore. Here they were kindly treated and in due course intermarried with the natives, becoming the ancestors of certain chiefs.

So David Malo tells us in his history and Fornander calculates that the event took place somewhere between 1525 and 1528. From foreign sources we have evidence that the ship belonged to a small Spanish squadron, commanded by Saavedra, which was on its way to the Moluccas.

This, however, could hardly be deemed a discovery, since no news of it was communicated to the outside world and the shipwrecked pair were hardly in a situation to claim credit for their find.

But a few years later, in 1555, there is very good evidence that a Spanish sailor, Juan Gaetano, sailing in the same course as Saavedra, really discovered the group. This is supported by the archives of the Colonial Office of Spain.

The question arises, did Cook know of this discovery? It is possible, because thirty-seven years before Anson had captured a Spanish ship, on whose chart islands had recently been marked in ink in the same latitude and longitude as Hawaii.

But apparently Cook believed himself the original discoverer, since he argues that had the Spanish known of the group they could hardly have failed to occupy them, and he says the natives showed such surprise at the ships and firearms of the English that it is highly improbable they had seen such things before.

At any rate Cook may fairly claim to have been the first to break the shell of Hawaiian seclusion and let in the light upon one of the most interesting of peoples. If we blame him, as we must, for negligence as a philanthropist, we must give him his full meed of praise as an explorer, a geographer, and an exceedingly accurate observer of manners and customs.

Captain Cook had completed his second circumnavigation of the globe and had received commission to command the *Resolution* for a third voyage on February 9, 1776. With him was the *Discovery,* under Captain Clerke, and the object of the

expedition was to discover a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

After nearly two years' voyaging Cook left Bolabola, in the Society Islands, on December 8, 1777, for the northwest coast of America. On December 25th he discovered and named Christmas Island, which he left on January 2, 1778, and thence taking a northerly course sighted, on January 18th, land which proved to be the island of Oahu. He did not land, but soon after came to another member of the group, Kauai, which he calls Atooi, getting at the same time a glimpse of Niihau.

This was the first time English eyes had looked upon the Hawaiian islands, and Cook soon perceived he had made no mean discovery. As he approached the southeastern coast of Kauai he beheld a party of native fishermen, and, holding out some brass medals on bits of string, with some pieces of iron, he was gratified to see that they understood the art of barter. They at once came off in boats, bringing fish, cocoanuts and bananas, which they proceeded to exchange for iron. Iron, he learned, both then and later, was most precious in the native eyes, on account of its usefulness for tools and weapons. It is not strictly true that they had no previous knowledge of iron, since its value was at once recognized, and Cook noticed among their weapons one made of a piece of iron hoop and another resembling the end of a sword-blade fixed in a wooden handle. The former may have drifted to the islands on a cask, while the latter might possibly have been the subject of the legend of the *Iron Knife*.

This famous story relates that a Japanese junk was once wrecked on the island shores and in pos-

session of the captain was found a bright sharp knife, which the ignorant islanders believed to possess miraculous properties. For a long time it was the terror of the warriors, but at length in a battle near Wailuku it was lost and no one knew what had become of it. Then Waahia, a prophetess of Hawaii, restored it to the light and gave it, on certain romantic conditions, to the king of Kauai. It is quite possible that it was there when Cook arrived and that it was this he saw in the hands of one of the chiefs. There is a chant, ascribed to Waahia, which runs as follows:

"O the long knife of the stranger,
Of the stranger from other lands,
Of the stranger with sparkling eyes,
Of the stranger with a white face!
O long knife of Lono, the gift of Lono;
It flashes like fire in the sun;
Its edge is sharper than stone,
Sharper than the hard stone of Hualalai;
The spear touches it and breaks,
The strong warrior sees it and dies!
Where is the long knife of the stranger?
Where is the sacred gift of Lono?"

The natives refused to come on board the ships, but, to Cook's surprise, he was able to understand their language, which he calls "a dialect of the Otaheitan." This fact is important, as it renders all the more inexcusable some of Cook's conduct which might otherwise have been set down to ignorance of the people and their intentions.

As the ships proceeded along the leeward side of the island there was great excitement, the people crowding to the shore and the hills to see the

strange monsters of ships and their no less strange inhabitants. Never, says Cook, had any people anywhere shown such extreme astonishment at the sight of the ships.

In a few days the natives gained more confidence and several were persuaded to come aboard. When, a little later still, a party was sent ashore to obtain water, the crowd showed an all too lively interest in the proceedings. They pressed on the sailors so that they could hardly move, taking everything upon which they could lay their hands and casting glances of envy at the cutlasses. In fact, they so impeded the work that at last it was thought necessary to fire, and one man was unfortunately killed. After this the islanders felt it the part of discretion to stand a little more aloof.

This sacrifice of life may, or may not, have been necessary, but the stay at Kauai was marred by a far more grievous wrong to the people than the killing of a man or two. This was the introduction among the islanders of a revolting and contagious disease. Cook was enlightened above the generality of commanders in matters relating to the health of his sailors and had received the Copley Medal for a treatise on the subject read before the Royal Society in 1776. His own orders, moreover, were well calculated to sustain his own honour and that of his country. When he ordered the watering party ashore he refused to allow more than one man to accompany the officer out of the boats, in order, as he says, "that I might do everything in my power to prevent the importation of a fatal disease into this island, which I knew some of our men laboured under, and which unfortunately had been already

communicated by us to other islands in these seas. With the same view, I ordered all female visitors to be excluded from the ships . . . I wished to prevent all connection which might, too probably, convey an irreparable injury to themselves and through their means to the whole nation."

These admirable orders were certainly not regarded. The same night that Cook anchored off Waimea, a council was held at the house of Kamakahalei, a high chiefess, to decide upon the welcome to be given to the strangers. Some proposed to seize and plunder the vessels and slay the crews; others, following unconsciously the advice of Balaam to Balak, suggested sending the women to the ships with presents of fruits and vegetables. This sinister counsel was followed, and it has been a generally accepted tradition in the islands that that night Lelemahoalani, the daughter of Kamakahalei, was the guest of Cook.

We need not, however, rely exclusively upon native testimony, for the sequel shows only too tragically that Cook's orders were not enforced, with the result, as Fornander states, of "death and indescribable misery for the poor Hawaiians." "No wonder," he adds, "that the memory of Captain Cook is not cherished among them."

All this time the opinion had been gaining ground in the island that Cook was no mortal visitant, but an incarnation of the divine Lono, one of the persons of the Hawaiian trinity. Lono, so the tradition ran, had in the misty past adventured with death but had failed. Then he had gone down to the abode of "the great woman of the night" to sleep in the halls of the dead. Yet, as in the kindred

legends of Osiris, Tammuz and Balder, it was believed that he would return again and when, on the afternoon of January 20, 1778, there stepped ashore on the beach of Waimea this tall stranger " with the white, shining face " and with a glittering sword in his hand, attended by men whose weapons spoke in thunder and poured forth flames of fire, the whole concourse fell flat on their faces before Lono, as the West Indian islanders before Columbus. It was not till Cook bade them rise that they ventured to look up; then they hurried away to fetch hogs and plantains, which they presented as to a god, while the long-haired priests chanted the liturgical songs in honour of Lono.

Cook gave presents to the islanders in return and next morning trading by barter went on quite amicably, the natives being eager to obtain a few nails or a scrap of iron in exchange for vegetables, fowls and pigs. They even assisted the sailors in filling and rolling the water-casks from the ship and were amazed and delighted to see the quantity of iron which the boats contained. To get this they were ready to offer articles of immense value. The skins of the *iwapolena,* a beautiful scarlet bird, were freely bartered and not a few of the famous feather cloaks and helmets changed hands on this occasion. Here is Cook's description of the transaction:

" Among the various articles which they brought to barter we were particularly struck with a sort of cloak and cap, which even in more polished countries might be esteemed elegant. These cloaks are nearly of the shape and size of the short ones worn by the men in Spain and by the women in England, tied loosely before and reaching to the middle of the

back. The ground of them is a network with the most beautiful red and yellow feathers so closely fixed upon it that the surface, both in point of smoothness and glossiness, resembles the richest velvet. The method of varying the mixture is very different, some of them having triangular spaces of red and yellow alternately, others a sort of crescent; while some are entirely red, except that they had a broad yellow border. The brilliant colour of the feathers in those cloaks that were new had a very fine effect. The natives at first refused to part with one of these cloaks for anything that we offered in exchange, demanding no less a price than one of our muskets; they afterwards, however, suffered us to purchase some of them for very large nails. Those of the best sort were scarce, and it is probable that they are used only on particular occasions. The caps are made in the form of a helmet, with the middle part, or crest, frequently of a hand's breadth. They fit very close upon the head and have notches to admit the ears. They consist of twigs and osiers, covered with network, into which feathers are wrought, as upon the cloaks, but somewhat closer and more diversified; the major part being red, with some yellow, green or black stripes on the sides."

The purchase of one of these cloaks, each the labour of a hundred people for a year, for a few large nails, is enough to make the blood run cold. Very few of these famous relics of barbarism are now in existence. The terrible destruction of bird life, which was necessary to obtain the requisite feathers, could not possibly continue without exhausting the supply. The destruction was all the greater since but one feather was taken from each bird. The

coveted plumes of golden yellow and scarlet were found on the bodies of a tribe of honeysuckers, which included the *oo,* the *mamo,* the *iiwi* and the *akakane.* These were caught on branches smeared with *papala* gum, and, as each little victim was strangled before the feather was extracted, the slaughter was prodigious. Regular hunting parties were organized by the chiefs and sent into the interior to obtain supplies of feathers.

While Cook was on shore he managed, in company with the ship's surgeon and artist, to pay a visit to an *heiau,* or temple, some distance up the valley, and on this and subsequent occasions he seems to have formed a decided opinion on the question of cannibalism.

Seeing a man with a small parcel fastened with a string to his fish-hook, he asked what it was and was told that it was human flesh. Another native standing by was asked whether it was customary for them to eat the enemies slain in battle and immediately replied in the affirmative. A few days later, on his return from Kauai, Cook says that a native who was refused admission on board asked whether the white men intended to kill and eat him, and another told the sailors that if they were killed on shore no one would scruple about eating them. This evidence Cook considered sufficient to prove the existence of cannibalism in the islands.

Yet it is extremely doubtful whether the evidence is conclusive. Of course, native feeling at present strongly resents the imputation. King Kalakaua writes: "Although barbarous to the extent to which a brave, warm-hearted and hospitable people were capable of becoming, every social, political and re-

ligious circumstance preserved by tradition tends to show that at no period of their history did the Polynesians proper—or the Hawaiian branch of the race at least—practice cannibalism."

Any other evidence such as exists may be stated as follows:

1. In offering a human sacrifice it was the custom for the officiating priest to pluck out the left eye of the victim and make pretense of eating it. This, say some, is evidently the relic of some old cannibalistic rite.

2. After Cook was killed, his heart was eaten by three children who happened to be on the beach at the time. But native assertion is positive and unanimous to the effect that the children on this occasion thought they were eating the flesh of a dog.

3. Accounts have come down to us of cannibal bands who inhabited parts of Oahu and Kauai. Such were the "*Cannibals of Halemanu,*" commanded by the notorious Kalo in the seventeenth century. But, once again, these are always spoken of as foreign man-eaters, or as a remnant of the pre-Polynesian population whose extermination was a matter of lively satisfaction to the chiefs and people.

Perhaps a fair summing up is that of the Rev. S. Dibble, in his "History of the Sandwich Islands," published in 1843, to the effect that, whatever instances may have been alleged, "the practice was not common, and it is due to the Hawaiians to say that those few instances that did exist were looked upon by most of the people with horror and detestation."

On January 22d, a rain-storm, such as is now

called a *Kona,* came on, and Cook's vessels were driven from their anchorage. Running down to Niihau, they stayed there a few days and Captain Clerke made the acquaintance of a high chief who, with his wife, came out to the *Discovery.* The stay was used, on the one hand, to collect water and provisions, and on the other, to land some animals and seeds for the benefit of the islanders. Three goats, a boar and a sow of English breed were taken ashore and the seeds of melons, pumpkins and onions. The stormy weather continued and for two nights Lieutenant Gore was detained on shore, with twenty men, much to the anxiety of those on board. But they were most hospitably treated and used the opportunity to see something more of the customs of the natives. On their return they reported that there were no running streams, that fresh water was scarce, that the houses were scattered, and the population of the island not more than five hundred. The customs of the people were cleanly and decent, the men and women ate apart, and the latter appeared to live in companies by themselves. Light at night was obtained by using the oily nuts of the *kukui* tree strung together to make torches.

On February 2d Cook's first visit to the islands came to an end for, the anchor of the *Discovery* having started, the ship drifted so far that it was considered advisable to continue the voyage northward without completing the provisioning of the ships.

There was, however, sufficient for two months with Captain Clerke, and Cook himself had enough for several weeks, so they sailed away. Thus was accomplished the discovery of the Hawaiian group. Cook called them the Sandwich Islands, in honour

of his friend and patron the Earl of Sandwich, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty.

During this visit five islands are mentioned, Kauai, Oahu, Lehua, Kaula, or Bird Island, and Niihau. Cook estimated the population of Kauai as not less than 30,000, a startling number when it is recalled that to-day the whole native population of the group is less than this.

But, as has been already noted, Cook left behind him diseases hitherto unknown, which spread through the islands like the flames of hell and worked deadlier havoc than their intestine feuds and savage wars.

Native wonder and perplexity were not dissipated by the departure. Thirty years previously it is said that one of King Peleioholani's canoes had sighted just such another ship as Cook's, but it was too far off to make much impression. Now, however, the winged monsters came near enough for them to explore the mystery. David Malo, the native historian, well expresses the simple wonder of the people as follows:

"It is at Waimea, on Kauai, that Lono first arrived. He arrived in the month of January in the year of our Lord 1778. Kaneoneo and Keawe were the chiefs of Kauai at that time. He arrived in the night at Waimea, and when daylight came, the natives ashore perceived the wonderful thing that had arrived and they expressed their astonishment with great exclamations. One said to another, 'What is that great thing with branches?' Others said, 'It is a forest that has slid down into the sea,' and the gabble and the noise was great. Then the chiefs ordered some natives to go in a canoe and observe

and examine well that wonderful thing. They went and when they came to the ship they saw the iron that was attached to the outside of the ship and they were greatly rejoiced at the quantity of iron. Because the iron was known before that time from wood with iron (on it) that had formerly drifted ashore, but it was in small quantity, and here was plenty. And they entered on board, and they saw the people with white foreheads, bright eyes, loose garments, corner-shaped heads, and unintelligible speech."

The same writer goes on to tell how at first the sailors were mistaken for women, because their heads were so like the women's heads of the period. Also of the attempt of the chiefs to seize some of the iron and of the death of one who was "killed by a ball from a squirt gun." Then of the fear which came over the people when they saw the guns flashing and the rockets ascending, and how they thought Cook was certainly a god and called him Lonomakua. The priests especially espoused this theory and the priest Kuoho said that the ship in the harbour was the temple of Lono, with the ladders of Keolewa, and the steps to the altar. Afterwards this priest had his doubts about Cook's divinity and declared by means of the sacred cup that the visitors were not gods but foreigners from the same land whence had come Kaekae and Kukanoloa. But the scepticism of Kuoho was overcome by the faith of the multitude that the gods had indeed come down to them in the likeness of men and that their eyes had verily beheld the divine "Lono of the flashing face."

As soon as Cook had departed, messengers were

sent from Kauai to Oahu to acquaint their less fortunate neighbours with the story of the wonderful apparition. King Kahahana listened in silence, but his high priest burst forth with the declaration, "These people are foreigners from Hiikua, from Melemele, from Uliuli, from Keokeo. They are surely the people that will come and settle in the land." Others called to mind the prediction of the old prophet Kekiopilo, who had proclaimed, "The foreigners shall come here,—white people,—and as for their dogs, men shall ride upon them; they shall bring dogs with very long ears."

So the news spread through Oahu, and thence passed on to Maui, the messengers crying as they went, "The men are white; their skin is loose and folding; their heads are angular; fire and smoke issue from their mouths; they have openings in the side of their bodies into which they thrust their hands, and draw out iron, beads, nails and other treasures. This is the way they speak,—a hikapalale, hikapalale, hioluai, oalaki, walawalaki, poha, etc."

Kalaniopuu, king of Hawaii, accompanied by Kamehameha and the other chiefs, was at Hana when the news reached him, and the Maui warriors shared in the general excitement. But none guessed to what important events in the history of the land the unexpected visit would lead.

VIII

THE SECOND VISIT OF COOK

"The gentle islands, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feast without a toil, . . .
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind of heaven?"

COOK spent the summer of 1778 exploring the Alaska coast and Behring Strait, until the gathering of the Arctic ice warned him to seek a more southern latitude for the winter months. It is not strange that the Sandwich Islands occurred to him as a fitting and congenial *rendezvous,* where his ships might remain until the winter was far enough gone to enable them to arrive at Petropaulowski, in Kamchatka, by the middle of May.

So Sanganoodha harbour was left behind October 26th and after a stormy voyage the welcome discovery of the island peaks was made on November 25th. This time it was Maui which was first approached, and Cook learned how imperfect had been his discovery the previous winter. Then he had made the acquaintance of but five of the smaller islands, now he saw before him the towering height of Haleakala, *"House of the Sun,"* with its huge crater rising high above the clouds.

However, that same tremendous surf which sometimes now rises mountain high along the coral reef made the weathering of the coast at this point impossible; so, ranging to the westward, and beating

to windward, round the eastern coast of Maui, Cook passed on towards Wailua, where Kalaniopuu of Hawaii was, as we have seen, at the time encamped.

On the way the canoes paid constant visits to the ships and some trading was accomplished, but the captains would not permit at this time an indiscriminate trade. The traffic was restricted to barter for provisions and was carried on through officers appointed for the purpose. Under these conditions the ships were supplied with plenty of cuttle-fish, then, as now, a much prized article of food among the natives, and the fishermen got their meed of nails and iron.

It would be interesting to have a full account of Cook's visit to the court of Kalaniopuu, but few details have been preserved. The king, attended by several chiefs, among whom Kamehameha is mentioned, paid a visit to the ships, and our hero with characteristic bravery stayed with some of his attendants a whole night on board the *Resolution.* All the native accounts concur in relating this adventure, even when omitting reference to the visit of Kalaniopuu. It was, indeed, no small act of daring when one remembers that the white men were strangers and regarded on all sides with superstitious awe. Cook, moreover, was not at anchor, for, having in the evening sighted Hawaii, he sailed thither in the night. When morning dawned, therefore, and the natives on shore perceived that the winged monsters had disappeared, great was the wailing and lamentation. Kamehameha, they believed, had been abducted, and in such esteem was he held that Kalaniopuu at once sent a canoe, manned with picked men, to overtake the ships and

bring him back. This heroic measure, however, was not required, for, to the great joy of the populace, Kamehameha himself soon came back in the large double canoe which Cook had taken in tow.

It was Kamehameha's first experience of the white man, and Cook evidently observed him closely, recognizing in him a man of mark. The Hawaiian, too, it is evident, used his keen powers to good purpose, and found the strangers neither gods nor devils, but men who might possibly prove useful to him in his designs. It may be impossible altogether to acquit Kamehameha of complicity later on in the murder of Cook, but it would be equally impossible to deny that he, above every other Hawaiian, rightly estimated the strength and weakness of the foreigners. Treacherous to them he rarely was; friendliness was his general attitude. He read the characters of white men as he read those of his own race and discriminated between bad and good, using the former and rejecting the latter. Had all his successors possessed the same faculty, the monarchy of Hawaii might have continued till now.

Cook, having got rid of his adventurous visitors, continued his voyage to Hawaii and at length approached Kukuipahu, in North Kohala, where the ships lay off and on for some time trading for provisions. The sailors were surprised to see the summits of the mountains (doubtless Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa) covered with snow, but the snow was a long way off, and no more congenial watering-place could possibly have been found. Here provisions were obtainable in plenty, including sugar-cane, but Cook nearly raised a mutiny by making beer from

sugar-cane and serving it out to his crew instead of grog. He may have been right in declaring that it was wholesome and pleasant, or they may have been right in pronouncing it injurious to their health; but the fact remains that their conservative instincts would none of it and they left not the old love of grog for the new love of sugar-cane beer. Their practical verdict was that attributed to Nebuchadnezzar when, as a compulsory vegetarian, he declared

> "as he ate the unaccustomed food,
> It may be wholesome, but it is not good."

At Kukuipahu crowds of people went off in their canoes to see the vessels, and, seeing the sailors sitting on deck, some smoking and some eating watermelons, a fruit hitherto unknown to them, they returned with the news, "The men are indeed divine; they eat the flesh of men and fire proceeds out of their mouths." Many a tourist, since then, has amply avenged the ignorance of the terror-stricken aborigines.

The Englishmen, however, had a better opinion of the natives, for, although not regarding them as divine, they declared, "We met with less reserve and suspicion in our intercourse with the people of this island than we had ever experienced among any tribe of savages. They frequently sent up into the ship the articles they meant to barter and afterwards came in themselves to traffic on the quarter-deck. The inhabitants of Otaheite, whom we have so often visited, have not that confidence in our integrity. Whence it may be inferred that those of Owhyhee are more faithful in their dealings than

the Otaheitans. It is but justice to observe that they never attempted to overreach us in exchanges, nor to commit a single theft."

This is high praise and some part of it had evidently to be retracted after further experience, but still Cook's estimate of the Hawaiians must stand to the credit of the people who slew him.

At length, on January 17, 1779, at eleven in the morning, the ships arrived in the bay which Cook has made forever historical, Kealakekua, "*the landing of the god*,"—a name commemorating the arrival of the man with the shining white face, whom the natives too optimistically mistook for Lono, their divine champion and expected Messiah.

Kealakekua Bay is situated in the district of South Kona, along the western coast of Hawaii, running inland about a mile and bounded by two points of land about a mile and a half apart. To the north is the village of Kaawaloa and to the south, amid a stately grove of cocoanut palms, the more considerable village of Napoopoo. Between them is a high rocky cliff, inaccessible from the seashore. Beyond the coast the land rises gradually, displaying large patches of cultivated land and groves of feathery palms. Dropped here and there among these are, or rather were, in Cook's time, the habitations of a numerous population.

Cook was immensely struck with the scene as he dropped anchor about a quarter of a mile from shore. "In the course of our voyages," says his account, "we had nowhere seen such vast numbers of people assembled in one place. Besides those who visited us in canoes, all the shore was covered with spectators and hundreds were swimming about the

ships like shoals of fish." They swarmed over the deck, sides and rigging of the ships, singing and shouting and making the most extravagant gestures, while those who were unable to scramble on board amused themselves all day long in swimming round and round the vessels. Before the *Discovery* had been long at anchor, so many natives were hanging on one side trying to gain entrance that the ship heeled over considerably and it was found advisable to obtain the help of the chiefs in clearing the vessel of its incumbrances.

Kalaniopuu, as has been said, was away in Maui and the authority was left with two chiefs called Palea and Kanina. The former seems to have been a man of generous and estimable character and one to whom the visitors owed not a little during their stay. Next morning this generosity was conspicuously displayed when Captain King, with a guard of eight marines, landed for the purpose of erecting an observatory, so that those employed on shore obtaining water might be overlooked and protected. A suitable spot was found, and Palea at once secured it for the working party, even offering to demolish some buildings which obstructed the view. Finally a potato field was selected instead and most readily granted by the owner. The priests secured it against intrusion by placing a *kapu* on the enclosure. This was effected by setting up the *pululou,* or *kapu*-stick, at the entrance,—a proceeding which was even too effectual, since from that time no canoes would land near them, no natives would enter the enclosure, and all the presents in the world were powerless to induce the women to approach them.

This, however, was by no means the case on board

ship, for while the shore party was hard at work, salting hogs and filling water casks, unvisited or only peeped at from over the fence, the sailors on board had scarcely room to perform their duties. Two or three hundred women at once were sometimes sent over the sides of the ship into the water, where they sported about like mermaids until they were once more admitted. Under the circumstances it is natural to believe that the men on shore thought fortune very unequal.

But near the observatory great doings were ere long to be transacted. Not far from the enclosure was a grove of cocoanut palms which, surrounding a pond of fresh water, seemed made to provide a place of religious retirement. Here, in huts around the pond, was an habitation of priests of Lono, and close by was the *heiau* of Lono himself, where the idols stood and the sacrifices were offered.

It will help us to understand what subsequently took place if we try to get some idea of what a typical Hawaiian *heiau* was like.

Though varying greatly in size and solidity, a *heiau* was not infrequently a building of great extent and of considerable strength. There was, first of all, an enclosing wall, often of stones solidly built together. In the case of Mookini the stones were brought from a distance of nine miles, passed from hand to hand by an army of fifteen thousand men. The walls of this particular enclosure are standing to the present day and have a total length of 817 feet, with a height of twenty feet and a breadth of eight feet at the top. It can thus be imagined that no small amount of labour was involved in the construction of such an edifice. Very often, however,

the walls were a simple stockade of wood, generally decorated at intervals with idols. Round the walls of the famous *heiau* of Pakaalani there were no less than a hundred gods stuck on poles like the heads of traitors on London Bridge.

At the entrance was a kind of cross called the *pea,* which had the force of a tabu-stick, directing attention to the sacredness of the place. Within the outer wall were many houses dedicated to various purposes. One was the *Hale o Papa,* a special temple for female deities who were worshipped on certain occasions by the high chiefesses, though as a rule women were altogether excluded from the *heiaus.* Then there were the drum houses, the house where the prayers were recited, the house where the offerings were cooked, the houses of the priests, generally at the north end, and, about the centre of the terrace, the residence of the king. The central space formed an inner court at the gate of which was the altar, a kind of scaffolding, on which the sacrifices were placed and left to putrify in the sun. And at the very centre was the oracle, a high scaffold of wickerwork, about four feet square, within which the priest concealed himself to declare the will of the gods when some high chief came to consult them.

In the case of temples dedicated to Lono, all the buildings within the enclosure had to be of lama wood, thatched with *ti,* but in other temples, *e. g.,* those dedicated to Kane, they were of *ohia,* thatched with *uki.* The Hale o Lono, which stood hard by the observatory erected by the sailors, had, however, some features of its own, since it belonged to that ancient class of *heiaus* which were built before the

last migrations from the south. It was, according to Captain King, a square, solid pile of stones, about forty yards long, twenty broad, and fourteen high, with the top flat and well paved. Around the edge was a wooden rail, ornamented with the skulls of men slain in battle, or sacrificed at the altar, and in the centre a ruined wooden building which answered the purposes of a shrine. The idols were arranged at the gateway and in a semicircle inside the enclosure, and the scaffolding which formed the altar was about twenty feet high.

Such was the *heiau* of Lono, known as Hikiau, the ruins of which may still be seen overlooking Kealakekua Bay, and here it was that Cook found the firmest believers in his divinity. To this belief the priests held most tenaciously. Whether they were deceived to the end or whether having once committed themselves to a theory, they were unwilling to discredit their prophetic gift, we cannot say. Certain it is that, having espoused the cause of Cook as the cause of Lono, they never swerved in their loyalty, even when he died.

Believing then in the divine guest, the priests lost no time in doing him honour. The first overture was made by Koa, who went off to the ship and, upon being led to the cabin, wrapped some red cloth round Cook's shoulders, offered him a small pig, and pronounced a long prayer or discourse. Koa, whom some historians seem to have confused with the high priest Kau, was a prominent man who had been introduced to Cook by Palea. From that time he constituted himself the Captain's special attendant, though in time, as his attachment did not seem altogether disinterested, the white men con-

cluded that they had had enough of him and sent him off. He seems to have made considerable profit out of the visitors, and his notions concerning the Eighth Commandment were undeveloped. This character could hardly have been given to Kau, or his grandson Kailikea, or indeed any of the priests, who supplied the ships most generously with canoes full of hogs and vegetables and received nothing in return. "Nor was the most distant hint ever given," says the English account, "that any compensation was expected. Their manner of conferring favours appeared more like the discharge of a religious duty than to result from mere liberality."

That Cook was aware of the religious nature of the homage rendered to him sheds an unfortunate light upon the subsequent proceedings. Had he involuntarily been made the object of adoration, much might have been said in excuse. But this cannot be alleged, for Cook had had ample experience of the superstitions of these simple children of Nature and on this occasion even expected that the manner of his reception would be singular, taking with him Mr. Webber to make a drawing of the anticipated ceremony. But, as in most cases of the kind, those who allow themselves to be enthroned as deities invoke a speedy Nemesis, and when the eyes of the multitude are opened to the defects of the would-be divinity there remains none so poor to do him reverence. So Cook landed and was led to the *heiau* Hikiau, to be solemnly installed as an incarnation of Lono. He was met at the entrance by the high priest Kailikea, who, chanting a long hymn to Lono, led him round the enclosure from image to image, stopping before the central one, possibly that of

Lono himself, to present the Captain with some putrid hog, sugar-cane, cocoanut and bread-fruit, all of which lay upon a table before the idol. Then the priest led to the aforementioned scaffolding and together they proceeded to climb, not without considerable risk of the structure coming down with them in a most undivine descent. But to the top they got at last, and there aloft, though far less at ease than at the top of his mainmast, Cook had to submit to be swathed about with red cloth and to receive the offering of a hog. This ordeal over, they descended, only to have a considerable part of the ceremony repeated. The arrival of Lono in person seems to have been considered extremely humiliating to the other divinities, for the priest, as he passed round the temple, derided all the images except the central one in no measured terms, literally snapping his fingers in their faces. Before the image of Lono, however, he prostrated himself and caused Cook to do the same. Then came more offerings of fruit and pig, of which by this time Cook considered he had had enough, and a sort of liturgical service was carried on between Kailikea and the people, of which the Englishman was the object. Fornander has preserved for us one chant used on this occasion, of which a part may be rendered as follows:

"O Lono in Heaven! You of the many shapes!

"The long cloud, the short cloud, the cloud just peeping (over the horizon),
The wide-spreading cloud, the contracted cloud in the heaven,
From Uliuli, from Melemele, from Kahiki,

From Ulunui, from Hakalauai,
From the country of Lono, in the upper regions, in the high heavens,
In proper order, in the famous order of Laka.
O Lalohana . . . here is the sacrifice, here is the offering.
Preserve the chief, preserve the worshippers,
Establish the day of light on the floating earth. Amen."

When this had gone on for some time, the feast began. The natives set about cutting up the baked hog and Kailikea began to rub the Captain over the face and body with some chewed cocoanut wrapped in a cloth. Then while Koa fed Cook with mouthfuls of putrid hog, Palea performed the same kindly office for Captain King. They could not eat much even though their zealous attendants chewed it for them, and they rather ungraciously hastened the end of the ceremony.

From this time onward whenever Captain Cook appeared on shore he was invariably attended by one of these priests, who, going before, compelled all in his path to prostrate themselves. Even when on the water, passing between the ship and the shore, if a canoe was encountered, the natives immediately left off paddling and lay down on their faces until he had passed. Wherever he went, says the historian Jarves, "he moved among them an earthly deity, observed, feared and worshipped."

With the observatory protected by the spiritual authority of the priests, with the ships daily supplied with everything of the best the island could afford, and with chiefs and priests vying with one another to do honour to their commander, the

Englishman's good luck must have seemed secure. Thus it was with no little surprise that when Sunday, January 24th, dawned, they found no canoes in the neighbourhood of the ships, all the natives apparently confined to their houses, and all intercourse interdicted. The absence might possibly have been endured, but the non-arrival of the usual supply of vegetables was certainly inconvenient. What could be the matter? Had they offended the natives, or had some new idea taken possession of their simple brains?

It was nothing else than the arrival of Kalaniopuu, king of Hawaii, with his suite, from the island of Maui, and the king's first act was to put a *kapu* on the bay, so that no canoe dared to ripple the quiet waters.

Now this institution of *kapu,* or tabu, is of such importance in the history of the time that a few words may not be out of place. It is one of the oldest of Polynesian institutions, going back to the oldest of the legendary chiefs. The *puloulou,* or tabu-stick, is said to have been introduced by Paao, a priest who came from Samoa about the twelfth century, and it is still preserved in the national arms. *Kapus,* permanent or temporary, affected every incident and every relation of life. Certain places, such as bathing places, paths, streams, springs, and even hills were *kapu* at the will of chief or priest. Certain foods were *kapu,* at least for some months of the year, and a close season for particular species was easily maintained in this way. Certain days, especially the days devoted to the worship of particular gods, were *kapu,* and the greatest stringency was observed on these occasions. Sometimes

perfect silence had to be kept; the dogs were muzzled, and even the fowls placed under calabashes to keep them from cackling. A Puritan Sunday was nothing to such days as the caprice of the Hawaiian kings could inflict on their people; only no one pretended to think the *la kapu,* or tabu-day, the happiest day of the week. Nor in the inexorable operation of *kapu* was there any *place aux dames.* The ladies, indeed, fared very badly. They were not allowed to eat with the men; their food could not even be cooked in the same oven; it was death to enter the husband's dining-room; and certain kinds of food, such as pork, bananas, cocoanuts and turtles, were forever denied to the palates of the fair sex.

All this, and the fact that *kapu* was by no means a dead letter, entailing the penalty of death for trivial offenses as recently as 1820, will show that the institution was a most potent factor in the social life of Hawaii. It was their substitute for moral law, and although exercised capriciously and barbarously, yet on the whole answered the purpose of law, restraining and disciplining the appetites of the people and enabling the chiefs to control, according to their judgment, the wild and lawless passions of the people.

Now when Cook arrived at Kealakekua Bay the festival of the New Year was proceeding, consequently it was a *kapu* time. The priests, however, took a very practical view of the case and considered that, since the festival was in honour of Lono, and Lono himself was present, it would be absurd to allow ritual rigidity to prevent them from showing him honour. So the *kapu* was relaxed, as we have seen, and free intercourse permitted, till the

arrival of Kalaniopuu reëstablished the customary ban.

Of course, Cook disliked very much the change from a régime of daily fresh vegetables to one of none at all and did not take his involuntary fast at all kindly. He even endeavoured to force the natives to come off against the will of their chiefs. However, the tension was soon relaxed, for next day supplies were to be had as usual, and, furthermore, he received a private visit from the great chief who had for the moment overshadowed him in the regard of the people.

Kalaniopuu came off attended by only one canoe, which contained his wife and family (to be correct, we should say, one wife and one family), and stayed on the ship till 10 P. M. This was merely the prelude to the state visit paid on the following day, Tuesday, January 26th, when the king and his court came off in great pomp in three large canoes. First came the great state barge bearing Kalaniopuu and his high chiefs. Among these was Kamehameha,—"*Maihamaiha,*" Cook calls him,—"whom at first we had some difficulty in recollecting, his hair being plastered over with a dirty brown paste and powder, which was no mean heightening to the most savage face I ever beheld."

In the next canoe came the chief priest Kau with the idols. These were displayed on *kapa* of red, and are described by Cook as consisting of gigantic figures or busts of wickerwork, curiously ornamented with feathers of a great variety of colours. "Their eyes were large pearl oysters, with a black nut" (probably a *kukui* nut) "placed in the centre, a double row of the fangs of dogs was fixed in each of

their mouths, which as well as the rest of their features appeared strangely distorted." The priests, as they advanced, were chanting their sacred hymns with great solemnity, hymns probably in honour of their visitor, the supposed Lono. Bringing up the rear came the third canoe, piled high with vegetables and hogs,—doubtless the most welcome cargo of all in the eyes of the sailors. The canoes paddled a while round the ships, but their occupants made no sign of coming on board. On the contrary, they headed towards the shore in the direction of the observatory. Cook at once understood the king's wish to be received on shore, and accordingly landed to welcome his exalted visitors. No sooner had they entered the tent than Kalaniopuu rose up and threw over the Captain's shoulders the rich feather cloak that he had himself been wearing, placed a feather helmet on his head and a curiously wrought fan in his hand. Five or six other cloaks were laid at the Commodore's feet.

This presentation was only the prelude to the ceremony which followed. Kalaniopuu's attendants brought the visitors four hogs, some bread-fruit, cocoanuts and sugar-cane. Then followed the customary exchange of names between the host and his guest, one of the strongest possible pledges of friendship. Next came the procession of the priests, headed by Kau, who wrapped Cook in a piece of red cloth and then began the liturgical service, the chiefs making the responses.

In return for this reception Cook proceeded with Kalaniopuu, whom he describes as an infirm and emaciated old man, to make the royal visit on board the *Resolution*. It was probably on this occasion

that Kamehameha distinguished himself by standing up for the integrity of Hawaiian caste. The chief Palea, who was on very friendly terms with the white men, was on board when the royal party stepped on deck and, although a man of no mean consequence, was, in Kamehameha's opinion, no fit company for the king. So our hero at once kicked him ignominiously overboard. It is only fair to add that Palea was wont to serve his own inferiors in precisely the same manner. Some days after, when one of the lesser chiefs who was friendly with the officers was invited to remain to dinner, Palea came on the scene, manifested the utmost indignation, seized the offender by the hair and would have thrown him overboard had it not been for the interference of Cook. It was all the officers could do to effect a compromise whereby the newcomer was permitted to stay, sitting upon the floor, doubtless to his greater comfort.

In consideration of the presents he had received Cook could not do less than bestow presents in return; he surely did not outdo his hosts, making the king the proud possessor of a cutlass and a linen shirt. Yet doubtless his Majesty, strutting up and down the deck, thought a linen shirt easily the equivalent of a feather cloak.

During all this time not a canoe, other than the royal barge, was to be seen upon the bay; the natives on shore either remained in their huts or kept themselves prostrate on the beach. Cook made good use of his newly won favour to obtain from the king some relaxation of the *kapu*, at least so far as to permit the provisioning of the ships. "For what reason we could not learn," says King, one prohibi-

tion, however, continued in force,—no women were allowed to visit the ships. But Fornander has upon this point the following significant note: "The reason was not far to search. While the fame of Cook had spread throughout the group, the disease connected with arrival at Kauai had also spread; and when Kalaniopuu, on his return from Maui, found the women received by hundreds at a time on board the ships, he took the only course left him, though, alas, too late to restrict the evil. It is somewhat remarkable that on his arrival at Hawaii, neither Cook nor King made the slightest mention of having taken any similar precautions against the spreading of the disease, which he says he took to Kauai. And when it was left to the sovereign of the island to protect his people, as best he could, his act, instead of awakening reflection and suggesting the cause, became a subject of wonder. Neither Cook nor King seem to have felt the quiet rebuke implied by the tabu being laid on the women."

This eventful day concluded with a feast on shore and an exhibition of boxing and wrestling, in which the natives, even those of advanced years, proved themselves no mean antagonists.

Then came an exhibition of fireworks from the ships which filled the natives with amazement and awe. They believed that the foreigners had legions of flying spirits at their command. But had Cook's men only gone to the great crater of Kilauea, the natives could have shown them fireworks, the work of Pele herself, to which their own display was tame and pale. The secret of these the volcano goddess kept in her own hands.

IX

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK

"The gods are just and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to slay us."

WHITE men and natives had now mingled so freely together that, before proceeding further, it will be interesting to hear their opinions, now qualified by experience, one of the other.

From Cook's side we learn: "The behaviour of the natives was so civil and inoffensive that all apprehensions of danger were totally vanished. The officers ventured frequently up the country, either singly or in small parties, and sometimes continued out the whole night. To relate all the instances of generosity and civility which we experienced upon these occasions would require volumes. In all places the people flocked about us, anxious to afford every assistance in their power, and appeared highly gratified if we condescended to accept of their services. A variety of innocent arts were practiced to attract our notice or to delay our departure."

Among these innocent arts would appear to have been included the habit of stealing, and although Cook's discovery of the innocent islanders underneath the ship drawing out the nails of the vessel with flints was certainly calculated to delay his

departure, it would seem that the gentle attention was only repaid by small shot fired at the offenders. No harm was done, however, since the culprits easily evaded the shot by diving.

What, on the other hand, was the opinion of the natives as to their guests? To tell the truth, spite of Cook's impression to the contrary, they had begun to be a little tired. The lavish contributions necessary to keep their divine guests from starving had become irksome, and the land was being eaten up. Moreover, the seamen had, in return for much consideration on the part of the natives, shown no reciprocal feeling. The most sacred *kapus* were broken without scruple, and the conduct of the white men was so abandoned as to disgust even the heathen. There remained only the superstitious awe which surrounded them. Should this depart, the scarecrow would no longer be respected, and the birds would peck at it, as at one another.

It so happened that an occasion was not long in coming such as would sensibly diminish this superstitious reverence. It came through our common enemy or friend, Death, who respects neither king nor peasant, neither white nor black. On January 28th one of the seamen, William Watman, died and was buried in the enclosure with both Christian and pagan rites. For three nights the Hawaiians surrounded the grave, sacrificing hogs and singing prayers and hymns. But, though they thus paid honour to the dead, they could not henceforth think so highly of those whom they had hitherto thought of as sharing the immortality of Kane, Ku and Lono.

It was awkward, too, for this reason, that two or

three days later the faith of the natives was sorely tried by an act on the part of Cook, the injustice of which may well serve to palliate the later conduct of the Hawaiians.

On February 2d Cook wanted fuel for the ships and concluded to ask for the rail round the temple, an article of whose sacred character there could not have been a shadow of doubt. Mr. King, we are told, had his doubts about the decency of the overture, but was apparently misled by the seeming willingness of the priests to grant the request, and their refusal to accept the two or three hatchets which were offered in exchange. It is obvious, however, as Fornander points out, how they felt. They would not sell the possessions of the gods for any price whatever, but, if Lono asked this or that as a gift, though they might be pained to give, yet they would give freely, not only their rail, but the *heiau* itself, and themselves with it, as an offering to the deity they served. In the end, the men carried off, not only the fence, but the twelve idols which were within, and it is pitiful to read that the high priest, who had been the white man's consistent friend, had to come meekly to Cook to beg back at least the central image.

No wonder, after this, that affrays took place with growing frequency. Some quarrel in the course of barter, some discovery or accusation of theft, was of daily occurrence, and there was no doubt that the temper of the men on both sides was getting worse.

As for King Kalaniopuu, he was importunate to know the date of Cook's departure, perhaps already dreading what actually took place. He supposed

the ships had come from some famine-stricken country, and that the strangers had visited his domain only to fill their bellies, a conclusion which, Cook's account remarks, "was natural enough, considering the meagre appearance of some of our crew, and the voracity with which we devoured their fresh provisions." Still by now the men had become quite sleek with good living, and the king thought it was time for them to go on a little further. This was probably the real reason for Kalaniopuu's inquiry as to the time of departure, though the white men were vain enough to imagine it was solely to have time to prepare a suitable farewell.

This belief, too, was not without some ground of fact, though we are irresistibly reminded of the readiness with which the Egyptians contributed to the levy made upon them by the children of Israel, when they heard that these troublesome sojourners were about to remove across the Red Sea into the wilderness.

On February 3d there was a farewell party given at the house of Kau, the chief priest, and the visitors opened their eyes wide with amazement when, on entering, they saw the heaps of good things brought together by the people. There were piles of cloth, abundance of precious red and yellow feathers, fastened with fibre of cocoanut husks, a large herd of hogs, and a great store of fruits and vegetables. The eager lust of possession was a little disappointed when it was learned that this was tribute brought for the king, but when the king came, he selected a third of the booty for himself and presented the remainder to the white men, who were still able to marvel at the generosity of the gift.

Captain King remarks, "We were astonished at the value and magnitude of this present, which far surpassed anything of the kind we had seen at either the Friendly or the Society Islands."

It was, however, in the strictest sense a "good riddance" present. "Egypt was glad at their departing, for they were afraid of them." Now the preparations for departure began to be hastened. The largest hogs were salted for sea-store, the remainder divided among the crew, the observatory removed on board, and the *kapu* taken from the place. The natives, whose curiosity had so long been restrained, now relieved their pent-up feelings in one mad rush over the recently sacred ground, in the hope of finding some valuables accidentally left behind. Of the members of the expedition itself, there was but one they wished left behind; this was Captain King, who had won their confidence and esteem to an extraordinary degree. He received overtures of the most flattering kind, and when he declared that Captain Cook (whom they supposed to be his father) would not permit it, they said they could carry him to the mountains and hide him there till the ships had sailed. "But the Captain will not sail without me," protested the officer. Learning this, the king and the high priest went as a formal delegation to Cook to request that he would leave his son behind. The Commodore could not give them a positive refusal, so he pacified them by saying that while he could not part with his officer at present, he would return next year and would then endeavour to oblige them.

The morning of February 4th dawned on an immense crowd of natives in their canoes, assembled

to see the departure of the *Resolution* and *Discovery,* and as the two vessels sailed out from the bay, escorted by thousands of dusky warriors, there was joy all along the coast of Hawaii. The chiefs were at last rid of their exacting and embarrassing guests, and could attend once more to their own affairs.

But their jubilancy was short-lived. The ships had not proceeded further than Kawaihae, when they encountered a violent gale of wind, in which the foremast was sprung, so that it became absolutely necessary to return to port for repairs.

Consequently, just a week after their triumphant departure, the ships once more made their appearance in Kealakekua Bay. There was no great jubilation this time. On the contrary an ominous silence prevailed, faces were glum and betokened no warmth of welcome. A visit from Lono every day in the week was too much for his too materially-minded worshippers. Besides there was another reason. The Hawaiian men had become jealous of the white men, seeing that their women were so enamoured of the strangers as to lose all taste for the familiar charms of their own countrymen.

Cook was greatly surprised at his lack of reception, and as there was not a canoe to be seen on the waters of the bay, he sent a boat ashore to inquire the cause. The answer was returned that Kalaniopuu had departed from the neighbourhood and had left the bay under *kapu.* This was very disconcerting, but Cook was not easily discouraged. Towards night a few canoes came off with provisions, induced by love of gain, which, for once, exceeded their respect for law. But the behaviour

showed plainly that the former friendship was at an end. Only one class remained faithful, namely, the priests. Whether they still retained their belief in the incarnation of Lono, or whether, once having committed themselves, they did not care to appear discredited, we cannot tell. The fact remains that they still continued loyal as ever, as loyal they remained until the end.

If Cook had been on the lookout for omens, there was still another circumstance which might have attracted notice. In the barter which was presently reëstablished, the chief objects demanded were the iron daggers which the Captain had caused to be made for trading purposes. Could he have looked ahead a few days, Cook might have seen in this the stealthy step of an oncoming Nemesis, for, as the eagle in the fable received its death wound from an arrow winged with its own feather, so it was from one of his own iron daggers that Cook received the wound from which he died.

However, in the need of repairing the damaged mast and sails, there was little time to make reflections or to look for omens. The astronomical instruments had once more to be taken down, the observatory set up, and once more the spot was tabued by the priests.

Next day, Kalaniopuu returned and visited the ships, showing no sign of ill-will, which, if he felt, he very effectually concealed. Still, even the loyalty of the priests and the liberality of the king could not prevent the outbreak of an unfriendly spirit on the part of the natives. It would be tedious to relate all the details which culminated in the murder of Captain Cook, but the causes of the

sad event may be made sufficiently clear if we condense the various narratives which have come down to us from English and Hawaiian sources. On the one hand we have Captain King's continuation of Cook's journal, and on the other hand we have Sheldon Dibble's account from native authorities in his "History of the Sandwich Islands." It is this latter account which Fornander incorporates into his history as the most trustworthy report of the affair; as it contradicts King's account in no material point and supplements it by information collected from the high chiefs present at the time, it may safely be relied upon as giving us an authentic piece of history.

Cook had had no more faithful friend among the chiefs than Palea, yet it was Palea who was the innocent cause of the first serious affray. A theft of some kind or other had taken place from the ships, and a boat's crew had been despatched to discover and punish the thieves. Engaged in this work, the officer in charge seized a canoe which happened to belong to Palea. The chief protested his innocence and claimed his boat, but as the officer persisted in detaining it, a scuffle took place in the course of which Palea was knocked on the head with an oar and stunned. The natives avenged his fall with such a shower of stones that the sailors were compelled to swim off to a neighbouring rock and would certainly have fared badly but for Palea coming to himself and interposing to protect his assailants. He commanded the crowd to cease from violence, recalled the sailors to their pinnace and assured them he would use his utmost endeavours to recover all that had been stolen. Palea's men,

however, were not so generous and, perhaps because they had been punished for an imaginary crime, the same night they managed to steal one of the boats belonging to the *Discovery*. This they took some distance up the coast and broke in pieces.

Had Cook been a wiser man he might have used the good will of the chiefs and priests in such a way as to protect himself from these annoyances, but he determined now to repress thievery with a high hand by adopting a plan he had often found to succeed in the South Seas. This was to obtain possession, by stratagem, of the king or one of the principal *aliis*, and hold them as hostages until the theft was expiated. To succeed in this bold scheme it was necessary to put the whole bay under blockade, so, with boats, properly armed and manned, stationed across the harbour to intercept any canoes which might attempt to break through, Cook and King left the ship for the shore, the former with Mr. Phillips and nine marines in the pinnace, the latter with a guard in a small boat. On landing, King was at once despatched to the dwellings of the priests to explain the meaning of the blockade. He found them exceedingly alarmed at what can only be described, in Dibble's words, as an act of "consummate folly and outrageous tyranny," but he reassured them as well as he could and told them that no harm should come to Kalaniopuu. Meanwhile, Captain Cook had bent his steps towards the residence of the king, whom he awakened and found not unwilling to accompany him. Indeed all might yet have been well had it not been for the suspicions of Kalaniopuu's wife, who, like Cæsar's wife of old, predicted evil and besought her husband to stay at

home. The king's two sons were already in the pinnace when this lady, whose name was Kanekapolei, came on the scene and refused to permit the king's abduction. Then came two of the high chiefs who, taking hold of the king, compelled him to sit down. Thus he remained, a picture of abject misery, willing to trust the honour of the white men, but restrained by force, while all around a hostile population was gathering who viewed the boats in the bay, and still more the demonstration on shore, as threatening the lives of the king and his chiefs.

At last Cook perceived that he would have to return foiled, and there was even then no reason why he should not have safely withdrawn from his perilous position, had not another undue circumstance changed the aspect of affairs gravely for the worse.

The natives could hardly have been expected to understand the meaning of the blockade, and it was natural that some canoes should attempt to enter. They were fired upon and in one canoe Kahinu, the brother of Palea, was killed. His companion in the boat was our old friend Kekuhaupio, the warrior and Kamehameha's tutor. Hastening ashore he reached the excited throng just as Cook was giving up as futile the abduction. Palea also, grieved at the death of his brother, leaped up and, spear in hand, stood before Cook, vowing vengeance. The Commodore, now genuinely alarmed, fired upon him with his pistol, which, fortunately or unfortunately, did not go off, or, if it did, the small shot failed to penetrate the war-mat of the chief.

Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion. The women and children were hastily sent off to the

mountains, while an immense multitude of men, with their war-mats donned, their spears and daggers threateningly brandished, seemed almost to spring from the ground. Yells of rage rent the air and immediately after a volley of stones fell around the Captain. One of them struck him, but he retaliated by shooting his assailant dead. Then he struck another chief, Kanaina, with his sword, but the Hawaiian, a man of great strength, seized Cook, not to kill him,—for so far the natives did not believe him mortal,—but to hold him in his strong grasp. Cook struggled to free himself, and slipped in the attempt, groaning as he fell. The groan sealed his fate. It proclaimed to the natives that the white man shared the infirmities of mortals. *"He groans,—he is not a god!"* cried the disenchanted islanders, not unwilling to dethrone their idol. Then they slew him. With one of his own iron daggers, the toys he had introduced among them, they stabbed him in the back as he turned to give a command to the men in the boat. The knife passed through his body, and he, before whom the simple islanders had so lately prostrated themselves in fear, fell forward on his face and expired.

Thus perished the brave but wilful Captain to whose explorations the world owes so much and to whom Hawaii too owes much, though perhaps not so much that is good.

While the murder was going on it must not be supposed that the sailors in the pinnace were idle. They poured a deadly fire into the heart of the crowd, and the natives held up their leaf mats vainly to defend themselves. Thinking that it was the fire that slew their comrades, they dipped their

mats in the sea to keep them wet. Phillips on the shore drew his sword, slew the chief who had stabbed his commander, then plunged into the sea and swam to the pinnace.

Then Lieutenant Gore, from the *Resolution,* perceiving with his glass that something untoward was happening, fired a volley of round shot amid the crowd with such terrible result that there was a sudden stampede to the hills. The natives, however, carried with them the body of their victim and there, in accordance with immemorial custom, they burned the flesh and secured the bones as the permanent trophy of a great deliverance. From what subsequently transpired it would seem that the body was taken to a small *heiau* where the regular funeral rites were observed. As a sign of reverence, the bones were made up into an *unihipili, i. e.,* tied up with red feathers, deified and, some at least, laid up in the temple of Lono on the eastern side of Hawaii. Here they received religious veneration as late as 1819 when idolatry was abolished. Yet, unless these bones, like the bones of certain saints in Europe, were miraculously multiplied, it is difficult to accept every incident of the story. For a considerable quantity of bones were returned at various times to the ships; the skull was kept by the warrior Kekuhaupio; other chiefs claimed other parts of the skeleton; and Kamehameha's son and successor took a few more bones with him to England as a suitable present to Cook's bereaved widow. Kamehameha received as his share the hair of the murdered man, while his heart and liver were eaten by some children on the beach in mistake for the viscera of a dog. The limb bones of the marines

who were slain at the same time as Cook were divided among the chiefs.

It is necessary for a moment to return to Captain King's party which, from its position on the other side of the bay, was horrified by hearing the sound of the guns and the yells of the crowd. King's heart misgave him, especially as he knew that Cook's long familiarity with the natives inclined him to carelessness and rashness. Moreover, he was mortified to feel that his assurance to the natives should appear belied, still more so when Captain Clerke, perceiving the party surrounded and imagining them in danger, fired his big guns at the islanders. Happily no one was killed, but a cocoanut tree, struck by a cannon ball and broken in two, remained a convincing proof of the power of the white man's guns.

King did all he could to reëstablish confidence, at the same time endeavouring to discourage the belief in Cook's death which had already commenced to gain ground. Then he went off to confer with Captain Clerke and his departure was the signal for further fighting. A determined attack was made on the stockade, the natives assaulting it in the most persistent manner. One native especially extorted the admiration of the defenders. After the first repulse he returned, facing the fire of the whole party, to carry off a wounded comrade. He received a wound which compelled him to drop the body and retreat, but after a few minutes he returned, only to receive a second wound which forced him to retreat again. Almost directly after, faint as he was with loss of blood, he reappeared and for the third time seized the body of his friend. It is to the credit of British sailors that their generous admiration

prompted them to cease firing and the noble savage succeeded in bearing off the body, only, however, to fall dead within his own lines.

It was now judged prudent to bring off to the *Resolution* the foremast, tents, sails and instruments, and at the same time to send such a force of boats towards the shore as would be sufficient to overawe the excited and desperate natives and compel them to restore the Captain's body. Mr. King was entrusted with this difficult and delicate task and, after some signs of renewal of hostilities, he was enabled to get near enough to display a white flag and request a parley. The overture was answered by the chief Koa, not the most trustworthy specimen of the race, who swam off and received the white men's terms. Koa promised to report to the chiefs and declared that the body of Cook should be returned. He then leaped into the water and swam ashore. Yet there were manifest signs of intended treachery, for the people showed great anxiety for King to land, and when they could not succeed tried to decoy his boat among the rocks with the evident intention of wrecking it. At last, just as the officers were beginning to tire of waiting for Koa's return, a chief approached, who was in all probability Kamehameha himself, and reported that he came from Kalaniopuu and that the bones, which had been taken into the country, should certainly be restored next morning.

King had to be content with this promise and returned to the ship, though his confidence was by no means restored when he saw the people on shore strutting about with contemptuous gestures, some wearing garments which had belonged to the dead

seaman, one chief brandishing Captain Cook's hanger, and a woman flourishing the scabbard.

In the morning Koa came off to the ships, but without any body, and as his answers were evasive and he still seemed very desirous for the white men to go ashore, he was dismissed with threats. On his return to shore the natives seemed to be preparing for an encounter; large numbers of men were seen marching over the mountains and every indication given that in case of attack the natives would stand their ground.

So all day long the captains waited again, but waited in vain, for no sign was given that the chiefs intended to keep their promise. However, at night there was a sudden cry of "*Tinni,*" the native way of pronouncing King's name, from the side of the ship and two natives clambered on board. They turned out to be priests bearing with them a portion of the Commodore's body. Faithful to their old allegiance, they had, unknown to the chiefs, done what they could to restore the mutilated corpse by giving up the portion allotted to the high priest Kau. One of these two priests was the man who had always accompanied Cook as tabu-man and he had come to protest his own innocence and the continued loyalty of the priesthood.

Tuesday, like Monday, was a day of anxiety and continued menace. Koa, whose brazen audacity was something to be marvelled at, still ventured to come on board, but as the priests had specially warned King against him, he was never encouraged to remain.

Next day, as it had become necessary to send a party on shore for water, it was deemed justifiable

to fire the big guns at the hostile crowd on the beach. This had the double effect of dispersing the multitude to the hills and of bringing off the imperturbable Koa in his canoe with the news which, had it been true, would have abruptly closed our present narrative, that "*Maihamaiha*" had been killed. It is interesting to speculate as to what would have been the destiny of Hawaii had a chance volley at this time put an end to the hopes and ambitions of the patient and far-seeing warrior. However, Koa's news was premature by more than forty years, so we may dismiss the thought, especially since Kamehameha stood so near to death all his life that there will be plenty of opportunity for speculation of the kind. Kamehameha, it turned out, was only wounded, and that not severely.

On the morning of the 17th the intended landing was made and the *Discovery* was brought as near as possible to the beach so that the watering party might be protected. The need of this precaution soon appeared, for the natives had no intention of allowing the white men to take their water undisturbed. From the caves on the face of the mountains they kept issuing forth, harassing the sailors with volleys of stones, so that, having to act continuously on the defensive, they made little progress with their work. So irritating did the situation become that at last the big guns of the *Discovery* were brought to bear on the shore and this for a time had the desired effect. But only for a time, and then, perhaps naturally, but very unfortunately, the wrath of the long-suffering sailors was let loose and, before the officers could restrain them, the whole village was in flames, including the

houses of the friendly priests. Acts of barbaric cruelty were perpetrated. Natives were decapitated, their heads taken on board, and the approach of a party bearing a flag of truce was so far disregarded that it was fired upon till the arrival of an officer restored discipline. The party turned out to be headed by the priest Kailikia who, with some reason, expostulated with the officers on the treatment the priests and their village had received.

It would be tedious to relate all the details of the negotiations which ensued. They seemed likely to last forever, not because the chiefs desired to evade the conditions demanded, but principally because of the naturally dilatory character of the native Hawaiian. At length another chief, who is called "Eappo," appeared on the scene, and on Saturday, the 20th, the greater portion of Captain Cook's bones were, by the hands of this chief, returned, wrapped up in fine new cloth and covered with a cloak of black and white feathers. The only bones which were still missed were brought, it is said, by Eappo next day, but either the chiefs or the officers were imposed on, for the native accounts have always insisted that certain bones were kept by the chiefs in the temple of Lono.

"Eappo" declared that Kalaniopuu and Kamehameha were desirous of peace, though hitherto they had been prevented from realizing their desire by the other chiefs who were disaffected. As Kalaniopuu had remained from the time of the murder till now hidden in a cave accessible only from above, to which provisions were let down by means of a rope, it is probable that Kamehameha was at this time the commander-in-chief of the Hawaiian

forces. Kamehameha was never very anxious, at least in the presence of white men, to take credit for any share in the events of February, 1779; possibly some fear of reprisals was responsible for his modesty. Captain Portlock relates that in 1786 Kamehameha was afraid to visit the *King George* and the *Queen Charlotte* from an apprehension that they had come to avenge the murder of Cook. Years after Captain Meares says that Kamehameha was anxious to persuade Captain Douglas that Kalaniopuu had been murdered for the part he took in permitting the slaying of Cook. If so, Kamehameha was certainly not telling the truth, for, on the one hand, Kalaniopuu played only a passive part in the tragedy and, on the other hand, he died of old age without giving rise to any suspicion that he had met foul play.

No mention is made of Kiwalao, the king's son and heir, in all the proceedings, so it can hardly be doubted that Kamehameha was in command. Even so, however, it is not to be wondered at that he should have forcibly resented his uncle's abduction, nor can he be seriously blamed for the unforeseen way in which the events of that fatal day developed.

We have now come to the closing scene of this painful episode. On Sunday, February 21st, the bay was once more laid under a strict *kapu* and in the afternoon the bones of the great explorer were lowered into the deep with the usual military honours. The bay which had been called "The landing of the god" became the mortal grave of one unwisely worshipped and untimely slain.

On the beach of Kealakekua Bay, near South Kona, now stands a stately and conspicuous monu-

ment erected by British sailors in November, 1874, which, since old feuds have been long laid to rest, commands the reverence of white man and Hawaiian alike.

Even on the day of the funeral the completest reconciliation appears to have been established between the sailors and the islanders. The *kapu* was removed, provisions were brought off in the canoes, the chiefs came on board, and when, a day or two later, the ships prepared to sail, greetings were exchanged in the most affectionate manner. It was on February 25th, the very day on which, sixteen years later, Vancouver hoisted the British flag over the islands, that the *Resolution* and *Discovery* sailed away from Kealakekua Bay and, after touching at various points in the more northern islands finally left the group on March 15th, thus, so far as the Hawaiian Islands are concerned, completing a most memorable voyage.

The results of the visit of Captain Cook have been well summed up by Fornander as follows: "(The influence of the visit) on the Hawaiian people was lasting and will long be remembered. He came as a god and in the untutored minds of the natives was worshipped as such, but his death dispelled the illusion; and by those whom he might have so largely benefited he is only remembered for the quantity of iron that for the first time was so abundantly scattered over the country and for the introduction of a previously unknown and terrible disease. As education and intelligence, however, are spreading among the natives, they will gradually learn to appreciate the benefits that have followed and will continue to follow in the wake of his

first discovery. The reproaches that have been levelled at his memory will gradually fade, as men learn to judge others according to the standard of the times and the exceptional circumstances under which they lived and had to act; and while time will eradicate the evils attributed to Cook's arrival, time will also bring into greater prominence the advantages and blessings, the light and the knowledge, to which his discovery opened the portals and enable future historians, be they native or foreign, to draw a truer, more just, and more generous balance. In contemplating what the Hawaiians were one hundred years ago and what they are to-day, no candid person can fail to kindly remember the man who first tore the veil of isolation that for centuries had shrouded the Hawaiians in deeper and deeper growing darkness, who brought them in relation with the civilized world, and who pointed the way for others to bring them that knowledge which is power and that light which is life."

X

THE PATRIMONY OF KAMEHAMEHA

"At least, the sceptre lost, I still may reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.
To this Eurymachus: To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the kingly throne;
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess."

THE departure of the British squadron once more set the Hawaiians free to attend to their own political concerns. Kalaniopuu, old as he was, still had his plans for self-aggrandizement, plans which would no longer be interfered with by the arrival of the foreigners, for, such was the horror of the outside world at the fate of Cook, that for seven years no vessel touched at any Hawaiian port.

Whether it was that Cook's visit had drained the Kona district of its natural supplies, or that the stay of Kalaniopuu with his court and army had proved even a greater strain on the commissariat of the neighbourhood, or that the two causes had operated together, such a scarcity of food was presently felt at Kona that the king was obliged to move with his court to the Kohala district. Here, as if to give countenance to the theory that the visit of a king was worse than the avatar of a god, Kalaniopuu led such a merry life that the resident chiefs and the cultivators of the land began to grumble very audibly.

When it is considered that the king carried about with him, apart from his warriors, a whole army of retainers, such as stewards, sleep-watchers, massageurs, *kahili*-bearers, spittoon-bearers, messengers, spies, prophets, executioners, astrologers, historians, poets, jesters, musicians, and dancing girls, it may be understood that the support of so vast a horde made no small demand on the hospitality of the common people, especially as not only their produce but also their time and their labour was at the absolute disposal of the king. It can scarcely be surprising that the exactions of a tyrannical or inconsiderate monarch frequently gave rise to rebellion.

If there was one district in Hawaii more famous for these outbreaks than another it was Kau. It was here that the people, wearied to death with following up the king Koihala and his canoes along the rocky coast for mile after mile, at length ate up the food they were carrying in their calabashes and received the king on his landing with a shower of stones. *"Here is your pig!" "Here is your dog!"* they cried as they battered him to death. Here also another king, Kahaikalani, was killed while engaged in the construction of an *heiau*. Tired and disgusted with the labour of pulling up heavy pieces of timber to the top of the hill, they concluded to let go the ropes, with the result that the king and priests, who were pushing behind, were crushed to death. Here again died Halaea from a veritable surfeit of fish. He exacted such large contributions of fish from the fishermen of Kau that at last these turbulent and impatient folk, weary of yielding up the produce of their labour, threw so many fish into

Waipio Valley, Hawaii

his canoe that it was swamped and its occupants drowned.

And now, preyed upon by the rapacious court of Kalaniopuu, Kau determined to keep up its character by associating with Puna and other districts for the purpose of kindling the flames of insurrection. The two chiefs at the head of the movement were the brave *alii,* Nuuanupaahu, and Imakakalaloa, who played the part of John Hampden by openly resisting the extravagant demands of Kalaniopuu.

But the rebellion served no other purpose than to arouse Kalaniopuu from his unwarlike torpor and to consolidate, for the time, his power. Nuuanupaahu met with a tragic death. One day, swimming in the surf off Kauhola, he was attacked by an enormous shark. He observed the monster only when it was too late, and one of his hands was snapped off. Faint as he was from loss of blood, the brave chief sprang to his feet on the narrow surf-board and there standing upright shot through the breakers to the shore. His wound, however, had drained away his life and he died a few days later at Pololu.

The other chief, Imakakaloa, fought against the superior forces of his feudal lord for upwards of a year, over and over again evading capture through the clandestine help of the people of Puna. Imakakaloa was an Hawaiian Absalom. His hair hung in great black coils to his very heels and, like the rebel son of David, he was the darling of the people. But at last Kalaniopuu, irritated at the long resistance, and at the favour shown to the outlaw by the Puna people, ravaged the whole land with fire and left the district in ashes. Then one of the retainers of Imakakaloa was tracked and the hiding-place of the

chief unwittingly betrayed. He was captured, bound and brought down to Kalaniopuu to Kamaoa in Kau to be sacrificed.

But we must go back a little to another event which made this ghastly sacrifice an important turning-point in the story of Kamehameha.

Some little time after the outbreak of the rebellion, Kalaniopuu, perhaps apprehending that some untoward event might occur to put an end to his life and reign, sent messengers to Maui to fetch back his son, Kiwalao, with his mother, Kalola. At the same time he summoned a council of the very highest chiefs to meet in the Waipio Valley.

Waipio, in the district of Hamakua, was an ideal place for a council meeting, not to say a picnic. It lay in a romantic valley, about a mile wide at the seaward entrance. The hills enclosing it were almost perpendicular, but clothed with grass, creepers and shrubs, and while winding paths led upwards amid the jutting rocks, beautiful cascades descended almost at a leap, forming a stream below which meandered along the valley and found a way through the sand-hills to the sea. The valley itself was a continuous garden, luxuriant with taro, bananas, sugar-cane and fruits, while here and there gleamed a fish-pond well stocked with fish. Along the foot of the mountain, and extending up the valley as far as the eye could reach, were little groups of grass houses, looking almost as natural to the place as the trees and mountains.

It must have been hard to lose one's temper or indulge in acrimonious discussion in a spot so consecrated by Nature. In Waipio the palms are tallest, the leafage of the ever-blossoming trees greenest,

and the waters coolest. Fed by mountain gorges where the tear-drops distil down the black rocks, the streams ripple on, through ravines and over boulders, till they reach the blue-green sea with its white line of reef-foam. At one time, says an ancient legend, the river was sluggish enough, but a great fish which lived off the Hamakua coast found the supply of fresh water too scanty for his needs and appealed to the god Kane for more. So fresh springs were created, the bed of the river was tilted up, cascades were formed, and the river ran, swift and full, to the sea. The great fish is there no longer, but, if so disposed, you may see the finger-marks of Kane on the huge stones which he hurled into the river.

It was natural that advantage should be taken of such a favoured spot by the chiefs of Hawaii. According to tradition, it was the abode of Akea and Milu, the first kings of Hawaii. Here also lived Hoakau, of grimmest memory, who, if he saw a man with a fine head, would send his servants to decapitate the luckless wretch and, in like manner, would possess himself of any man's limbs, if he thought them better tattooed than his own. Right on from the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century, when Liloa died, Waipio was a royal residence. For these two hundred years it was the scene of princely hospitality and chivalrous tourneys, at which, as at European courts at that very time, the highest chiefs were ready to hurl a spear for the honour of their name or for some fair lady's smile.

But, at the time of which we speak, "Ichabod" was written on the palace walls. The glory of the court was departed, though the prestige of the great

heiau of Paakalani was still unimpaired, and so remained until the fierce warriors of Maui avenged themselves on Kamehameha in 1791.

Here it was then in the year 1780 that Kalaniopuu assembled his council to settle the weighty matter of the succession and other important affairs. The business did not take long. Kiwalao was left heir to the *moi*-ship, while the king's nephew, Kamehameha, was appointed to the charge of the ancestral war-god, Ku-kaili-moku, referred to in a previous chapter.

Now, although Kamehameha was appointed only to the second place in the kingdom after Kalaniopuu's decease, this second place, through the possession of Kaili, was by no means lacking in dignity and authority. Moreover, Kamehameha never intended it to be a sinecure even in Kalaniopuu's lifetime.

It was at the sacrifice of Imakakaloa, which we have mentioned as a turning point in Kamehameha's career, that this determination was first manifested. The sacrifice was arranged to take place at the *heiau* of Pakini, where, as was usual at such ceremonies, the victim was clubbed or stabbed in order that he might be laid upon the altar of the war-god, after preparatory offerings of fruit and pigs. On this occasion Kiwalao appeared as the chief actor in the ceremony and had begun by laying upon the altar the bananas and other fruit which formed the prelude to the *pièce de résistance*. Suddenly from the crowd strode in the indignant form of Kamehameha, who seized hold of the sacrifice and completed the ceremony himself amid the amazed and silent chiefs.

Some said that Kamehameha had been incited to this daring act by counsellors who were impatient to see him fulfilling his destiny. Others believed that it was just from the impulse of the moment that he stepped forward to resist interference with what he considered his prerogative as the custodian of the war-god.

At any rate it created an immense sensation in the court and whispers were not wanting to circulate reports leading to suspicion that the audacious one had designs upon the throne of Hawaii.

At this juncture the old king heard of his nephew's boldness and, calling him aside, gave the same advice given by Rebekah to Jacob when the latter incurred the hostility of Esau. He advised him to seek seclusion for a while, preferably on his own private estates, and, while not neglecting his duties as the guardian of Kaili, to leave the politics of the court severely alone. Doubtless this was wise advice, though Kalaniopuu was perhaps more influenced by the prudential consideration of his own interests than of those of Kamehameha.

So the too-zealous guardian of the war-god said farewell to court and set out for his estate at Halawa, in the district of Kohala. But he took with him his wife Kalola, his brother Kalaimamahu, a whole crowd of retainers, and, above all, the treasured idol, Ku-kaili-moku.

As to what precisely constituted the patrimony of Kamehameha there has been much dispute. His actual hereditary possessions would appear to have been little more than a not very extensive district in North Kohala. The centre of this district was Halawa. But, according to Dibble (who in this

matter is followed by Jarves), Kalaniopuu divided the crown lands between Kiwalao and Kamehameha, and, even before his death, gave Kamehameha authority over the territories of Kona, Kohala and Hamakua, while Kiwalao held sway over Hilo, Puna and Kau. Fornander doubts this, and thinks that Dibble was misled by the apologists of Kamehameha who were desirous of adding to his glory and at the same time of freeing him from the charge of having rebelled against Kalaniopuu and his heir. No division in the lifetime of Kalaniopuu is mentioned by native authorities such as David Malo and Kamakau, who were contemporaries of Dibble. Moreover, had it taken place, Kiwalao would have had no right to divide as he did the lands of Kona, Kohala and Hamakua among his own adherents.

Of course, land tenure in Hawaii was very insecure, since, at the accession of a new monarch, there was always a redistribution of the lands of the kingdom, with the exception of some portions which, in families of eminence, were considered hereditary and consequently secure from interference. It may be imagined that this periodical redistribution was no easy matter and generally made for the new king more enemies than friends, sometimes producing a crop of rebellion which brought the new reign to a premature close. Horace affirms:

"Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus,"

and the proverb has many a good illustration on occasions such as those to which we refer. The windward chiefs, *i. e.*, those of Hamakua, Hilo and Puna,

desired the leeward side of the island, with its rich fishing grounds, smooth seas and splendid climate; the leeward chiefs, *i. e.*, those of Kohala, Kau and Kona, longed for the running waters, taro patches and abundant food of the windward side.

At the death of Kalaniopuu the possessions of Kamehameha consisted of: 1. The ancestral heritage of Halawa, in North Kohala. 2. The Waipio Valley, in Hamakua. 3. Kailua, in the Kona district (probably). The two latter estates were crown lands and not Kamehameha's in his own right; so we shall probably be safe in saying that at the time of his retirement from court the only possession he actually had was the modest estate of Halawa.

Hither then came Kamehameha and here for the space of two years, like another Cincinnatus, he laboured at the cultivation and improvement of his land, building canoes for war and fishing, making fish-ponds and catching the fish. Of the work done during this quiet time not a little remains. At Niulii he succeeded in making a tunnel quite through the ridge, to bring a watercourse to the land. Years afterwards a chief pointed out to Mr. Ellis a perpendicular pile of rocks a hundred feet high where Kamehameha and his companions, by digging through the mountain mass, had made a good road, with a regular and gradual ascent from the sea, up and down which the fishing canoes could be easily drawn. At another place he had tried to obtain water by digging through the lava, but, after breaking through several strata, the work was found so difficult that it had to be abandoned. With no powder wherewith to blast the rock, and none but the most primitive tools, the marvel is that he suc-

ceeded in effecting so much. Mr. Ellis was also shown fields, several acres in area, which Kamehameha kept in good order and well stocked with potatoes and other vegetables. One of these fields, called after his own name, he was accustomed to cultivate with his own hands. Several groves of *noni* trees (*Morinda citrifolia*) were also planted by him and kept in order.

One of the fish-ponds constructed by our hero is described as consisting of a stone wall, six feet high and twenty feet wide in places, which ran half a mile across a small bay and enclosed a space not less than two miles in circumference. In the wall were several arches guarded by strong stakes driven into the ground in such a way as to admit the waters of the sea, but prevent the escape of the fish.

In this way he made himself a benefactor to his own and succeeding generations, for, though fish formed an important article of diet, most men preferred a lazier method of catching them than the laborious one of constructing substantial fish-ponds.

Some made use of the narcotic plant *auhuhu,* or *hola* (*Tephrosia piscatoria*), which, pounded in a mortar and sprinkled on the water, never failed to provide a quantity of drugged fish to repay the indolent. Others preferred to wait for the leisurely harvest of a harpoon, for it was by no means unpleasant to spend a few hours, harpoon in hand, on the chance of spearing some dainty member of the finny tribes. Others roused themselves occasionally to beat the sea with long runners of the convolvulus, driving the fish into the outspread nets. Sometimes, too, energy was sufficient to take out in sev-

eral boats a long rope of twisted banana leaves, which, laid in a circle upon the waves, formed a kind of magic ring through the shadow of which the fishes feared to break. This was fish-pond enough for an emergency. The labour involved in all these methods brought immediate results, but building fish-ponds for future years and generations was far beyond the understanding of most.

It will be seen then that Kamehameha's temporary retirement was by no means barren of good both for himself and for the aftertime, and that it was possible for a chief, even in those warlike times, to live to good purpose far from the uncertain strife of battle.

But indeed it seemed time for events to hasten themselves, if Kamehameha were ever to achieve the destiny predicted for him, for he was already forty-five years of age, and as yet the custody of an idol represented all the political influence that fortune had brought.

A change, however, was at hand, for, in the spring of 1782 (Jarves says April, Fornander January), the old king, Kalaniopuu, breathed his last at Wai-o-Ahukini, near the southern point of Kau. It is impossible to say what was his exact age, but he was certainly over eighty, and for a large portion of a long life he had been a very considerable figure, if not the chief figure, in the history of his country. At the close Kalaniopuu's glory was diminished by the victories of Kahekili, king of Maui, who took advantage of the former's old age to win back the fortress of Hana, which had been in the possession of *moi* of Hawaii since 1759.

XI

KAHEKILI SUBJUGATES OAHU

"Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

KAHEKILI, whose relationship to Kamehameha we have already sufficiently discussed, was, perhaps even before the death of Kalaniopuu, the strongest chief in the whole archipelago. Therefore, on the decease of the Hawaiian *moi,* the king of Maui was left with but one rival, Kahahana, king of Oahu, who was also his relative on the mother's side.

Being a rival, Kahahana must therefore be crushed, and the manner in which Kahekili procured the downfall of this brave young chief affords us more than a glimpse into the crafty and sinister character of this brutal old savage. The account may well be set forth here, while the Hawaiian chiefs are busy considering the situation created by the death of Kalaniopuu. The event is not without importance in connection with the story of Kamehameha.

Kahahana had been brought up at the court of Kahekili in Maui and when the Oahu chiefs did him the honour of electing him to the sovereignty of that island no one dreamed but that Kahekili would be exceedingly pleased at his good fortune. Perhaps

he was secretly, but at any rate he carefully concealed his pleasure and, in giving his consent to Kahahana's departure for Oahu, stipulated that he himself should have for his share in the bargain the land of Kualoa, in the district of Koolau, and also all the whalebone and ivory which might be washed up on the Oahu shores.

In this demand he showed no little cunning, since in the Koolau district were situated the most sacred spots on all the island and the whalebone and ivory constituted no small portion of the royal revenue. But he can hardly have been surprised that neither Kahahana nor his chiefs showed themselves disposed to part with their property, and on the advice of the high priest Kaopulupulu, a man of high character and true statesmanship, they returned to Kahekili a firm refusal. The king of Maui probably expected nothing else, but instead of making war at this time on Oahu, an enterprise which might easily have been disastrous, since the island was so far united in its support of Kahahana, he dissembled his feeling and bided his time. Meanwhile, he did all he could in secret to undermine the influence of Kahahana's counsellor, Kaopulupulu. In this treacherous line of conduct he was assisted by his own high priest, the younger brother of Kaopulupulu, but in whom ambition and jealousy had soured the milk of human nature.

On the surface, meanwhile, there was nothing to show that Oahu and Maui were not on the very best of terms. Indeed, in the sanguinary wars of 1776 and 1778, which have already been described, Kahahana and his chiefs fought side by side with the warriors of Kahekili against Hawaii. The Oahu

allies arrived from Molokai on the very day that the Alapa Brigade was annihilated and they also took part with distinction in the general encounter the next day when Kalaniopuu was so completely routed.

All through the comradeship of the two kings, however, Kahekili was on the watch, and even before the natural termination of the alliance he found a spot in which to plant his poisoned shaft. His plan was to insinuate to Kahahana the disloyalty of Kaopulupulu. The high priest, said Kahekili, had actually offered him the kingship of Oahu, and only his great regard for Kahahana had induced him to refuse the offer. So, he urged, it would be well for Kahahana to be on his guard against this trusted adviser. The wily suggestion did its work only too well, as slander generally does. Kahahana went back to his dominions resentful and distrustful, and such a coolness sprang up between the two former friends that soon Kaopulupulu withdrew himself from the court to his own estates. There, to show that the king had removed from him his wonted confidence, he adopted the singular expedient of tattooing himself and his followers on the knee.

Once without the assistance of Kaopulupulu's sagacity, the king acted just as Kahekili had anticipated. He became harsh and tyrannical and went, so it is stated, to almost incredible lengths of sacrilege and impiety, digging up the bones of the dead to make from them arrow points wherewith to shoot mice and rats, and even breaking open the tombs of the chiefs to make from their bones handles for his *kahilis*. Such conduct soon destroyed that unanim-

ity of spirit which had been the main bulwark of Oahu against the designs of Kahekili.

It was at this time that the death of Kalaniopuu occurred in Hawaii, and for a while Kahekili seemed to hesitate as to whether he should support one of the rival Hawaiian chiefs or turn his attention to Oahu. Seeing, however, that Hawaii was likely to be the theatre of internecine feuds for some time to come, he resolved to let the chiefs there fight out their own quarrel and to take advantage of his opportunity to subjugate Kahahana in Oahu.

We are outrunning events in Hawaii a little, but we may as well tell once for all the story of this expedition and then return to Kamehameha. Kamehameha himself was invited by Kahekili to take part in the adventure and contribute his share of soldiers and canoes, but he returned answer that he had too much on his hands just then and must wait till he had subdued the chiefs of Hilo and Kau. From Kamehameha's rival, Keawemauhili, however, Kahekili got some help in the form of men and canoes.

It will be plain that Kahahana was now confronted by a very serious situation, but he had a still greater foe than Kahekili, namely, himself. With the insanity of one whose destruction has been decided by the gods, he had determined upon the death of his faithful but calumniated counsellor, Kaopulupulu. No one could have had a more loyal record than this ill-fated victim of slander, yet his execution was decided upon, and when Kahahana arrived at Waianae and sent for him, there was no doubt in the mind of the priest that he was going to his death. Yet he did not falter. Taking with him

his son, he went out to meet his degenerated chief. His forebodings were not groundless; as soon as he arrived he was attacked by the king's retainers; his son was drowned at Malae, and the father killed at Puuloa. It is related that when the high priest perceived his son in the hands of the murderers he gave utterance to one of those oracular sayings which the Hawaiian priests, like those of Delphi, were sometimes constrained to employ, to the perplexity of those who heard them. "It is far better," he cried, "to sleep in the sea; from the sea comes the means of life."

This oracle was much pondered over by the Hawaiians and a great variety of interpretations found acceptance. Some believed it fulfilled in the arrival of Kahekili from across the sea, with destruction for Kahahana. A little later it was interpreted of Kamehameha, coming from overseas with peace and unity of government. Others again felt that the words of the dying prophet had reference to the advent of the foreigners with all the manifold blessings of civilization. Whatever the words may have meant, there can be no doubt that Kaopulupulu's death meant the alienation of the affections of the people and Kahahana's speedy defeat by Kahekili.

So it turned out. The king of Maui landed with his army at Waikiki, marched his troops in three divisions against the forces of Oahu, and utterly routed them. It is interesting to know that, while Kauwahine, the wife of Kahekili, fought valiantly by the side of her husband, Kekuapoiula, the wife of Kahahana, did the same on her side and, after the battle was lost, shared her husband's flight to the mountains. Here for no less than two years they

wandered, hidden, fed and clothed by their compassionate subjects. At length, however, the spies of Kahekili attained their object; the miserable fugitive was captured and slain and his corpse brought in a canoe from Ewa to Waikiki. The dirge chanted by his widow as the boat with its tragic burden disappeared down the Ewa lagoon long held a prominent place among the *meles* of old Hawaii.

One incident in this inter-island war is so romantic that it may well be told in the words of Fornander:

"When the news of the invasion spread to Ewa and Waialua, eight famous warriors from those places, whose names the legend has retained, concerted an expedition on their own account to win distinction for their bravery and inflict what damage they could on Kahekili's forces. It was a chivalrous undertaking, a forlorn hope, and utterly unauthorized by Kahahana, but fully within the spirit of the time for personal valour, audacity and total disregard of consequences. The names of these heroes were Pupuka, Makaioulu, Puakea, Pinau, Kalaeona, Pahua, Kauhi and Kapukoa. Starting direct from Apuakehau in Waikiki, where Kahekili's army was encamped, and organizing preparatory to a march inland to fight Kahahana, the eight Oahu warriors boldly charged a large contingent of several hundred men of the Maui troops collected at the *heiau*. In a twinkling they were surrounded by overwhelming numbers and a fight commenced, to which Hawaiian legends record no parallel. Using their long spears and javelins with marvellous skill and dexterity and killing a prodigious number of their enemies, the eight champions broke through

the circle of spears that surrounded them. But Makaioulu, though a good fighter, was a bad runner, on account of his short bow legs, and he was overtaken by Kauhikoakoa, a Maui chief. Makaioulu was soon tripped up, secured and bound by Kauhikoakoa, who, swinging his captive up on his own shoulders, started off with him to the camp to have him sacrificed as the first victim of the war. This affair took place on the bank of the Punaluu taro-patch, near the cocoanut grove of Kuakuaaka. Makaioulu, thus hoisted on the back of his captor, caught sight of his friend Pupuka and called out to him to throw his spear straight at the navel of his stomach. In hope of shortening the present and prospective tortures of his friend, and knowing well what his fate would be if brought alive into the enemy's camp, Pupuka did as he was bidden and with an unerring aim. But Makaioulu, seeing the spear coming, threw himself with a violent effort on one side, and the spear went through the back of Kauhikoakoa. Seeing their leader fall, the Maui soldiers desisted from further pursuit and the eight champions escaped." [1]

[1] Fornander, "Polynesian Race," II, 224.

XII

THE BRIEF REIGN AND TRAGIC DEATH OF KIWALAO

"Then as the mountain oak or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Nods to the ax, till, with a groaning sound,
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground;
Thus fell the king."

WE must now go back to the affairs of the island of Hawaii, where the death of Kalaniopuu had left the royal authority nominally divided between Kiwalao, the son, and Kamehameha, the nephew, of the late king.

It was about July, 1782, when, at the expiration of the customary period of mourning, Kiwalao, with his half-brother, Keoua Kuahuula, his uncle, Keawemauhili, and other high chiefs, prepared to bring the body of the dead monarch for final interment in the famous Hale-o-Keawe in Honaunau, South Kona.

The Hale-o-Keawe, or House of Keawe, was a mausoleum where the bones of great chiefs had been deposited from the days of its builder Kanuha, a son of Keawe II, about the year 1690. It was built, says Alexander, of *kauila* wood, thatched with *ti* leaves and surrounded by a strong fence, with a paved court at either end. Numerous idols stood on

the fence at intervals all round, and twelve were set upon pillars arranged in a semicircle at the south-east end of the enclosure, before which offerings were formerly placed. Many other images were kept in the temple, some of wood, others of wicker-work, adorned with red feathers. Under the protection of these divinities, the bones of Keawe and other ancient chiefs were deposited. They were wrapped up in bundles, bound with cinct made with cocoanut fibre, and the whole tied up with feathers and other ornaments. Many of these bundles, or *unihipilis,* may be seen to-day in the Royal Mausoleum in Honolulu.

The famous temple derived additional sanctity from its proximity to the great "City of Refuge," or *puuhonua,* of Honaunau, an enclosure seven acres in extent, 715 feet long by 404 feet wide, surrounded by a massive wall twelve feet high and fifteen feet thick. Great images of wood, four feet apart, guarded this mighty rampart, and, under the protection of these divinities, any fugitive who obtained entrance might laugh the most powerful enemy to scorn.

It was to this sacred spot then that Kiwalao and his supporters set out with the bones of Kalaniopuu. There is an old painting in what was formerly the Royal Palace in Honolulu which represents the funeral procession. Three large double canoes are pictured crowded with warriors and laden with all the things necessary for the obsequies. In one of the canoes the body of the dead king lies in state, with the *kahilis* and other insignia of rank beside it.

But, while Kiwalao was thus preparing to perform the last rites and acquit himself of his filial

responsibilities, others were alert to take a more political view of the situation. It has been said that a redistribution of crown lands took place on the death of every sovereign, and such a redistribution at the present time could hardly fail to produce a civil war, particularly as Kiwalao was by no means a strong-minded or experienced manager of men.

There were on the western, or Kona, side of the island four powerful and closely allied chiefs who have already been mentioned as the kahus of Kamehameha. These were the twin brothers, Kameeiamoku and Kamanawa (reputed half-brothers of Kahekili, and therefore keenly interested in the fate of Kamehameha), their half-brother, Keeaumoku, "the evening crab" (already described in connection with the prophecy of Keaulumoku), and Keaweaheulu. These, with the veteran warrior, Kekuhaupio, Kamehameha's military instructor, formed an alliance, unique in the Hawaiian annals for endurance and fidelity,—an alliance which might well have lifted any chief, let alone a Kamehameha, to supreme power in the land. But it was the correct appreciation by these men of the character of Kamehameha which cemented the bond.

Keeaumoku had been looking out for a worthy leader ever since, with eager interest, he had listened to the prediction of Keaulumoku. He had lived in the fortress of Kauwiki till its fall and had then removed to his own private estate at Kapililoa, South Kona, where he had waited impatiently for the birth of events from the womb of destiny. It was now fifteen years since he had poised spear in battle, or shouted his war-cry, and he longed with all a warrior's ardour for the excitement of the con-

flict. And now, to all appearance, the time for choice had come. He must either accept Kiwalao as his feudal lord or find some other cause to champion. From what he already knew of Kiwalao he did not anticipate in him the leader of his ideals; so, like the other Kona chiefs, he turned his eyes towards the rising star of Kamehameha.

Worthy indeed of support appeared Kamehameha, not only when placed in contrast with Kiwalao, but also as one more likely to check the rapacity of the uncle of Kiwalao, Keawemauhili. Were Kiwalao to be accepted as king, it would be the uncle who would rule, and so well known was his grasping disposition that the Kona chiefs had good reason to fear for the security of their own possessions.

For these reasons Kekuhaupio of Keei, the greatest warrior of his time, was sent to Halawa to seek out Kamehameha and persuade him to accept the headship of the disaffected chiefs.

In justice to Kamehameha the point should be emphasized that in this insurrection he did not himself take the aggressive. He was quite content to stay at home building his canoes and cultivating his land. He did not rouse the Kona chiefs; on the contrary, they deliberately sought him out and persuaded him to espouse their cause.

The ambassadors found him, if not like another Cincinnatus, like another Achilles, among the women. Attended by his wives, he was yielding to the charm of the surf-board, flying backwards and forwards over the waves like one whose element was rather in the water than on the land and whose ambition was in any other direction than that of war.

But the chief became grave enough when his old tutor approached him and gently upbraided him for wasting his days in luxurious ease while his country had so much need of his strong arm on the battle-field and of his cool head in the council chamber. He might have replied that it was not his own fault that he had withdrawn from the envious intrigue of the court to the enviable seclusion of his own estate, but he listened attentively to the arguments of Kekuhaupio and as soon as he was convinced that the time was ripe for action he assembled his retainers and accompanied his guide back to Kaawaloa.

While Kamehameha was thus nearing the scene of struggle Kiwalao was, from another direction, approaching with the body of his father. And when the funeral fleet was off Honokua, the ever-watchful Keeaumoku went off to see the corpse and incidentally to learn the real destination of the procession. Either misled by the taunt of an insolent guardsman, or gaining information of Kiwalao's secret design, he inferred that the real destination of the visitors was Kailua and that the Kona lands were in danger.

With this startling suspicion, true or false, in his mind, he hurried back to Kekaha, whither he knew that Kamehameha had arrived, and told the allied chiefs that the corpse of Kalaniopuu had reached Honaunau. They soon decided upon a course of action and, on the experienced advice of Kekuhaupio, chose a position which would be as suitable for a battle-field as for a camping ground. Kiwalao arrived and at once went to pay his respects to Kamehameha, who received him with all the respect due

to his superior rank. But it was a strange meeting. Kiwalao seemed burdened with the premonition of coming trouble and, gazing at his host, exclaimed: "It is possible that we two must die. Our father (*i. e.*, Keawemauhili) is pushing us on to fight. Perhaps only we two shall be slain. Ah, what misery for us both!"

Kamehameha, who had his own ideas as to the end of the conflict, could only answer evasively and turn the subject of conversation to the funeral ceremonies of the morrow. "To-morrow," he said, "we will come and visit the corpse of the king." So Kiwalao returned to his camp at Honaunau and Kamehameha prepared to follow.

To those who have heard the wailing over a dead *alii* no description of the effect produced is necessary; to those who know it not any description must be inadequate. Holy Writ tells of the house of mourning filled with the minstrels and the people making a noise, and Byron speaks of "the loud wulwulleh" rending the air of Oriental cities, but who can put into words the emotion aroused by that blood-curdling "*Auwe*" of passionate barbaric grief which takes possession of the Hawaiian people when their dear ones or their great ones die till they are borne to their last long rest?

This ceremonial wailing was proceeding when Kamehameha and his friends reached Honaunau; but after a time Kiwalao, according to the accepted program, ascended a platform outside the *heiau* and declared the will of the dead *moi* to the assembled chiefs. It was, as everybody had guessed, or rather as had already been decided at the council at Waipio; but it was none the less disagreeable to

those who had made up their minds to be dissatisfied. Only Kiwalao and Kamehameha had been remembered, and to the latter only the custody of the war-god and the sovereignty over certain crown lands had been assigned.

Keeaumoku and his party grumbled loudly: "Strange, very strange!" they cried. "Why not have divided the land into two parts, giving three districts to the one and three to the other?" So they went on muttering that war was preferable to such a state of affairs as this, from which the Hilo and Kau chiefs would reap all the advantages while they became impoverished.

But the cup was not yet full. That same evening Kekuhaupio and Kamehameha went along to pay a visit to Kiwalao to see for themselves exactly how matters stood. They found preparations being made for an *awa* party and, as at certain times these drinking parties were conducted with a great regard for etiquette and with much ceremony, Kekuhaupio knew that it would be possible on this occasion to learn in what estimation Kamehameha was held by the new king. Fornander quotes from a native historian an interesting description of the scene which followed:

"On seeing the *awa* roots passed round to be chewed, Kekuhaupio says to the king, 'Pass some *awa* to this one (Kamehameha) to chew.' The king replied, 'What occasion is there for him to chew it?' Kekuhaupio answered, 'It was so ordered by both of your fathers, that the son of the one should be the man of the other, should either of them ascend the throne.' The *awa* was passed to Kamehameha, who chewed and prepared it, and handed the first

bowl to the king. Instead of drinking it himself, however, Kiwalao passed it to a special favourite sitting near him. As this chief was lifting the bowl to his mouth to drink, Kekuhaupio indignantly struck the vessel out of his hand and addressed the king: 'You are at fault, O king; your brother has not prepared the *awa* bowl for such people, but for yourself alone.' Then pushing Kamehameha out of the house, he said, 'Let us go on board of our canoes and return to Keei.'"

Such a deliberate lack of respect exhibited towards the guardian of the war-god, whether due to intentional discourtesy or mere oversight, was certain to hasten the crisis. The chiefs on either side seemed to have determined upon the conflict. If Kamehameha on his side was being urged forward by the Kona faction, there were elements equally quarrelsome on the side of Kiwalao. Chief among them was Keawemauhili, the imperious uncle of Kiwalao, and one of the highest *kapu* chiefs then living. Another was Keoua Kuahuula, the king's half-brother, a chief of fiery temper and ambitious spirit. Keawemauhili took care in the redistribution of lands to obtain sufficient to satisfy himself and vehemently overruled Kiwalao's disposition to be a little more generous in his dealings with Kamehameha; Keoua, coming rather later to the division of the spoil, was infuriated because he could not obtain with his share the beautiful valley of Waipio, which had been bequeathed by Kalaniopuu to Kamehameha. He too, like the Kona chiefs, thought it might be better to risk war, and in his ill-governed fury proceeded at once to kindle the flame which was to burn from this time onward, until years after

it would expire amid the ashes of his own funeral pyre.

Calling together his warriors, including most of the chiefs of the Kau district, with their retainers, he bade them don the panoply of war. Then, clad in gorgeous feather cloaks, helmets and the ivory clasps which were their insignia with the College of Heralds, he bade them follow to attack the foe. They went straight towards the territory of Kekuhaupio and, arriving at Keomo, a village at no great distance from Keei, they proceeded to challenge a conflict in the most wanton way by cutting down the cocoanut groves. This was the signal for a war *á l'outrance,* a war of devastation, for upon the cocoanuts depended the livelihood of the people for generations, it might be, after the war was over.

So, when Keoua's warriors fell in with some of Kamehameha's people on the beach at Keei, where they had been bathing, it needed very little to provoke a quarrel. The result was that some of Kamehameha's men were slain and were dragged in triumph by the victorious chief to the *heiau* at Honaunau, to be the first sacrifices in the campaign now made inevitable.

Had Kiwalao taken care to show his displeasure at this mad raid of his brother Keoua, the crisis might still have been safely passed, but unfortunately he allowed himself to be dragged into the struggle by himself sacrificing the bodies of the victims and so making it appear that he took upon himself full responsibility for his brother's action.

There remained therefore nothing but to gather the clans on either side and try conclusions as speedily as possible. On the one side was Kiwalao

with his uncle Keawemauhili, his half-brother Keoua and the chiefs of Hilo, Puna and Kau. On the other side were ranged in support of Kamehameha, Keeaumoku, Keaweaheulu, Kamanawa, Kekuhaupio, and the chiefs of Kohala.

After a few days' preliminary skirmishing, the two armies came face to face with one another one morning in July, 1782, and a battle, memorable in Hawaiian history as the battle of Mokuohai, was the result.

The great City of Refuge at Honaunau was crowded with the women and children of both parties who had taken sanctuary in the shrine of the gods from the inevitable barbarities of such a conflict. At the entrance to the enclosure the white flag waving from a spear-head proclaimed the inviolable character of the place. There was no need to close the gates, for the priests stood ready to slay any rash intruder who should violate the sacredness of the retreat. Even were the king himself the pursuer, the meanest fugitive was safe.

But outside raged a most sanguinary contest, with varying result, for no less than seven days. The troops of Kiwalao struggled in mortal combat with those of Keeaumoku. For a while victory seemed to be smiling upon the king. For not only were the two Kona chiefs repulsed with loss but precious human victims were secured wherewith to gratify the appetites and insure the favour of the gods.

But where all this time was Kamehameha with his war-god Kaili? Not blenching from the fray, assuredly, but rather preparing for it as a religiously minded Hawaiian was wont to do, by con-

sulting the auguries and by offering sacrifices to the divinities. While the Kona chiefs were apparently being driven back, Kamehameha, in his characteristically leisurely fashion, was staying behind at Kealakekua with the old high priest Holae and his daughter Pine, the wife of Kekuhaupio. Still, though for a time willing to play the part of Moses on Mount Hor, supplicating the aid of the gods, Kamehameha was none the less eager to play the part of Joshua in directing the battle from the field, and just when the fight was going hard with the rebel chiefs, on the morning of the eighth day, Kamehameha came rushing to the assistance of the cause. The effect was instantly perceptible. That martial presence and personality seemed as by some subtle magnetism to multiply the number of the contending warriors and inspire the wearied with renewed ardour and courage.

Yet, after all, the ensuing victory was not to be won solely, or even principally, through the prowess of Kamehameha, but as the achievement of another warrior who, not having drunk of the strong wine of battle for many years, now revelled in it as though he were the bloody spirit of the battle in person. This was Keeaumoku, who literally exulted in the fray, his spear drinking blood at every thrust, and his shout echoing far and loud over the field of combat.

At a critical moment Keeaumoku met with an accident which seemed to proclaim that his return to the battle-field was to be but brief. The lava slopes, as modern travellers know only too well, are slippery enough even when one walks or rides with careful and sober gait; so it is no great marvel that,

carried away by his ardour, Keeaumoku lost his footing, fell, and got his *pololo,* or long spear, entangled in the rocks. Immediately, as the dogs fasten upon the fallen stag, a crowd of warriors surrounded him with their weapons. Kahai and Nuhi were at him with their daggers. Kini struck him in the back with his spear and, in mocking allusion to his victim's name, cried in savage triumph, "The spear has struck the yellow-backed crab!" Then Kiwalao came up, most unfortunately for his own cause, and postponed the final blow by bidding the soldiers take off Keeaumoku's ivory *palaoa,* and in no wise stain it with blood. The king's punctilious etiquette saved the prostrate chief his life, for Keeaumoku, recovering from his swoon, made a sudden spring at Kiwalao as he was bending over him, grasped him round the neck, or, according to some, by his long flowing hair, and held him down.

In another instant Keeaumoku's brother Kamanawa, who more or less continuously had served as a kind of guardian angel, came swooping down with a division of his men to rescue at least his brother's corpse. Happily, they did more than this, for, not only were they enabled to drive off the assailants of the still living Keeaumoku, but one of the warriors, Kekuawahine by name, discharged a stone from his sling which smote Kiwalao on the forehead and stunned him. Apparently, no one up to this time had recognized the king, but Keeaumoku, who a few seconds before had given himself up for lost, marked the fortunate blow and, drawing his dagger of shark's teeth, ruthlessly cut the throat of the unconscious monarch. This is the account of the

death of Kiwalao as generally received, but it is fair to say that other traditions describe the king as speared by a warrior named Nalimaelua.

As soon as the king's death was perceived there was a pell-mell rout of the royal forces, each man endeavouring to save himself as best he could. Some jumped into the sea and swam to the canoes; others fled to the mountains and hid themselves in caves. Keoua, who had been wounded in the thigh and compelled to quit the field of battle, fled to the canoes and made his way to Kau, where he was immediately acknowledged by the chiefs of the party as the lawful successor of his brother. Other chiefs got safely across the mountains and through the forests to Hilo, while the most powerful chief of all, Keawemauhili, fell into the hands of the victors. In this predicament the only fate he could anticipate was to provide a sacrifice to the war-god, but the elevation of his rank was such that it weighed even with his captors. He was an *alii-niaupio, i. e.,* the issue of a marriage between brother and sister for two successive generations, and therefore one of the very highest *kapu* chiefs known to the heralds. This fact probably relaxed the vigilance of his guards, so that Keawemauhili was able to make his escape and in course of time made his way into his own territory at Hilo. Here he followed the example of Keoua and proclaimed himself the successor of the ill-fated Kiwalao.

Kamehameha, before the evening of this decisive combat, reached Honaunau, the former residence of the conquered chiefs. In after years he rightly regarded this battle as that which laid the foundations of his fortune. For many years after, cairns

of stone might have been observed which had been raised over the bones of the slain, and among the spots pointed out was the place where Kaili, the war-god, surrounded by the priests, surveyed the carnage, the place where Kamehameha, his sisters and friends, fought together from morn till noon on that terrible eighth day of battle, and the place where Kiwalao was slain.

Unfortunately, decisive as the battle was in respect to the claims of Kiwalao, it neither decided the sovereignty of the island, nor gave supremacy to the Kona chiefs. Its immediate result was to split up Hawaii into three separate and rival factions and to initiate a long and bloody triangular contest.

XIII

"THE BITTER WAR"

"Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace."

IT is now necessary that we take into consideration the legitimate position and claims of each of these aspirants to royalty. We shall so be able to view the events of the next few years with fair and unprejudiced eyes.

In the first place, with regard to Kamehameha, it is obvious that his title was much better after the death of Kiwalao than before it. He had been appointed almost joint heir with Kiwalao by Kalaniopuu and had nevertheless been treated with scant consideration by the powerful chiefs opposed to him. The Kona chiefs, on the other hand, felt that no one was so marked out by all natural and acquired qualifications for the leadership. He had won the enthusiastic attachment of Keeaumoku, "the Kingmaker." That chief had not recognized the features of his ideal lord in Kiwalao and had become more and more satisfied that the seer Keaulumoku had been pointing to Kamehameha. The result of the battle of Mokuohai confirmed him in this view and a little later when the aged prophet paid his third visit to the warrior any doubt he may have had was dispelled forever.

It was at Halaula, in Kohala, that Keaulumoku appeared. He was very old now and his hair was whiter than ever, but his venerable aspect made men mark more carefully his words and trust his predictions more than ever. Moreover, he had been for a longer space than usual silent; the gods had granted no new vision to his aged eyes, no answer to his fervent prayers.

Now at last the old spirit of prophecy had come back to him and, as he stood before Keeaumoku, his voice rose like the wind sweeping through the mountain gorges and he sang the chant of *Hau-i-Kalani.* He told of the civil war about to rage, he described the miseries of the contending factions, but proclaimed that finally Kamehameha would crown his struggles with success and reign, the greatest of Hawaiian heroes, the overlord of the Eight Islands.

There was great enthusiasm at this announcement and those who had waited long for Kamehameha to show the stuff of which he was made were filled with encouragement.

Keeaumoku was especially jubilant and cried, "You would not answer my question before; tell me, O seer, is it answered now?" And the bard replied, "It is answered." That night the two feasted together, the warrior and the prophet, and, whatever may have passed between them, Keeaumoku came away confident in the wisdom of his allegiance. Often and often after this, when Kamehameha was downcast and discouraged by defeat, Keeaumoku would only smile and say, "Thus far you have only skirmished with your enemies; you will win when you fight real battles."

Kamehameha had therefore on his side abundant

enthusiasm and the loyalty of most of the chiefs of Kona, Kohala and a portion of Hamakua.

Now let us turn to the position and prospects of Keoua Kuahuula, the half-brother of the dead Kiwalao. As the son of Kalaniopuu and of the high chiefess Kanekapolei, he looked down upon Kamehameha as a low born rebel. His niece Keopuolani he acknowledged as his superior in rank, and to her, if called upon, he was ready to swear homage, but to Kamehameha it was impossible that he should submit.

Moreover, he was young, adventurous and an able warrior, and believed implicitly that with the help of his uncle, Keawemauhili, he would be able to wage war with success. The chiefs and people of Kau were heartily on his side and he had beside the help of his two warlike brothers, Keoua Peeale and Kaoleioku.

In the third place there is the position of Keawemauhili to be considered. His attitude was that of the most decided hostility towards Kamehameha and of independent friendship towards Keoua. It is not surprising that Keawemauhili refused allegiance to Kamehameha. As the highest chief in rank then living in Hawaii, except the above-mentioned daughter of Kiwalao, Keopuolani, it would have been cowardice and treason from his point of view to bend the knee before the stalwart chief of Halawa. Kamehameha was, furthermore, in his eyes a rebel against the authority of Kiwalao and now remained a rebel against Keoua and himself.

Thus the battle of Mokuohai brought with it the prospect of anything but peace. In anticipation of trouble the infant princess Keopuolani was carried

away by her mother and grandmother into Maui and the rival chiefs prepared themselves once more for the ordeal of war.

Well did the war which followed the death of Kiwalao deserve the name of *Kaua awa, "The Bitter War,"* for so intense was the animosity aroused that all chivalry was forgotten and the foulest and most scurrilous abuse was bandied about between court and court, each faction endeavouring to surpass the other in the bitterness and personality of its invective. However, in course of time matters got beyond hard words. Kamehameha was master of nearly the whole leeward side of the island and it was the fame of his prowess which induced Kahekili to send him a request for canoes and men to aid in the war with Oahu. A like request was sent to Keawemauhili, but the two chiefs treated the message in characteristically different ways. Kamehameha responded that he had work enough to do in the subjugation of the chiefs of Hilo and Kau and at the same time pressed the messengers into his own service. Keawemauhili, possibly with more prudence, sent a number of warriors to assist the king of Maui, and was in time repaid by the receipt of a strong force of Kahekili's retainers to assist in the struggle against Kamehameha.

Meanwhile, warlike preparations were proceeding all over Hawaii and but the faintest of sparks was necessary to kindle the flames of war. The spark was soon forthcoming, this time the result of Kamehameha's outraged family feeling.

In the battle of Mokuohai, among other supporters of Kiwalao, were two of Kamehameha's

uncles, Kanekoa and Kahai. In the triple division of allegiance which ensued these first attached themselves to the side of Keawemauhili, but after a time they revolted and tried the cause of Keoua. A short experience served to disgust them with the service of this second member of the triumvirate. Then they rebelled and a battle was fought near the crater of Kilauea in which Kanekoa, the elder uncle, was killed. Then his brother Kahai bethought himself of Kamehameha as a last resort and, coming to him with the most abject professions of submission, besought protection. Kamehameha was moved with compassion and, mindful of the old days which he had spent with his brothers in Kanekoa's house at Waimea, resolved to avenge his uncle's death.

This was the immediate cause of the expedition known as *Kama-ino,* so called on account of the rain and severe cold from which the troops suffered in crossing the mountains. Kamehameha assembled his war-canoes and forces at Kawaihae, and there determined upon a double operation by land and sea. Placing the canoes under the command of Keeaumoku, he ordered them to proceed along the coast and hover about the neighbourhood of Hilo, while he marched inland with the army towards the Kilauea volcano. In this way he hoped to keep apart the forces of Keoua and Keawemauhili, engage them separately, defeat them, and then proceed to his canoes at Hilo.

The campaign was well planned, but Kamehameha suffered more than he had anticipated from the long and painful march across the mountains. This greatly reduced his available army and when

he came upon the troops of Keawemauhili, reinforced by the Maui mercenaries, though he performed as usual prodigies of valour and with characteristic stubbornness held his own, yet in the end he was completely outfought. It would have gone hard with him, and his story have been abruptly closed, but for the timely presence of the canoes. In these the defeated warriors found a welcome refuge and a rallying point for further and more fortunate exploits.

It was, nevertheless, for Kamehameha a very narrow escape. Towards the end of the battle he was pursued by a soldier named Moo, who followed close behind with taunts, crying, "Tarry, O my lord, don't be in such a hurry! It is only I." The chief, however, did not tarry and was glad to get safe to his boats. One of Kamehameha's brothers also had in this disastrous campaign an equally narrow escape.

Still, once in the canoes, the army was safe and, retiring on Laupahoehoe, Kamehameha began plans for fresh adventures. While here he learned with pleasure that Keawemauhili had lost the assistance of the Maui warriors whom Kahekili had loaned. It is an interesting illustration of the strange custom of the time that, although the war had been waged with unprecedented bitterness, yet Kahanawai and his men called upon Kamehameha on terms of perfect friendliness and were received by their late antagonists with the utmost cordiality.

It is strange to find mingled with such evidences of chivalry incidents which exhibit only the vulgar spirit of the common freebooter and marauder. For, in Kamehameha's hatred of Keawemauhili, he

certainly availed himself, when the fit was on him, of any and every means of annoying and harassing his powerful foe. Occasionally these raids were attended with no little risk, a fact which in part redeems their rather sordid character.

On one occasion with his own war-canoe and crew alone, unattended by a single one of his counsellors, he made a plundering excursion along the Puna coast. Here he fell in with a band of fishermen and, knowing them to be the subjects of Keawemauhili, did not disdain to attack them. No more ideal picture of peace could be imagined than such a village as Kapoho with the dusky fishermen lazily plying their craft. There were the purple mountains in the background still asleep under the morning shadows which hung among the groves of *kukui* and *kou*. There was the surf on the white reef idly playing with the branching coral, while the blue-green waters of the Pacific slumbered under the long, level rays of the awaking sun. Then, suddenly sweeping round the headland of Kumukahi, there bore down upon the fishermen the great war-canoe of Kamehameha, painted red from stem to stern, and alive with rowers in their feather cloaks of red and yellow which gleamed in the sun. Instantly, as when the cry of "*Mao!*" (Shark) is raised among the swimmers, there was a *pilipili* scramble of the fishermen to the shore and the fight began. It seemed a mean advantage to take on the fisherfolk, but they gave Kamehameha a hot reception, and while engaged with two sturdy fellows the chief's foot slipped and he fell in a crevice of the coral rock. In this humiliating situation he was well beaten over the head with a paddle and might

have been killed had not one of his antagonists been encumbered with a child upon his back. Had the men known the name of their assailant, it is hard to say whether they would have been the more awed by his reputation as a warrior or the more determined to make a sure end of his career. As it was, the beaten chief, with a violent effort, got away and escaped to Laupahoehoe, a sore and, let us hope, a wiser man. We might say, certainly a wiser man, for he never forgot the fishermen of Kapoho. Long years after, when he was king of all the archipelago, Kamehameha was making a triumphal progress through the islands and came upon the hero of that day's escapade. While the fisherman trembled at the recognition and lay at the conqueror's feet in expectation of some dire punishment, Kamehameha was generous and just enough to praise the act of Napoho and the fisher-folk of Puna. And the next day he promulgated the law known as *Mamalahoe,* "The Law of the Splintered Paddle,"—by which it was decreed that any chief who should henceforth engage in a raid upon unarmed and helpless people should be surely put to death.

Thus the king proved himself worthy to rule, because strong enough to condemn publicly the errors of his past.

XIV

KAMEHAMEHA MARRIES KAAHUMANU

"Fair lady, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?"

POSSIBLY that inglorious beating which Kamehameha received at the hands of the fishermen of Puna had something to do with an apparently diminished affection about this time for the arts of war. Certain it is that, leaving Keoua and Keawemauhili in undisturbed possession of the realm they had seized, Kamehameha betook himself and his court to Halaula in Kohala and occupied himself honourably and usefully in peaceful pursuits, such as the cultivation of his ancestral fields.

About the same time, one of the great pillars of his growing power was withdrawn by the death of the faithful tutor and friend, the illustrious Kekuhaupio. This wise counsellor and brave warrior was mortally wounded in a spear exercise at Napoopoo and died lamented, not only by his royal master, but by all the people of Hawaii. In the possession of such friends as Kekuhaupio, Kamehameha was richer than as the lord of wide lands or as the leader of a thousand spearmen.

And to Halaula, yet once again, came the aged

prophet Keaulumoku. For some months he had lived all alone in a little hut at Kauhola, where his life had been that of a hermit. He seldom spoke to any one and was rarely even seen. But at last, as though with an intuition of approaching dissolution, he felt the old prophetic gift return and caused the proclamation to be made that on the following evening he would chant his swan song, the last *mele* of his wonderful career. The people, full of anticipation, came together in crowds and waited reverently silent and awestricken around his hut. Hour after hour they waited for his coming forth and at last the door opened and the old man, tremulous and pale, appeared. He seated himself upon a mat in full view of the assembly and began his chant. At first his voice was weak and quavering and his words well-nigh inaudible, but gradually the old fire came back into the worn socket and burned brighter and brighter to its dying flare. The song rose to a prophecy which thrilled its hearers alike by the weird and touching circumstances of its utterance and by the strangeness of the predictions it embodied.

Keaulumoku told of many wonderful events shortly to come to pass. He told of the approaching glory and supremacy of the *"Lone One,"* as he hailed the rising star of Kamehameha; of the eventual eclipse of that glory in the decadence and extinction of the dynasty; of the coming of the haoles, or white men, with their mingled cargo of blessing and curse; and finally of the event which still lies in the future, though not perhaps so very far away, namely, the complete wiping out of the noble race to which he and they belonged.

It was a prophecy, all too true, of the dark shadows which should follow upon and half obscure the glory of the *"Lone One's"* reign. It was like a hint of the "twilight of the gods," the *Ragnarök* of the Eddas, about to smother in its sable folds the glory of Odin and Thor and the heroes of Valhalla.

Keaulumoku had hardly finished his dirge, for such ere it ended it had become, when, raising his hands to bless the people, he fell back dead. A great, prolonged *"Auwe"* went up from the multitude and then, very reverently, the people bore the dead bard to the temple of the gods. Here to the greatest of the old prophets of Hawaii they gave a worthy burial. His last chant was long remembered, repeated from mouth to mouth, and treasured up in the hearts of men, though it spoke of national death following hard upon a period of national glory.

Other events, however, soon came to blur the sense of impending ill. Kamehameha still held his court at Kohala and was occupying himself with the pursuits of peace. In 1785 he indeed so far ventured as to attempt a second invasion of Hilo, an expedition known in Hawaiian history as the war of Hapuu, or of Laupahoehoehope. The effort, however, ended like the former one abortively and the chief was soon fain to return to his agricultural labours, working himself as hard as any of his serfs. He encouraged games and athletic exercises of all kinds, not chiefly, it must be confessed, because of their effect on the social welfare of his people, but because, with the prophecy of Keaulumoku still ringing in his ears, he was desirous of developing in his men a physique and hardihood which would

render them more than a match for the seasoned warriors of Keoua and Keawemauhili.

He had in his mind's eye many a prolonged march over cold and rugged mountains, many a naval battle in which victory would rest with the best manœuvred canoes, many a desperate foot to foot encounter in which fortune would favour the most alert and practised spearmen. So, though still indisposed to hurry up the lagging feet of destiny, he really made the attainment of the goal the surer by his caution and his foresight. Swimming and drilling were daily occupations of the court, while leaping, running and wrestling were specially encouraged through the annual tournaments held on the occasion of the Feast of Lono.

It was at one of these annual tournaments, occasions which were bound to bring together the aspirants for martial glory and the fairest maidens of the land, that a happy fulfillment was brought about to one of the early prophecies of Keaulumoku. In other words, the marriage was arranged between Kamehameha and the beautiful Kaahumanu. We must acknowledge that the chief was not a little uxorious, for from first to last he had no fewer than twenty wives and there were two when he wedded the daughter of Keeaumoku. But Kalola and Peleuli, by whom he had several grown-up sons, had lost their youth and beauty and there was nothing in the custom of the land to restrain his desire for a younger spouse. Kamehameha himself was about fifty and, as we have seen, no beauty, with his smileless, furrowed face and stern, savage ways; but he was a prince and a favourite of fortune, so not yet beyond fair lady's pity. Kaahumanu, whose

auspicious horoscope had been cast some years before, had been born, as we saw, with a yellow feather in her mouth; she had been sedulously prepared by a loving father and a doting mother for the position reserved for her by fate; and her parents had regarded her as a special sign of the restored favour of heaven. Now, a girl of seventeen, Keeaumoku has brought her to court to see the tournaments and, as was intended, she soon caught the eye of Kamehameha who yielded to her fascination as he had done before in the presence of any woman. To gain her smile he engaged in the most reckless of contests, deeds of daring and trials of strength. In every one, like Lancelot under the eye of Guinevere, he vanquished his rival. Then, as his reward, he asked her of her father in marriage. As may be fancied, Keeaumoku readily consented, but the lady herself wished also to have a voice in the matter. There was, as we have said, little in the appearance of Kamehameha to attract a young girl's fancy, but Kaahumanu was ambitious and had great admiration for the chief in whom the prophets took an interest. Still her admiration did not destroy her astuteness. So she refused to be satisfied with the dignity of queen, unless it were also stipulated that her children should be considered Kamehameha's heirs. After some demur the chief consented, but as Kaahumanu remained childless, it is needless to discuss the sincerity of the promise.

So, with great splendour, the marriage ceremony took place, or, to speak more accurately, with such splendour as was possible and compatible with Hawaiian custom. For marriage, even in the case of chiefs, was a very simple affair and was remark-

able as being almost the only social function which was discharged without the aid of religion. Sometimes the contracting parties simply came together in the presence of the people and joined noses, while the multitude shouted, "The chiefs are married." Sometimes the ceremony consisted of the throwing by the bridegroom of a piece of *kapa,* or native cloth, over the shoulders of the bride in the presence of the mutual relatives.

Still much could be done to make a wedding interesting, for, as in most countries, there was always a feast to celebrate the event.

With regard to the marriage of Kaahumanu to Kamehameha, King Kalakaua has written as follows: "Kaahumanu became the wife of Kamehameha's heart. He loved her as well as he was capable of loving any woman and she was the only one whose indiscretions were regarded by him with feelings of jealousy. His other wives were not restricted by him to his sole attentions, and even the blue-blooded Keopuolani, whom he subsequently married, and who became the mother of his heirs to the throne, had a joint husband in Hoapili. But in the affections of Kaahumanu, Kamehameha would brook no joint occupant or rival. She doubtless sought to avail herself of the privileges of the time, but Kamehameha objected with a frown which would have meant death to another."

Of the fair Kaahumanu's flirtations with Kaiana and others, of her capricious temper, and her sterling qualities and powers of government, and of the good offices of Vancouver in reconciling her to her husband, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. She becomes later a very conspicuous

feature in the history. Although she shared Kamehameha's affections with so many others, she easily maintained her ascendency. Beaten sometimes by her irate spouse, she yet knew how to hold her own. Though making an attempt now and then to escape her fetter, she always gained forgiveness in the end. So she lived to become a prominent figure in the abolition of the *kapus* which followed her husband's death and to become by baptism in 1825 "*Kaahumanu hou,*" "the new Kaahumanu." In the chastened and devout Christian woman who signed herself "Elizabeth" there is certainly little enough to remind us of the brilliant and erratic princess of the yellow feather.

Much of this belongs to the future; here we can simply cry with the wedding guests, "*Hoao na 'lii e!*" "The chiefs are married," and take our leave of a portion of Kamehameha's career which, with all its promise of greatness, has been mainly a record of reverses and disappointments. It has at least shown us a brave man, possessing his soul in patience and growing strong under the hammer blows of adversity. Such a training could not fail, in due time, to command success. The due time, moreover, is now at last within measurable distance.

XV

RENEWED WAR WITH MAUI

"Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more . . . trust fate of arms."

THIS brief chapter is only transitional, dealing solely with an episode of no particular importance in itself but needful to remember as a stepping-stone to bigger enterprises for which we shall not have long to wait.

The conquest of Maui had been to Kamehameha and the other Hawaiian chiefs an ever-present but often frustrated hope. The defeat at the battle of the Sand-hills had never ceased to rankle in their minds and they had looked forward impatiently to a full revenge at no distant date. Consequently, when Kamehameha took advantage of the lull in civil strife to broach the idea of an expedition to Maui he was not only undertaking an enterprise congenial to his own adventurous soul, but was also striking out a line of policy which could not fail to enhance his prestige with the populace. If the expedition failed he would not be much worse off than before since defeat was by no means outside the circle of his experience, and should he succeed he could then afford to smile at the rivalry of Keoua and Keawemauhili.

The position of parties in Hawaii was not suf-

ficiently satisfactory for Kamehameha himself to leave the island, so he determined to equip and send out the expedition to Maui under the command of his favourite brother Kalanimalokuloku. The opportunity for sending such an expedition was a good one, since Kahekili was absent and still engaged in crushing the patriots of Oahu. A *casus belli* was—all too easily—found in the ambition of Kamehameha to repossess the old Hawaiian stronghold of Hana which four or five years before had been captured by Kahekili.

So Kalanimalokuloku started out under the most favourable auspices and for a while appeared successful beyond even his expectation. He met with the minimum of resistance from the people of the district and for his own part treated them so considerately, in respecting life and property, that he was received more like a legitimate monarch than an invader. He even earned from the people he had come to conquer the enviable soubriquet which stuck to him for the rest of his life of *Keliimaikai,* "the good prince."

All this was bad news for Kalanikapule, the son of Kahekili, and he soon deemed it necessary to take measures for the expulsion of this amiable marauder. An army was sent under Kamohomohu, the younger brother of Kahekili, to attack Keliimaikai. The two met to the south of Hana, near Kipahula, in one of those terrible gulches with which the slopes of Haleakala are serried. Here a battle raged which was contested with all the old stubbornness and ferocity. The Maui soldiers, up to this time, seem generally to have proved the better warriors, but the Hawaiians too had a repu-

tation to sustain and, being in the enemy's country, fought with the courage of desperation. However, though joined at Maulili by a small body of reinforcements, the invaders were ultimately overpowered and those who were not killed were glad enough to regain their canoes and make the best of their way back to Kohala.

Keliimaikai himself had many narrow escapes from being captured and owed his life, in the first place, to the devotion of his *kahu,* who hid him until darkness stopped the pursuit, and, secondly, to the good will of the country people who had been propitiated by his kindly policy during the invasion. Thus his consideration was neither misplaced nor wasted and in course of time he was enabled to make his way back to his brother's court in Halawa. It is characteristic of Kamehameha's strong family feeling that, in spite of natural chagrin at the unanticipated failure, he was better pleased with the safe return of his brother than grieved at the disappointment of his too sanguine expectations.

It will strike the reader that thus far Kamehameha's success in war has been in no wise remarkable. If there was any luck in the matter, his bad luck had so far been consistently manifest. It is even possible for some to maintain that what Kamehameha afterwards achieved was due more to his alliance with the white man and his use of the white man's weapons than to his own generalship.

But no greater mistake could be made. It is true that Kamehameha, without by any means having the monopoly of this kind of assistance, did receive help from the white man, but the sagacity which prompted him to choose John Young and

Isaac Davis for his gunners was of a piece with that which impelled him to keep his distinguished native counsellors by his side. Kamehameha was fortunate, not because he availed himself of any white help that offered, but because his singular discrimination enabled him to choose the right kind of men, and to gain their complete confidence and respect.

Moreover, in no department of life do we find the greatest of men inexperienced in the discipline of defeat. The man whose battles are seemingly all defeats may become "the undefeated that shall be." Kamehameha never allowed himself to be defeated without gaining something, some coign of vantage unperceived at the time, but which was destined in due course to add to the lustre of his fame.

It must be borne in mind also that, in fighting against Kahekili, king of Maui, he was fighting against one who possessed the highest reputation among all the chiefs in the art and practice of war. The old king was as wily in counsel as he was formidable upon the battle-field. Taciturn, cunning and cruel, dreadful even to look upon, with one side of his body tattooed nearly black and the other left its natural colour, he was determined that, in his own lifetime at least, the dominion of Maui should be in no man's hands but his own. And he still appeared vigorous enough to last a few years more. Though at this time not far short of eighty years old, and debilitated and emaciated by excessive awa drinking, yet such was his vigour that Captain Portlock this very year described him as a man of fifty, and seven years later Vancouver merely says that he must have exceeded sixty.

To be beaten by such a man as this was in itself no disgrace. Indeed it seemed as though while Kahekili lived his supposed son could win no permanent dominion, but that as soon as the cruel old savage was gathered to his fathers he bestowed a double portion of his spirit on him whom during life he opposed so grimly.

So while Kahekili went on with the war in Oahu, slaying its king, massacring women and children, and leaving a hideous trophy of his success in a house built entirely of human bones, Kamehameha consoled himself over his ill-starred expedition in the preservation of his brother and went on making fresh plans for the future.

XVI

THE RETURN OF THE WHITE MAN

"Trinculo, . . . we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle!"

FOR seven years, as we have said, no ship ventured to land a crew on the beautiful shores whose beauty had been tarnished by the murder of Cook. These seven years had now expired, and Hawaii was once again to be introduced, only too completely, to the notice of the outside world. Four years of trade followed the futile war with Maui, described in the last chapter, four years which had a most powerful influence on the fortunes both of the group and of the career of Kamehameha.

There was at this time a very considerable trade between China and the northwest coast of America. Nootka Sound, in Vancouver Island, was the general rendezvous of the ships engaged, and here great cargoes of furs were heaped together to be conveyed across the Pacific to China and there disposed of in return for tea and other commodities suitable for the markets in England and the United States.

For these ships the possession of such a half-way house as Hawaii was an advantage sufficient to make even the risk of outrage and murder worth incurring and now that the terror awakened by Cook's untimely end had died away, captains were not slow to avail themselves of so desirable a haven.

Moreover, the Hawaiians, as well as the for-

eigners, had learned a lesson. They were no longer disposed to worship strangers as visitants from another world, but neither were they so likely to slay them. They would regard them simply as *haoles,* whose presence might even be turned to good account. They thought of the prodigious quantities of iron which these foreigners possessed and this thought was enough to make the dusky cheeks of the chiefs turn pale with desire. And not only their goods, but themselves,—they too might be turned to profit. They had certainly some useful accomplishments, such as that of slaying an enemy at a distance by fire and smoke squirted from a gun.

Guided by such considerations as these, Hawaiian feeling underwent a complete revulsion and it became in time quite fashionable for a chief to retain one or more of these strangers in his employ. Those retained were not always particularly good specimens of their race, but the lust after white men to act as interpreters, gunners and go-betweens in commercial enterprises rose to such a point that when none could be procured by fair means it was deemed quite permissible to kidnap and retain them by force.

Now Kamehameha was as yet only the sovereign of a third part of one island, yet it is undeniable that a very large portion of the trade of the ensuing twenty-four years fell into his hands. To this result several causes contributed.

First of all, Kamehameha always seems to have understood the haole better than his fellow-countrymen. He had no illusions or superstitions regarding them; at the same time he was less suspicious about them than most and discriminated between

one and another as he would have done in the case of men of his own race.

In the next place, his anxiety to strengthen himself for the great task which was still almost wholly in the future was so strong that every means by which he might obtain firearms and ammunition, and men to use them, was to be sought with diligence.

Again, the western portion of the island, which formed his own kingdom, was much better suited to attract visitors than the heritage of Keoua and Keawemauhili. His district "with its splendid climate, its smooth sea, its regular sea-breeze, its commodious roadsteads, its dense population, and abundant food supply" was certain to be much more frequented than the windward parts of the island.

In consequence, the lion's share of everything introduced by the white man found its way into the storehouses and armouries of Kamehameha.

The first arrivals after the death of Cook were two British sloops of war, the *King George,* commanded by Captain Portlock, and the *Queen Charlotte,* under Captain Dixon. They reached Hawaii on May 24, 1786, two days later touched at Kealakekua Bay, where their reception did not encourage them to remain, and then sailed for Oahu, where on June 3d they cast anchor at Waialae, east of Diamond Point. Both captains had been present at the affray which terminated Cook's life, so they were no strangers to the land or the people and indeed were well acquainted with not a few of the leading chiefs.

They stayed at Waialae about four days for the

purpose of taking in water, but the old free days of giving, hoping for nothing again, were gone, and on this occasion the water had to be bought, a sixpenny nail going to purchase a two-gallon calabash full of water. Another point in which the Hawaiians had changed from their old ways was also noticed by Captain Portlock. It was that the Oahu warriors were many of them armed with the iron daggers which Cook had made for barter with the natives. These daggers had, as we know, been originally bought by the subjects of the king of Hawaii, but had probably come into the hands of the soldiers of Kahekili in consequence of the defeat of Keliimaikai described in the last chapter.

The stay in the islands was on this occasion very short, for after securing a sufficient supply of water in Oahu, Portlock and Dixon touched for a while at Niihau for yams and then went on their way to the northwest coast of America.

But the spell was broken and even before the English vessels had departed, other visitors had again broken the isolation of the group. These were two French frigates under the command of the famous explorer La Perouse. Ignorant of the presence of Portlock and Dixon not so very far away, these ships anchored off the east coast of Maui at Honuaula on May 28, 1786, and, after a stay of one day only, during which they had a good deal of friendly intercourse with the natives, sailed away for Alaska. Bingham remarks, that "though La Perouse appears to have been the first foreigner who landed on Maui, he omitted the formality of taking possession for his sovereign, having doubtless the common-sense principle that the mere see-

ing the domain of another, or setting foot on his soil, does not give possession, or the least claim to sovereignty."

By November Portlock and Dixon returned with the *King George* and *Queen Charlotte* and this time they made a protracted stay, wintering at the two ports of Waialae, in Oahu, and Waimea, in Kauai. During this time they occupied themselves with laying in provisions, which they obtained by bartering pieces of hoop-iron.

The next year Captain Colnett and Captain Duncan came in the *Prince of Wales* and the *Princess Royal;* the *Nootka* in August of the same year under Lieutenant Meares; and the next year Meares and Douglas, in the service of the British merchants of Canton, arrived in the *Iphigenia* and the *Felice.*

The voyage of the *Nootka* had an important bearing on the fortune of Kamehameha, since to it Kaiana, "the last of the Hawaiian knights," as King Kalakaua calls him, owed his foreign experience and the foreign implements of war which he subsequently placed at the service of Kamehameha. He also owed to the same voyage the vanity and pride which alternately turned his head and transformed him from the friend and ally into the rebel and enemy of the first monarch of the archipelago.

On the testimony of Captain Meares himself, Kaiana was a very handsome man, at least six and a half feet high, and of a most amiable and engaging disposition. He was in some political trouble at the time of the visit of the *Nootka,* and it was this which made his absence from the islands for a time a most desirable matter,—at least for himself. So he eagerly, if somewhat apprehensively, em-

braced the opportunity to make a voyage to Canton with Captain Meares, and so be the first Hawaiian for many centuries to break the egg-shell of his little world, and learn the secrets of "*Kahiki*" and the wonderful realm beyond.

Kaiana-a-Ahaula, to give him his full designation, had heard wonderful legends of these lands chanted by the royal poets, he had perhaps himself sung the Chant of Kualii, and knew of the existence of foreign lands as mysterious regions from whence had come the demigods of early Hawaiian story. Now he was about to find out for himself.

And he went and availed himself so practically of his opportunity that in the next year, 1778, he returned on board the *Iphigenia* with a very goodly store of the products of "*Kahiki.*" He had stayed at Canton but three months, but he came back with cattle, sheep, turkeys, lime and orange trees, and many other things less useful, such as guns and ammunition. Unfortunately the stock died before it could be landed, while the worser half of the cargo suffered no damage.

Kaiana, on his return, looked about him for a chief whom he might advantageously serve. Kaeo, king of Kauai, he found was hostile, so he determined to betake himself with his newly acquired treasures to Kamehameha. Indeed, Kamehameha, particularly keen in such transactions as this, had already made him an offer, and when, on December 29, 1788, Kaiana arrived with all his possessions, the chiefs of Kona knew themselves strong enough at last to oppose all their rivals throughout the group.

As was to be expected, the traveller made a great

sensation among his countrymen. A man who had seen "*Kahiki*" must necessarily have appeared among his fellow chiefs as Columbus appeared to the nobles of Spain on his return from America. Longfellow has told us of the fate which befel Iagoo, "the great traveller and talker" in the Hiawatha legend, on his return

> "From his wanderings far to eastward,
> From the regions of the morning,
> From the shining land of Wabun
> Homeward now returned Iagoo,
> The great talker, the great boaster,
> Full of new and strange adventures,
> Marvels many and many wonders.
> And the people of the village
> Listened to him as he told them
> Of his marvellous adventures,
> Laughing answered him in this wise:
> 'Ugh! It is indeed Iagoo!
> No one else beholds such wonders!' "

Kaiana was not quite so badly treated as this. Yet, if he did not by his travels lose his reputation, his very superiority to his fellow chiefs in knowledge of the outside world proved his ruin, as in the case of many a better man, for it turned his head and made him the victim of the most ridiculous vanity.

Still, for the present, his friendship was valuable, so Kamehameha, even if he did not trust him as a counsellor, accepted him as an ally. There must have been something likeable about the man, for he succeeded to an unusual extent in capturing the good graces of the white visitors. Not only did Meares give him his passage to China, but Captain Douglas of the *Iphigenia* brought him back, and when Kaiana decided to enter the service of Kame-

hameha, brought over his wife and child and his brother Namakeha from Kauai. Douglas also made himself pleasant in the eyes of Kamehameha by presenting him with a swivel gun, mounted in a huge canoe, and a quantity of muskets and ammunition.

It was a bad return for this that in July, 1789, we find the generous captain narrowly escaping from a conspiracy of the chiefs to murder him and his crew. This was in Kealakekua Bay, where the bad precedent of the murder of Cook seems to have given to the natives a lamentable appetite for further outrage.

The truth is that since Cook's first arrival the cupidity of the inhabitants had been more and more fed by the various gifts they had obtained from the foreigners. Iron and weapons seemed to excite them beyond their wonted daring to deeds of treachery and violence, and no one who possessed these precious yet sinister treasures was safe, provided that there appeared a reasonable probability of his being easily disposed of.

Thus these four peaceful years of trade, pacific so far as the attitude of the natives towards one another is concerned, were not years of unmixed blessing. This is proved only too clearly by the sad events which have now to be chronicled.

At the end of the year 1789 there came to the islands an American fur trader, Captain Metcalf, in command of a vessel called the *Eleanor*. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of eighteen, who himself commanded a schooner named the *Fair America*. They came, in all probability, merely to winter, but, once in the group, commenced a traffic between the islands of Hawaii and Maui. The two

vessels, being smaller and less strongly manned than those to which the Hawaiians had grown accustomed, were watched by some of the chiefs with covetous eyes.

On one occasion a plot was formed by Kaiana and some kindred spirits to capture the *Eleanor,* but Kamehameha, to his credit, went on board as soon as he heard of the malevolent design and ordered the treacherous chiefs ashore.

The longing for plunder, however, was not easily suppressed and, when greed was reinforced by a thirst for vengeance, things looked bad for the visitors. Unfortunately, Metcalf, a man of rough, brutal ways, was not sparing in the use of the rope's end upon such of the natives as excited his anger or suspicion. Even Kameeiamoku, the high chief and counsellor of Kamehameha, fell under the sea-captain's displeasure and was brutally insulted and beaten. The chief left the ship with a vow to revenge himself upon the *Eleanor,* or upon the next vessel which should come within his power.

Such a desired opportunity was not long in coming. In the beginning of 1790 the *Eleanor* crossed the Hawaiian channel and went over to Maui, leaving her tender off the coast of Hawaii. She anchored off Honuaula, about fifteen miles from Oluwalu, where Kalola, the widow of Kalaniopuu, with her new husband, Kaopuiki, lived. Kaopuiki prepared at once to trade with the ship in fruit and hogs, but, under the circumstances, robbery looked even sweeter than barter, and one night the chief and his accomplices could not resist the opportunity of cutting adrift the ship's boat, which was lying behind the vessel. Unhappily a sailor was in

the boat and, to prevent him giving an alarm, the marauders slew him and cast the body into the sea. The boat they took away and broke up for the sake of the nails and iron fastenings.

When Metcalf learned of his loss, he made a raid on shore and took two prisoners. From these he learned that the thieves had come from Oluwalu. Thither he repaired with his ship and waited apparently for the natives to come off to trade. This they most unsuspectingly did, having by this time probably forgotten, according to their innocent custom, all about the theft, or imagining that by firing upon the people the day before Metcalf had amply revenged himself for his loss. Jarves tells a story to the effect that the natives had already given up the bones of the murdered sailor, as Metcalf had demanded, and that they were even anxious to come forward to claim a reward for the return of the boat. This is, for several reasons, highly improbable, but Bingham is probably correct in saying that Metcalf offered a reward for information as to the fate of boat and seaman, and that a reward was demanded by the natives who gave the information. The captain replied, "You shall have it soon," and the people, thinking that all was now well, thronged around the vessel to trade. Canoes came from all parts, from Lanai, from Kaanapali, Ukumehame, and the whole neighbourhood, so that there was a great array of natives in the vicinity of the ship. It is scarcely likely that Metcalf could have feared mischief from them, since they were quite unarmed, but he deliberately kept them off from the waist of the ship, waited until they were clustered together, and then poured a terrible

broadside into the midst of the canoes. A hundred men were killed outright and many more fell a prey to the sharks which infest these waters. Metcalf, gloating over his revenge, returned to Hawaii in search of his tender, and lay off and on near Kealakekua Bay, expecting the *Fair America* to join him and resume their voyage.

But the two ships were destined never more to sail together. The tender, whose crew consisted of the captain and only five men, came to Kawaihae, and Kameeiamoku, feeling that the gods had given his revenge into his own hands, at once went off with a fleet of canoes to make pretense of trading. While the young captain was off his guard, they seized him and threw him overboard; then they killed all the crew with the exception of the mate, Isaac Davis, whom they spared from some sudden impulse of pity, or, as some say, because he cried out "Aloha"; then, stripping the vessel of her guns, hauled her up on the beach. All the guns, ammunition, and articles for barter were taken to Kamehameha, who was then at Kealakekua Bay, where the *Eleanor* was lying. Kamehameha shared in the spoil, being, no doubt, secretly glad to receive it. But he was exceedingly angry with Kameeiamoku and ordered that the schooner should be given over to him that he might restore it to its lawful owners. The first portion of the order was obeyed; Kamehameha received the ship, but the rest was forgotten and the *Fair America* remained in the hands of the king.

On March 17, 1794, Kamehameha, whose conscience was not at all times equally scrupulous, made another acquisition by detaining John Young,

the boatswain of the *Eleanor,* on shore, intending to make him useful to himself and a companion to Isaac Davis. At the same time, to prevent Metcalf from hearing of his son's death, he laid a *kapu* on all the canoes in the bay, so that no man might dare put forth. So, for a couple of days, the *Eleanor* lay off and on, firing shots to assist Young's return, and at last, deprived of her consort, put out to sea alone and sailed for China.

The two white prisoners became great historical figures, and the surname, Nahaolelua,—"*the two white men*"—still to be met with among the natives, bears witness to the impression made on the popular imagination. Isaac Davis and John Young were not ordinary adventurers, but men of sterling character who fully repaid their captors for preserving them from death. They were treated with kindness and even with tenderness by Kamehameha, presented with ample estates, and subsequently exalted to the rank of *alii.* Although, for a considerable time, closely watched and guarded, whenever any foreign ship was in sight, they proved faithful to their barbaric master. In council and in war they gave Kamehameha invaluable assistance. They mounted the cannon from the *Iphigenia* on a gun-carriage for land service, drilled as many soldiers as there were guns in the use of firearms, advised the king as to the tactics to be adopted for his military operations, and proved as fertile in plans while war was preparing as they were valiant in the field while war was in progress.

Thus even the cruel revenge of Captain Metcalf upon the people of Oluwalu turned out to the advancement of Kamehameha's designs.

XVII

THE BATTLE OF THE IAO VALLEY

"They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword sway and with lance's thrust,
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair."

ALTHOUGH peace had reigned for four long years, or perhaps for this very reason, Kamehameha, who had now assumed the title of *Moi,* or king of Hawaii, was thirsting for the renewal of the war with Maui. With his auxiliary of white men and white men's weapons he could no longer be restrained from the great adventure which possessed his heart. Whatever may have been his personal responsibility for previous expeditions, he certainly must be held responsible on this occasion for the rekindling of the fiery torch of war. It is characteristic of him that he had by this time quite taken for granted that superiority to his brother sovereigns in Hawaii which the years of traffic and peace had to some extent established. In illustration of this we find him sending to his quondam foes, Keoua and Keawemauhili, a request for men and canoes with which to fight against the Maui chiefs.

Keoua indignantly refused, returning answer that he owed no allegiance to a rebel and that in his opinion the meditated war was unwise and unprovoked.

Strange to say, Keawemauhili, who for some unexplained reason seems to have composed his feud with Kamehameha, acquiesced in the request and sent a large body of troops under the command of his own sons and nephew. Probably Keawemauhili had come to recognize the logic of facts and could no longer blind himself to Kamehameha's sagacity and power. Possibly also the war with Maui was too popular in Hawaii for him to disregard altogether the call for help.

So at last Kamehameha had his personal opportunity of avenging the battle of the Sand-hills and he determined to use it to the full. It was summer time when he crossed with his great host of well-armed and well-disciplined soldiers from Hawaii to Maui. The landing was made at Hana, which by right of long possession the Hawaiians had come to regard almost as their own soil. Then the army moved on, some by land, others by canoes, to Hamakua, where mementoes of the camp may still be seen. Here is the fortified hill of Puukoae, which Kamehameha attacked and captured from the advance guard of the Maui forces. The position is still known as the *Kapu ai o Kamehameha,* and so bears witness to that night's camp. Here the war-god Kaili was paraded round the camp in order that the people might judge by the more or less erect position of the feathers and by other signs as to whether the auguries were favourable for joining battle. With one voice the priests and prophets

bade Kamehameha advance, since the omens were all that could be desired. So Kamehameha determined to give the enemy battle on the following morning. The advance guard of Kahekili was near at hand under a chief named Kapakahili, and the Maui warriors, according to their wont, were not slow to reply to Kamehameha's attack. They fought with all their old valour and for some time no one could tell what the result of the fight would be. Then reinforcements arrived for the Hawaiians and the Maui forces were pressed slowly back to Kokomo. Here they made another stubborn stand. Kapakahili fought with desperate courage, and when at last he encountered Kamehameha in midfield, the exhausted armies tacitly seemed to agree that a single combat should decide the conflict. And now raged a fight upon which the future history of the group trembled in the balance. We can imagine the breathless interest with which chiefs and people regarded the two champions. Their lithe and sinewy bodies well-nigh naked, the two combatants strove eye to eye and foot to foot, launching their spears, wielding their battle-clubs, watching for any dagger's breadth of advantage which might insure victory and put an end to this terrible duel. At length the anxious silence was broken, Kamehameha's great strength and alertness prevailed and, with a spear through his body, the valorous Kapakahili fell dead. Then the panic-stricken army of Maui fled before the shouting and exulting conquerors.

But the victory was by no means completed. The road to Wailuku lay open, but the main army of Kahekili, under his son Kalanikapule, was still

fresh and unbeaten, and was holding a strong position in the Iao Valley, the burial place of many famous chieftains. Kamehameha prepared at once to follow up his success and for this purpose moved his troops by water along the northern coast of Maui to Kahului harbour, from whence the sand-hills gradually melt away in the narrowing valley wherein stands the beautiful village of Wailuku. It was here that Kalanikapule was posted with the plain before and the valley behind.

The Iao Valley, alone among the valleys of Maui, affords a comparatively easy passage to the other side of the island and it is easy enough now to ride through it from Wailuku to Lahaina. But a panic-stricken army would not find it so easy, and probably Kamehameha relied upon this not only to defeat but also to annihilate the enemy. In the famous battle of the Sand-hills thirty years before the Hawaiian army had approached from the other side; now they were in the better position that they retained command of the sea, while their foes were before them in the natural funnel formed by the mountains.

The battle that ensued was one of the fiercest and stubbornest in Hawaiian history,—a history prolific enough in stubborn contests. The mountain-sides were filled with women and children and those too old to take part in the fight. These crowded the heights and looked down upon the combatants below like the spectators in some huge natural amphitheatre. And all the while they uttered the most fearful cries and imprecations, supplications to the gods, threats and yells of defiance against the invaders, wailings for the wounded and the dead, and

shrieks of terror as their own peril became more and more imminent.

For, meanwhile, the battle which began at Wailuku was moving further and further up the valley to the dismay of Kalanikapule and his chiefs. But the spell of the tradition of Maui was broken at last and, added to the disheartening effect of the recent defeat, was the new terror imported into the battle by the employment of Kamehameha's newly acquired artillery. Like the English cannon at the battle of Crecy, the two field-pieces, under the direction of Davis and Young, proved tremendously effective, as much perhaps on account of their novelty and the thunder of their fiery mouths as on account of the havoc caused by shot and shell. At any rate, although Kalanikapule contested stubbornly every inch of the way, yet the rout gradually became more and more complete till the Hawaiian victors were impeded at last more by the corpses of the slain which choked the way than by the resistance of the living.

One name by which this fearful fight became known in the years to come was "*Kepaniwai*," "the damming of the waters,"—so great was the number of the dead who blocked up the channel of the Iao stream.

The principal chiefs, such as Kalanikapule and his brothers, succeeded in crossing the mountains, whence they made their way to Oahu, while others, together with the child chiefess, Keopuolani, afterwards the victor's royal bride, escaped first to Oluwalu, and thence with the chiefess Kalola to Molokai.

XVIII

KAMEHAMEHA SENDS AMBASSADORS

"Then go we in to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare."

IT might be supposed that Kamehameha would at once have taken steps to secure his conquest by placing garrisons in Maui and by dividing the lands among his chiefs, but his designs were too far-reaching to allow him to be content with a mere installment of success, or to beguile him into the belief that the task of his life was now achieved. He saw before him still the invasion and conquest of Oahu, where Kahekili remained grimly watching from afar the success of his reputed son, and he saw still more clearly that he had not only to gain power but, what was still more important, he had to gain legitimacy, and so win the loyal allegiance of high chiefs like Keawemauhili.

These two objects he now set resolutely before him and regarded their attainment as even more necessary than the retention of Maui.

First of all he saw his opportunity of conciliating the representatives of the elder branch of the Keawe family, and so allying himself with the line of the dead Kiwalao. Kalola, the widow of Kalaniopuu, was, as we have seen, still alive, and her daughter Liliha and granddaughter Keopuolani were among the women who from the sides of the mountains

watched the battle in the Iao Valley. After the battle they fled and reached Oluwalu, where Kalola was staying, and thence sailed for a more secure refuge in Molokai. Kamehameha at once sent a messenger, named Kikane, to make overtures on his behalf, and requested that they would place themselves under his protection and return to Hawaii. Impatient to secure this point, he soon followed his ambassador and then learned that the aged Kalola, worn out with the troubles of these last years, was sick and at the point of death. He at once went to pay his respects and found her at Kalamaula. In the interview Kamehameha urged the dying woman to give him her daughter and granddaughter that he might provide for them according to their rank. The chiefess, no doubt glad to find such a strong friend for her children in such troublous times, promised that when the black *kapa* should cover her they should be his. Shortly after, Kalola died, and all the funeral rites customary on the decease of a high chief were religiously observed. Many "companions in death" were selected and slain to accompany the spirit into the under-world; men who desired to pay special respect tattooed their flesh, and Kamehameha signalized his own personal grief by knocking out some of his front teeth. According to the historians he did this at so many royal funerals that one gets a little suspicious as to the thoroughgoingness of the operation.

The mourning over, the bones of Kalola were concealed at Konahele and Kamehameha took formal possession of Liliha and Keopuolani, as a seal of reconciliation with that older branch of the royal family whose position he had in a measure usurped.

This charge, we may be sure, very sensibly increased his prestige among the people of Hawaii.

Subsequently a marriage took place between Kamehameha and Keopuolani, and it was from this union that the line of the dynasty was continued. To this wife the king never ceased to pay his respects as to one much higher in rank than himself and to the end of his days, in addressing her, went down upon his knees.

One object of his ambition attained, Kamehameha prepared to bring within his reach the other. To this end he despatched two messengers, one to Oahu to seek out the king Kahekili, and the other to Kauai to discover some renowned wizard or soothsayer. Let us see how these two envoys and their missions fared. The emissary to Kahekili was Kikane, already a trusted and experienced ambassador. He found the king at Waikiki, and without more ado offered him his choice between two *maika* stones (*i. e.,* the stones used in the game of quoits). One was white and the other black and, as Kahekili poised them in his hands, he understood their meaning and gazed upon them not altogether in anger. "This one," he said, touching the white stone, "represents agriculture, fishing, husbandry, and the prosperity of government. And this one," denoting the black one, "is the symbol of war." He added, "Does Kamehameha want to fight with me?" The messenger replied that such was his master's intention, and that he himself had been sent as a herald with full power to negotiate the conditions of battle and the choice of a landing place, so that the contest might be fought in a knightly and chivalrous manner as became such doughty antagonists.

The old chief regarded the envoy with an expression of amusement, in which was manifest some degree of admiration for the boldness of the challenge. Then he rose up and returned his answer: "Go back to your lord and tell him to return with his army to Hawaii and leave me alone. When I am gathered to my fathers and the funeral hog has been placed to my nose, then, let him know, he, the lord of Hawaii, shall be the *maika*-stone that shall sweep the course from here to Tahiti. Then let him take possession of my land."

It was wise advice from the astute old chief, because it served to remind Kamehameha that even Hawaii was not yet his own, while Keoua maintained his claims. Still it leaves us at a loss to explain why some time later Kahekili went out of his way to attack Hawaii. It may be supposed, however, that sometimes the warlike temper of the people had to be humoured abroad in order to preserve peace at home. Kikane had still another mission to fulfill. This was to request from Kahekili the gift of the two great idols, Olupue and Kalaipahoa.

Olupue was the Mercury of Hawaii, the god who accompanied the spirits of the chiefs over the chill waters of Styx, assisted them on their journey, and installed them in their final resting place,—a god therefore to be worshipped and propitiated by warriors who faced death from day to day.

The other idol, Kalaipahoa, was the famous poison god of Molokai. Centuries back, says the legend, the poison goddess had come from an unknown land to the island of Molokai, and there entered a grove of trees. So virulent was the poison

exhaled from the dwelling of the goddess that the birds fell dead as they flew over it. Where the grove stood the earth all around was black and bare. It breathed forth death like the upas-tree, and no living thing could approach with impunity. The valley, which was also the abode of Laamaomao, the god of the winds, was regarded by all the island with terror, and at last it was revealed by the goddess that from this formidable wood an idol must be made.

The story, as usually told, runs as follows: Kaneakama was a great gambler and played so persistently at *maika* that he lost everything except one pig. As he had dedicated this to his god, he did not dare to stake it, and his piety was rewarded by the *akua* appearing to him in a dream and directing him to play again and stake the pig. He obeyed and was now as successful as he had previously been unlucky. To show his gratitude he went to the temple and there dedicated a great part of his gain. And that night, while he slept, the god once again appeared and bade him go to the king and tell him that in a certain place he would find next morning a clump of trees. If the king would make from one of these an image, the *akua* promised to reside within it and impart to it her power. As his reward, Kaneakama was to become priest in her temple.

The king heard with pleasure the information of Kaneakama and at once took steps to fulfill the commands of the goddess. He found the tree on Mauna Loa in Molokai and was not long in discovering its dangerous qualities. Hundreds of men were killed in the attempt to cut it down and it was only when the others made themselves masks and

shields of the thickest *kapa* that they were able to approach. With all their labour, they were only able to make a single idol. This they fashioned into shape, using for hatchets their long *pahoas*, or daggers, whence the name of the god was called, *Kalaipahoa*, or "Dagger cut." According to Mr. Ellis, it was a middling-sized wooden image, curiously carved. The arms were extended, the fingers spread out, the head ornamented with human hair, and the widely distended mouth armed with formidable rows of shark's teeth. The wood, which was probably of some extinct species of the *nioi* tree, was so exceedingly poisonous that the least chip mixed with food insured death to the eater within twenty-four hours. The chiefs were therefore most anxious to obtain possession of portions, however small, that they might be able at their will to rid themselves of obnoxious personages.

We can well understand therefore the desire of Kamehameha to obtain such a trophy, not only for his own use, but also for his own protection.

Kahekili, however, was not prepared all at once to make such a sacrifice. He sent a chip of the poison god by Kikane, but excused himself from sending the Olupue on the plea that the idol was in charge of the high priest and therefore out of his power.

Kamehameha subsequently obtained possession of Kalaipahoa, and kept it always near his person, relying upon it almost to the extent that he relied upon his heirloom Kaili, the god of war. At his death he divided it among several of the chiefs, but the Queen Kaahumanu very wisely collected and burned every fragment upon which she could lay

her hands, so that its deadly work might cease forever. Notwithstanding, it is believed that there are still existing two small chips of this once renowned divinity. Let us hope that their efficacy may never be put to the test.

The female messenger Haalou was more successful in her mission than Kikane. She had started for Kauai to seek a soothsayer, as that island was particularly famed for its wizards. But she had no need to go further than Oahu, where the right man, Kapoukahi, a Kauai man and a relative into the bargain, at once presented himself. Haalou had to ask what it was still necessary for Kamehameha to do in order to obtain that supremacy in Hawaii from which Keoua's opposition still excluded him.

The prophet replied at once, as many a mediæval churchman might have replied to his feudal lord, that the king had only to build a handsome temple for his god, and then victory would crown his arms. It must be a large *heiau,* and the place designated was Puukohola near Kawaihae, in Hawaii, adjoining the old temple of Maikekini. When this shall have been completed and consecrated, then Kaili would be pleased and would ensure success to his votary.

So the two ambassadors, having fulfilled their errands, returned to Molokai, where they found Kamehameha waiting impatiently to take the offensive against Kahekili. He was not well pleased to hear the old king's answer to Kikane, but even while he hesitated its wisdom was vindicated by events. For bad news came from Hawaii, where Kamehameha had left some open enemies and a few untrustworthy friends.

XIX

THE FIRE-GODDESS DECLARES FOR KAMEHAMEHA

"If e'er I felt Thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddess, now, Thy sacred succour yield."

WE saw some time back that when Keawemauhili agreed to assist Kamehameha in his expedition against Maui, Keoua, the third ruling chief in Hawaii, was anything but pleased. He regarded it as an indication of Keawemauhili's diminishing hostility to his rival and felt that this was but a step from a combination of both against himself.

So he took advantage of Kamehameha's absence and that of a considerable part of Keawemauhili's army to make an attack upon the Hilo chief, and the news which presently reached Kamehameha in Molokai was that Keawemauhili had been attacked, defeated and slain in a battle near Alae, near Hilo, and his possessions added to Keoua's realm in Puna and Kau. Elated beyond measure with this success, Keoua went on to invade the estates of Kamehameha, and overran Hamakua, Waipio and Waimea, destroying fish-ponds and taro-patches, and committing all manner of barbarities.

Such news as this was a summons to Kamehameha to return at once to Hawaii, and to secure

his position there before meddling with the dominions of Kahekili in Oahu and Maui. Kamehameha had not sufficient confidence in Kaiana to leave his interests in the hands of that chief, so without unnecessary delay he crossed the channel and landed at Kawaihae.

Keoua, taken by surprise, retreated to Paauhau in Hamakua, and there awaited attack. Two bloody battles were fought without giving either side much advantage, although Kamehameha was far better off for firearms than his opponents. In the first place, Kamehameha's field gun, known to the natives as Lopaka, did great execution until it was captured in a brilliant charge made by one of Keoua's chiefs. But it must be remembered that firearms were used in both battles on both sides. Keoua then fell back on Hilo and Kamehameha returned to Waipio to recruit his forces. Both chiefs were too much exhausted to follow up any advantage they may have gained in the preceding battles.

It was now about November, 1790, and Keoua, having used the brief lull for the purpose of dividing his newly acquired lands in Hilo among his warriors, set out for his home in Kau. He chose the overland route which passed close by the great active crater of Kilauea, and on the way a disaster overtook his army which is without precedent in the history of Hawaii. The best account is that of Dibble in his History of the Sandwich Islands:

"His (Keoua's) path led by the great volcano of Kilauea. There they encamped. In the night a terrific eruption took place, throwing out flame, cinders, and even heavy stones, to a great distance, and accompanied from above with intense lightning and

heavy thunder. In the morning Keoua and his company were afraid to proceed, and spent the day in trying to appease the goddess of the volcano, whom they supposed they had offended the day before by rolling stones into the crater. But, on the second night, and on the third night also there were similar eruptions. On the third day they ventured to proceed on their journey, but had not advanced far before a more terrible and destructive eruption than any before took place; an account of which taken from the lips of those who were part of the company and present in the scene may not be an unwelcome digression.

"The army of Keoua set out on their way in three different companies. The company in advance had not proceeded far before the ground began to shake and rock beneath their feet, and it became quite impossible to stand. Soon a dense cloud of darkness was seen to rise out of the crater, and almost at the same instant the electrical effect upon the air was so great that the thunder began to roar in the heavens and the lightning to flash. It continued to ascend and spread abroad till the whole region was enveloped, and the light of day was entirely excluded. The darkness was the more terrific, being made visible by an awful glare from streams of red and blue light variously combined that issued from the pit below, and being lit up at intervals by the intense flashes of lightning from above. Soon followed an immense volume of sand and cinders which were thrown in high heaven, and came down in a destructive shower for many miles around. Some few persons of the former company were burned to death by the sand and cinders, and others

were severely injured. All experienced a suffocating sensation upon the lungs, and hastened on with all possible speed. The new body which was nearest the volcano at the time of the eruption, seemed to suffer the least injury, and after the earthquake and shower of sand had passed over, hastened forward to escape the dangers which threatened them, and rejoicing in mutual congratulations that they had been preserved in the midst of such imminent peril. But what was their surprise and consternation when, on coming up with their comrades of the centre party, they discovered them all to have become corpses. Some were lying down and others were sitting upright, clasping with dying grasp their wives and children, and joining noses (the form of expressing affection) as in the act of taking a final leave. So much like life they looked that they at first supposed them merely at rest, and it was not until they had come up to them and handled them that they could detect their mistake. The whole party, including women and children, not one of them survived to relate the catastrophe which had befallen their comrades. The only living being they found was a solitary hog in company with one of the families which had been so suddenly bereft of life. In those perilous circumstances the surviving party did not even stay to bewail their fate, but leaving their deceased companions as they found them, hurried on and overtook the company in advance in the place of their encampment."

In this terrible eruption Keoua lost, not only four hundred warriors and their families, but far more through the impression made upon the people that Kamehameha had won the favour of Pele. The god-

dess Pele was supposed by the people to inhabit the fiery caverns of Kilauea with her five brothers and eight sisters. They were regarded as having in ancient times emigrated from Samoa and established their residence at Moanalua in Oahu. Thence they moved to Kalaupapa in Molokai, later still passed over to the vast crater of Haleakala in Maui, and finally settled in Hawaii in the Halemaumau, or "*House of everlasting fire.*" Here the volcanic cones were said to be their houses. Here they amused themselves playing draughts. The roaring and crackling of the flaming furnaces was the music by which they danced, and they sported amid the fiery surf as the children of men played amid the waves along the beach.

Pele, being a woman, was a fickle goddess, and had many love affairs with mortals,—intrigues, however, which generally proved disastrous to the human lover. She found her match at last in Kamapuaa, a demi-god, half hog and half man, who fought against her showers of lava and red-hot stones by belching forth sea-water into the craters and extinguishing them. Finally they married and the wrath of Pele grew gradually less and less.

It may be judged from all this that if once the people believed Pele to be on the side of Kamehameha their own faith in him would be vastly fortified. Could not the goddess overwhelm and destroy them as she had destroyed the braves of Keoua? Could she not devastate their fields and taro-patches with rivers of living fire from Mauna Loa to the sea? He whom Pele favoured must inevitably become the lord of Hawaii.

Moreover, this special favour of Pele for Kamehameha and his family was continued, so they believed, to the very end. As late as 1882 this was publicly recognized, although the islanders had been Christian for nearly sixty years. In that year the town of Hilo was seriously threatened by an eruption. The stream of lava from Mauna Loa, after flowing on like a river of destruction for twenty-five miles, approached within a mile of the town and harbour of Hilo. Lava streams always move very leisurely, but their progress is none the less sure and every one expected that within a few days the broad, black tide would engulf their houses and lands. Everything had been done that seemed possible. Trenches were dug to divert the stream; walls were raised; prayers were offered; but all apparently in vain.

The sad news reached the old Princess Ruth, the surviving sister of Kamehameha IV. She was a stern, ugly, reactionary old chiefess, despising, if not hating, the whites, though she lived among them in Honolulu. When she heard of the threatened danger, she rose up and said, "I will save the fishponds of Hilo. Pele will not refuse to listen to the prayer of a Kamehameha." So she chartered a steamer, reached Hilo with a large crowd of retainers, and soon stood facing the slowly advancing wall of lava. There she caused an altar to be erected, from which abundant sacrifices were offered to the molten mass in front. Prayers and incantations were continually said and sung until the chiefess deemed the work complete. Then in full confidence she returned to Honolulu. What was the result? Well, strange as it may seem, the wall

of fire stayed in its course and "to-day its glistening front stands like a wall around Hilo."

It was a fresh proof to the Hawaiians, barely half emancipated from their old superstitions, that the fire-goddess would do anything at the desire of a Kamehameha.

If such could be the belief as recently as 1882, we can well estimate the advantage to Kamehameha of Pele's friendship over a hundred years ago. It gave his career an impetus which carried him far on the road to victory.

XX

THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT HEIAU

"Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam;
Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa."

THE year 1791 was rendered memorable by the building of the great *heiau* of Puukohola, in accordance with the advice of the Kauai prophet given to Haalou. Kamehameha had promised to build it years before this, but had evidently been trying carnal weapons first and leaving spiritual means as a kind of last resource. Now it dawned upon him that the time had come to fulfill his vow. Perhaps the destruction of a division of Keoua's army by Pele had led him to regard the gods as by no means *une quantité negligable,* and to feel that a disregard of his religious obligations might entail even worse consequences than had befallen his rival.

Again, he had been struggling almost continuously for nine years and had not advanced appreciably nearer his goal. Keoua still disputed with him the supremacy in Hawaii; Maui, though conquered, had been left in the hands of Kahekili; and Oahu and Kauai were as yet far beyond his reach. And he was getting beyond what men generally consider the prime of life.

Moreover, his campaigns in 1791 had not brought any very tangible result. Keoua, though of course

weakened by his recent losses, still held the field with remarkable skill and tenacity. His forces were attacked simultaneously in Hilo and Kau. In Hilo he had to meet an army commanded by Keeaumoku in which both Young and Davis held important commissions, yet he held them successfully at bay. In Kau he had to contend with Kaiana and a numerous fleet of canoes, and although many battles were fought with varying result, yet in the end Kaiana, rash to the point of imprudence, was severely beaten and compelled to return crestfallen to Kona.

So Kamehameha, as the lawful guardian of Kaili and the favourite of Pele, was compelled to rely for once more upon the grace of the divinities than upon the strength of his own right arm.

It was under these circumstances that the building of Puukohola was commenced and went briskly forward.

Almost the whole population of the district was employed in the task. People came in relays, from Kona, Kohala and Hamakua, to carry stones. Everybody worked, the chiefs side by side with the lowest classes of the people. Kamehameha himself carried stones as diligently as any. Only one exception was made. This was in the case of Kamehameha's youngest brother, known to us already as Keliimaikai. When Keliimaikai took up a stone like the rest Kamehameha sprang forward and took away the stone, crying, "Hold, we must have some one to observe the *kapu*. Be thou that one!" This was in order that a high chief, uncontaminated by manual labour, might be ready to officiate at the great ceremony of the dedication.

Fornander tells us that he once conversed with an

aged Hawaiian who had borne his part in this wonderful building. The old man described with great impressiveness the singular spectacle presented, the thousands of people encamped upon the mountain slope, taking their turn at the labour of carrying the stones, the imposing array of chiefs who were present, the wonderful order observed in regulating the time of feeding, recreation and work, and the vast number of human victims offered to the god to obtain favour for this or that portion of the edifice. The ground, said he, used to tremble beneath the feet of so vast a throng.

The temple, when finished, constituted an irregular parallelogram 224 feet long by 100 feet wide; the walls were twelve feet thick and from eight to twenty feet high, and, although built of loose stone, were strong and solid. On the top was a course of smooth stones six feet wide. Entrance was gained by a narrow passage between two high walls which led into a court paved with smooth flat stones. The principal idol, which was of course Kaili, the war-god, was placed at the south end of the enclosure, and around this were grouped in a semicircle some of the inferior deities. In the centre was the *anu,* or oracle of wickerwork, from whence the priest answered the king when it was desired to know the will of the god.

There is considerable difficulty in deciding whether the official dedication of this famous *heiau* took place at this time or whether it was delayed till after the death of Keoua. At any rate the events were close enough together to make the completion of Puukohola and the death of Kamehameha's last rival in Hawaii remarkably coinci-

dent, sufficiently so, at any rate, to fulfill the prophecy of Kapoukahi. The performance of the king's vow to Kaili and the murder of Keoua brought Kamehameha to the undisputed sovereignty of the island.

It may be interesting to give here a description of the ceremonial dedication of a great temple in order that the reader may form some idea of what followed upon the completion of the building of the *heiau*.

The dedication of a temple was the most laborious of all the functions imposed by religion upon the social life of Hawaii. It required ten or more days for its proper observance and high priests of high rank to conduct different portions of the ritual. It demanded also the lives of not a few innocent victims.

First, as a preliminary, came the ceremony of purification which occupied twelve days. During this time all the lands in the island, or the district, were visited by a religious procession, with prayers offered at the various landmarks between territory and territory, and the smearing of the wooden hog which marked the boundaries with red ochre. This procession was formed in front of men who bore white flags, followed by a priest, with his attendants, carrying a calabash of red ochre, and a man dressed up to personate the god. The priest was clothed in white *kapa* and wore a peculiar headdress made of human hair. After this circuit, or ceremony of beating the bounds had been completed, there was held, on the evening before the new moon, a grand liturgical service in the *heiau*, when all the people were sprinkled by the priest with lustral

waters. The sacred water was prepared with salt water mingled with a little turmeric and a kind of moss, and the sprinkling was done with a little bunch of fern, like the bunch of hyssop used in Israel of old.

The next part of the ceremony was the bringing down of the chief idol to the *heiau*. This was the occasion of another procession consisting of the king, the chief priests and a crowd of retainers carrying the offerings for sacrifice, and leading the chosen human victims. The procession went first to the forest, where a tree had been previously selected from which to make the idol, and an axe consecrated wherewith to cut down the tree. Then silence was commanded, so complete that if sound of man or beast, bird or insect, was heard during the remainder of the ceremony, the omens were considered bad. Silence secured, the priest recited his prayers, to which the king responded with "*Amama.*" Then a hog was slain by the king, and consigned to the oven, and the human victim led forward and sacrificed to the god, his body being buried at the foot of the tree. The tree was then cut down, deprived of its branches, and garlanded with *leis* of *ieie*. Then the company joined in a feast till it was time to reform the procession back to the *heiau*. During this recessional, the people were compelled to remain indoors, since it was death to encounter such a pageant. All fires too were strictly forbidden, so that it must have been with some suspense that the people waited for this strange ceremony to conclude. Uttering hideous yells the priests and their company passed along to the temple, the feather gods borne in front, the

chiefs carrying branches of the sacred ferns, and others behind bearing the newly manufactured god. Then with shouts and beating of drums the roughly hewn idol was placed on its pedestal to receive the worship of its votaries.

But the ceremony was as yet far from over. Seven or eight days more were required and these included the performance of many a significant and tragic rite. Before the buildings within the enclosure could be thatched a ceremony had to be performed known as the *kauila* ceremony, from the name of the wood used for thatching. The whole population was required to take part in this. Seated in eight rows in the outer court, the people awaited the coming forth of the custodians of the idols, carrying their sacred charges and accompanied by a man called *kahoalii,* who personated the god. Then the high priest came forth bearing in his hand a branch of fern or ieie, and attended by one carrying a skull filled with holy water. Prayers followed, interspersed with strange weird movements on the part of the image-bearers and the *kahoalii,* and accompanied by the responses of the congregation, who rose and seated themselves at intervals.

About evening the newly hewn idol was brought near the altar where a fresh hole had been dug to receive its pedestal. In this hole was placed a human victim upon whose body the pedestal was planted and the image fixed in its place.

The night that followed is said to have been the most impressive and solemn of all. Everywhere the priests were on the lookout for the omens and in every house prayers were offered that no in-

auspicious sign should mar the critical rites to follow. Supplications were offered unceasingly before the gods that no thunder might sound, no lightning cleave asunder the darkness, no noise of living thing, aye, or of even the surf breaking on the coral reef might disturb the deep silence the priests required for their fateful work.

Then, between the midnight and the morning, all the populace gathered in breathless stillness and sat in the open air facing the *heiau,* watching intently and regarding the least sound as a certain harbinger of national misfortune. In the presence of this great multitude the king, carrying a pig for sacrifice, and the high priest, clothed in white and with a white rod in his hand, came forth and entered a small house to perform what was known as the "*Great Aha.*" The priest then poured forth a long and fervid prayer and, at its close, the king slew his pig with a blow and offered it to the great divinities. "Have you heard sound of man, or dog, or mouse, or fowl, or of any living thing during the ceremony?" inquired the priest of the king. The king tapped the large drum as an answer and then they went outside to put the same question to the people. If their answer too was in the affirmative, the priest was able to congratulate the king and predict for him long life and prosperity.

Then the people relieved the long silence by a mighty shout which was the more impressive from the preceding stillness. Village after village passed on the shout, till the news had travelled through the land that an auspicious *aha* had been celebrated.

After this the ceremony still continued, but with increasing abandonment. For three nights the

houses were lighted with torches and there were continual chantings and liturgies, undertaken by the priests in relays. Then the idols were clothed with white *kapa* and endowed with their respective names; a great sacrifice of hogs, bananas, cocoanuts and fish, together with many more human victims, was offered; and if no *ulua* (as the fish sought for were called) were caught, a man was picked out from the village and, with a hook through his nose, dragged to the temple as a substitute.

On the last day of this prodigious celebration, one which must have become wearisome to all concerned, the priest of Papa, the female progenitor of the Hawaiian race, came to the front. Sacrifices were offered by the king's wives, prayers offered for children, and oblations presented to all the female divinities. Then, for the last time, the congregation was ranged in rows and replied heartily, we may be sure, to the closing incantations which restored them to the liberty of civil life.

Such were some of the salient features of the dedication of a large *heiau,* and the consecration of Puukohola probably followed them in detail. We may be certain that whatever elements of impressiveness Kamehameha could impart were there. At the same time there were some special features of which we are at present ignorant. The death and sacrifice of Keoua, of which we shall treat presently, gave a character to the function which we may well wish had been absent.

Before, however, we proceed to deal with this ugly episode, there is another warlike expedition to chronicle, in its way quite as significant for Kamehameha as the death of his Hawaiian rival.

XXI

KAHEKILI FORGETS HIS PROMISE

"The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread."

IT will be remembered that Kahekili had promised Kikane, Kamehameha's herald, that on his own death Kamehameha might take peaceable possession of Maui and Oahu. Such a promise would seem at least to have implied an intention on his own part to keep the peace, but, if such were the case, the intention was forgotten or overborne by force of circumstances. In fact, whatever Kahekili may have felt personally, it would have been difficult for him to repress the desire of revenge which burned in the bosoms of the great Maui chiefs since their decisive defeat in the Iao Valley. Maui was not wont thus to be beaten by the Hawaiian invaders, and the chiefs were eager to wipe out the insult in blood.

Then again, Kamehameha's protracted and indecisive struggle with Keoua must have presented an almost overpowering temptation to the Maui warriors to humble their ancient enemy. Enfeebled by the long and exhausting duel, Kamehameha would certainly at such a time fall an easy prey to their revenge.

More effective still, in all probability, was the persuasion of Kaeokulani, king of Kauai, and brother of Kahekili. Perhaps, seeing that Kahe-

kili's submission to Kamehameha would mean his own exclusion from any share in his brother's possessions, he determined by all means in his power to fan the flames of war and provoke Kahekili to the invasion of Hawaii.

The negotiations and preparations for such an expedition took a considerable time, all the winter months of 1790–91 being employed by Kaeo in gathering together a force sufficient for his purpose. In the spring of 1791 he deemed himself ready and left Kauai with a large fleet of canoes, accompanied by his nephew Peapea, his foreign gunner, *Mare Amara* (probably an Hawaiian spelling of Murray, the armourer), and a number of fierce trained dogs. The expedition reached Oahu in a short time and effected a junction with the fleet of Kahekili. Despite his age, the Maui king took his place at the head of the armada, leaving his son, Kalanikapule, at the head of affairs in Oahu. Then the combined fleets set sail for Maui.

Here the success of the expedition was almost prematurely wrecked by the haughty and inconsiderate character of Kaeo. It would appear that Kahekili had in some way placed Kaeo in temporary charge of Maui as a reward for his alliance, and Kaeo proceeded to prove the reality of this new acquisition by dividing up the lands of Maui among his Kauai chiefs. Naturally, this was strongly resented by the alii of Maui, and a quarrel took place between the two parties which nearly led to serious consequences and the abandonment of the invasion.

However, peace was made for the present between the chiefs and the fleets sailed on. The next landing was made at Hana, the ancient fief of Hawaii.

Kaeo could not resist the temptation to ascend the hill of Kauwiki, once so renowned a fortress, in order to indulge in a little harmless bravado. Hurling his spear aloft into the air, he cried: "It was said of old that the sky comes down close at Hana, but I find it quite high, for I have thrown my spear, '*Kamoolehua,*' and it did not pierce the sky, and I doubt if it will hit Kamehameha. But hearken, O Kauai, you chiefs, warriors and kinsmen, be strong and be valiant, and we shall drink the water of Waipio and eat the taro of Kunaka."

This latter part of the prediction, such as it was, they certainly fulfilled, for, sailing straight for Waipio, in Hawaii, they landed before Kamehameha had learned of their approach, and committed such barbarities that the people, accustomed as they were to supping full of horrors, shuddered with amazement and terror. The fierce warriors of Kauai respected neither the dwellings of the ancient kings nor the temples of the gods. The famous *heiau* in the valley of Waipio, known as Paakalani, the most sacred in the whole of Hawaii, and carrying back the memories of men for fully five hundred years, was ruthlessly destroyed. The sacred pavement of Liloa was torn up, the *kapu* pepper-tree supports of the old royal palace destroyed, and such wanton havoc made on every side that the people were firmly persuaded that the *aumakuas,* or family divinities, would speedily claim a dire revenge in order that the sacrilege might be wiped away.

The revenge came speedily indeed, and the *deus ex machina* was no other than Kamehameha with his canoes. The king had been at Kona, but, hearing of the invasion, he at once launched his fleet to

meet and repel the foe. It is said in the native accounts that he had added to his ships the schooner *Fair America,* taken by Kameeiamoku from Captain Metcalf, but, from what Davis and Young told Vancouver a year or two after this it would rather appear that the vessel had never been used since it was hauled up in Kealakekua Bay.

The two fleets met off Waimanu, in North Kohala, about ten miles from Waipio, and here a sanguinary battle was fought which is remarkable for being the first naval battle "fought in Hawaiian waters in which modern gunnery formed a conspicuous element of strength on either side." John Young and Isaac Davis handled the artillery for Kamehameha and Murray, the armourer, for Kaeokulani.

The result was a signal victory for the Hawaiian fleet and Kaeo and Kahekili retired crestfallen to Maui, expecting with only too much reason a retaliatory invasion.

The battle is known by the natives as "*Ke-puwaha-ula-ula,*" "the battle of the red-mouthed gun," taking its name from what appeared to them the most striking feature of the conflict.

The dread of invasion now cleared away, Kamehameha and his counsellors began to see their way ahead. It was therefore all the more mortifying to them to feel that there was still one obstacle in the stubborn resistance of Keoua. How that obstacle was cleared away we shall see in the next chapter. It is a chapter every lover of the fame of Kamehameha would fain wish to have blotted out.

XXII

THE DEATH OF KEOUA

"To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety."

NOT to form an untrue conception of the event we are about to describe, let us remember two important facts.

First, we are dealing with a people steeped to the lips in barbarism. It would not be fair to go straight from the wars of Kamehameha to the contemporary wars of Napoleon for a just comparison of the two leaders. Yet, even under such circumstances, we might find deeds of treachery enacted on the European stage not more excusable than the murder of Keoua. For a fair comparison we ought rather to place ourselves in the age of the Homeric heroes, in the camp of Greek or Trojan, and judge of Kamehameha's act by its accordance with the manners of such a time, and of a society such as that in which Achilles and Ulysses played their parts.

Measured by such a standard, we find the Hawaiians singularly free from those stratagems of

war which fraud and deceit suggest to the human mind. Even the simplest form of strategy was rarely practised; the combatants were only too eager to meet face to face like brave men and trust to the strength of their arms and the keenness of their spears. There is indeed a native Oahu legend which affords a curious parallel to the story of the Trojan horse. It tells how Kaihikapu caught an enormous shark off Waikiki and having stuffed it full of armed men sent it as a present to his brother Hao. While Hao was engaged in offering to the gods a sacrifice for the gift, the warriors issued from their place of concealment and slew Hao, together with his priests and chiefs.

But such guile was very exceptional and the instance preserved from the misty and legendary past does no more than prove the rule that strategy was seldom employed either to disguise strength or weakness. This of course does not excuse the act of Kamehameha, but it bears witness to the almost unprecedented nature of the tragedy in the annals of Hawaii and the career of Kamehameha.

In the second place there must be borne in mind the peculiarly aggravating character of the predicament in which Kamehameha was placed by the opposition of Keoua. The two chiefs were mutually implacable. The bitterest feeling ever known in Hawaii had been stirred up between them and between their respective factions. Defiance in most venomous language was bandied to and forth and no settlement seemed attainable either through compromise or through open warfare.

It was under these circumstances that about the end of 1791, the two counsellors, Kamanawa and

Keaweaheulu, went from Kamehameha's court to seek Keoua at Kahuku in Kau.

The important question arises, Did Kamehameha send them, or did they go, like the knights who slew Thomas à Becket, on their own guilty initiative? It may well be believed that Kamehameha's high counsellors saw clearly, as Joab did in the similar case of the murder of Abner, that there could be no real security for Kamehameha until the chief who was a rival both by birth and by prestige was dead.

Still, in the light of subsequent events, it seems impossible to exonerate Kamehameha altogether, and not all the glory of the reign which began practically from the moment of this cruel deed can wash away the stain from his soul.

The ambassadors reached the royal fence around the abode of Keoua and put themselves completely in his power. It cannot be said that in carrying out their treacherous design they evaded the danger of their task. Keoua's advisers indeed urged their master to put the visitors to death, but the generous chief indignantly repudiated the advice and cried, "Are they not the brothers of my father; they shall not die." Having thus gained a foothold in the king's presence, the ambassadors proceeded by smooth speeches to invite Keoua to accompany them to Kawaihae and thus put an end to the miserable and exhausting struggle. It had lasted nine years, they said, and they wished to see the two kings living in peace together, and, as for themselves now growing old, to live under them in peace. And Keoua answered, "I am agreed; let us go to Kona."

It is impossible at this distance of time altogether to understand the action of Keoua in this crisis.

He could hardly have been deceived by the plausible arguments of the Kona chiefs, and he seems throughout to have had within him the presentiment of impending death. It is touching to read how the resolute warrior, who had never asked quarter from any foe, now bathed himself and prepared himself to die; how he chose out those whom he willed to be his "companions in death," and had them all placed in the same canoe with himself. All the rest of the fleet he placed under the command of Pauli Kaoleioku, who was a natural son of Kamehameha. It was as though having prepared himself and his chosen friends for death he designed that Kamehameha should be compelled to spare the rest for the sake of his own son.

Thus Keoua decked himself out for sacrifice. It may be he was more tired of the wearing contest than he cared to confess, even to himself. Fate and the gods were against him and against them he did not dare longer to fight. The imposing figure of Kamehameha loomed before him as the favourite of Pele and Lono and Kaili. To fight against heroes he was nothing loth, but to fight against the *akua* was hopeless. It may be that feeling thus, some sudden access of magnanimity made him willing to purchase peace for Hawaii by the sacrifice of himself.

So he prepared himself, as we have seen, to die, and went with Kamanawa and Keaweaheulu over the sea towards Waipio. It must nevertheless have been with a strong inclination to rebel against his unhappy destiny that Keoua stepped on the deck of his large double canoe. He had laid aside the feather cloak and other insignia of his rank and

was attended only by the bearer of his calabash and his *kahili* bearer, Uhai. Then the twenty-four rowers bent to the oars and the fair domain of Kau, which he had struggled to retain ever since the death of the ill-starred Kiwalao, passed slowly out of sight. He was making his last voyage, an offering floating out to Kaili, to bear away with him the curse of civil war. He may well have likened himself to that white canoe, "Lono's canoe to return to Kahiki in," which was launched out to sea during the great Kaili ceremony in the Makahiki months.

At last, when they were off Puako, there burst upon them the view of the coast of Kawaihae. Along the beach lay the great fleet of war canoes, many of them heavily armed with guns. Back from the beach inland could be seen here and there crowds of the veteran warriors whom Keoua had with success resisted. Most conspicuous of all rose the walls of the new *heiau* of Puukohola, with its lofty *lele,* or altar, waiting for the victim which was to quench the bloody thirst of Kaili.

Keoua read the signs well and remarked to Keaweaheulu, who was near, "It looks bad ashore; the clouds are flying the wrong way." "Nay," was the reply, "by whom should evil come on so pleasant a day?" "The clouds," insisted Keoua, "have an ill-omened flight."

Soon the canoes arrived at the landing at Mailekini in Kawaihae. As Keoua's canoe approached he may well have been rendered more suspicious by the appearance of the "Kingmaker" and "Kingslayer," Keeaumoku, who, with his armed men, pressed towards the boat. Further along the beach Keoua perceived Kamehameha and, preferring to

trust himself to him rather than to Keeaumoku, called out, "Here I am." "Rise," replied the king, "and come here that we may know one another."

Keoua then leaped ashore to go to Kamehameha. This was Keeaumoku's opportunity. He had determined that Keoua should die, so, as he was in mid-air leaping from his canoe, he struck him with his spear. Keoua struggled hard for life, endeavouring to wrest the spear from the hand of his adversary. But his wound was too deep and, with a loud cry, he fell down and expired.

Then, under the very eyes of Kamehameha, a hideous slaughter commenced. All the occupants of the first canoe were slain with the exception of two, one a man who had already secretly left the boat, the other one who ran ashore and took sanctuary in the house of a priest.

It is said that Keliimaikai, the brother of Kamehameha, had pleaded hard for the life of Keoua and his friends and, when the second division under Kaoleioku arrived, insisted that the lot of the first should be the lot of the rest. "You have slain my foster-brother," he cried, "now I will kill yours." But Kamehameha recognized his son and stopped the massacre. "He shall not die," he exclaimed; "he is the child of my youth." So the slaughter ceased.

The body of the victim thus treacherously slain was taken to the *heiau,* and there sacrificed to Kaili. Kapoukahi's prophecy had fulfilled itself. The temple was complete and the last rival of Kamehameha in Hawaii was among the first victims to be offered on its altars. Henceforth the "lonely one" might proclaim himself King of Hawaii with

none to challenge his claim. One great step towards the union of the group was accomplished, after long struggle and delay. But, if "we admire the edifice whose foundations he laid" we must not fail to note that one of these foundations was laid in treachery and blood.

Fornander is probably correct in his estimate of the cruel deed. He says that though it "was none the less a cruel wrong and a foul murder, and posterity will so designate it, it is well to bear in mind that the actors in that deed, while undoubtedly the foremost men of their age, yet were men of that age and of no other, swayed by its modes of thought, following its modes of action. But Kamehameha and his victim have both mouldered in dust. Nearly a hundred years have folded their cooling wings over those burning hearts. The sceptre has passed from the family of the former, and not a scion remains of the latter to point a finger or call out for vengeance. Their disputes are settled and history resumes its course."[1]

[1] Fornander, II, 331. Ellis, writing in 1827, gives an account more favourable to the reputation of Kamehameha. The natives related to him how Keoua, weary of fighting, sent to Kaiana and requested leave to surrender himself to Kamehameha. This was granted and Keaweaheulu personally assured the fallen chief of his safety. So Kaiana and his friends embarked in their canoes for Kawaihae, stopping on the way at several points. Wherever Keoua showed himself the attachment of the people was demonstrated in the most striking way. On the morning of the third day they reached Kawaihae, and Mr. Ellis gives the rest of the account as follows: "Tamehameha, with his chiefs, was standing on the beach as his canoe came in sight, and, with most of the chiefs, intended to protect him; but Keeaumoku, a chief of the most sanguinary disposition, who had grappled with his elder brother at the battle of Keei, had determined on his death; and fearing that Tamehameha might frustrate his purpose, if the canoe were allowed to land, he waded above

his middle into the sea; and, regardless of the orders of Tamehameha, and the expostulations of the other chiefs, caught hold of the canoe as it approached the shore, and either with his pahoa, or a long knife, stabbed Keoua to the heart, as he sat in the stern. He also murdered seven of his companions and friends who came in the same canoe. In another canoe was Kaoreioku, his younger brother and the father of Pauahi, one of the wives of Rihoriho, the late sovereign of the islands. Tamehameha gave strict orders to protect it and their lives were spared. Tamehameha and many of the chiefs, particularly Keaveaheuru and Kamahoe, are reported to have regretted his death. Keeaumoku, however, justified his horrid act by saying that if Keoua had been allowed to live, they should never have been secure."—Ellis, "Narrative of a Tour Through Hawaii," 1828.

XXIII

KAMEHAMEHA KING OF HAWAII

"Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast."

ERE we permit our history to resume its course the reader must pardon a brief interlude of summary such as may state Kamehameha's position at the end of 1791 with reference to the task he had set himself to accomplish.

Nominally he was only in possession of the same degree of power as that enjoyed by Kalanikapule at the time of Cook's discovery. He was the lord of one island only.

But in the popular imagination Kamehameha represented far more than this. He had broken the power of Maui, Oahu and Kauai in his wars against Kahekili and Kaeokulani, and every great chief who had prestige enough to oppose him in his designs had been ultimately slain or reduced to quiescence. He possessed, moreover, as no king had done before him, all those means, material and spiritual, which in the minds of the islanders constituted the certain assurance and prediction of success.

He was the friend of Pele, and the fire-goddess, so it was believed, was always ready to pour forth her lava-streams and cascades of fire against his enemies. Thus rebellion became sacrilege.

Again, he had charge of the ancient war-god, and Kaili had been made well pleased with his guardian by reason of the magnificent temple reared to his honour and by the splendid victims slain on his altars.

The poison goddess, Kalaipahoa, too (or at least a portion of her image), had passed into the conqueror's hands, and, apart from the moral effect of possessing this, a few shavings of the idol introduced into the food of any rebellious chief would dispose of his disloyalty at once and forever.

More potent even than these, at any rate in a practical way, were the skill and weapons of the white men whom Kamehameha employed and who had learned to trust and respect and obey him. Men like Davis and Young were good, sound men, men of courage and resource, a tower of strength to Kamehameha to the end of his days.

Once again there were the great Kona chiefs who had first brought Kamehameha forth from his retirement and had, with marvellous patience, self-restraint and unselfishness, assisted him over all obstacles to a throne. Keeaumoku had at last found his ideal leader and never regretted his vow of loyalest allegiance. No less faithful were the others, Keaweaheulu, Kamanawa, and the rest.

Lastly, there was a famous trophy in the possession of Kamehameha, which has hitherto been unmentioned but which had its influence among the rest in persuading the people to acclaim him as their lawful king. This was the *Kiha-pu,* the famous war trumpet or magic conch of Kiha. It was a large nautilus shell of a species exceedingly rare in Hawaii, adorned and inlaid with the teeth

of conquered chieftains. When the trumpet was blown it was believed that their groans and cries could be distinguished in the blast. This remarkable shell was first brought from Samoa in the twelfth century of our era, but its historical career began with the reign of Kiha, who governed Hawaii from 1415 to 1455. It played a part in innumerable battles and, surviving the wars of Kamehameha, may still be seen in the Royal Hawaiian Museum in Honolulu.

The unique qualities, such as they were supposed to be, of the Kihapu caused it to be very eagerly striven after by rival chiefs. When properly blown, it had power over legions of genii and over the gods themselves. Were the canoes at sea without provision, the blast of the Kiha-pu would instantly call up Ukanipo, the shark god, to drive the flying fish so as to fall in the open boats. Was it necessary to replenish the water calabashes, then one could call by the trumpet upon Kuluiau, the goddess of rain, and the rowers would have barely time to arrange their vessels before the rain came down in torrents. Was it wind that was wanted, then, in answer to the Kiha-pu Laamaomao, the god of wind, would open his calabash towards the sea and out would rush the mighty winds.

Moreover, if useful in peace, much more so was it in time of war. The king could send forth strident tones which startled the ears of the enemy at once with challenge to the battle and with premonitions of defeat. He could make the magic conch give forth notes such as would summon the forces of the spirit world to his aid and rally his people from the most hopeless flight. The sound

was like the sound of breakers against the rocky shores of Hawaii.

But to-day, though the horn may still be blown, no god responds to its despairing call. When, during the native insurrection of 1889, the shell conches sounded out so shrilly upon the air, many present thought of the Kiha-pu and its fabled potency. But Lono awoke not from his age-long sleep, and all signs showed that the age of the conch was past.

Yet to Kamehameha the trophy was a talisman of might and in the king the Kiha-pu had a guardian as devoted and attached as any of his illustrious predecessors in the *Moi*-ship of Hawaii.

XXIV

THE VISITS OF VANCOUVER

"The white man landed;—need the rest be told?
The New World stretched its dusk hand to the old;
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy."

KAMEHAMEHA was probably in the south-eastern districts of the island, dividing up the lands of Keoua among the chiefs, when an event took place only second in importance to the discovery of the group by Cook. This was the arrival of the famous English navigator Captain Vancouver, in command of the *Discovery* and her armed tender the *Chatham*. The visit of Vancouver forms a bright spot in the records of Hawaiian intercourse with the outer world. Too often the ships of the white man came only for plunder and the gratification of animal passion. Vancouver, on the contrary, did everything possible to check the tide of evil, calm the sea of anarchy and strife, and build up a solid bulwark of friendship upon which the two races might safely rely. Indeed, whether we seek our knowledge from the volumes written by the great sailor himself, or whether we seek it from the still living traditions of his visits, we find Vancouver standing out as a noble example of the philanthropic sailor and explorer who realizes that civilization has a mission not to destroy but to save.

For it was a time when it was commonly said

"there is no God this side of Cape Horn,"—a time which would have satisfied Kipling's "Tommy Atkins" who sighed for a place

> "where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ar'n't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst,"

—a time when the mission of civilization was not too scrupulously borne in mind by the whaler and trader.

Consequently, it is all the more noticeable that while Cook is regarded by native sentiment as the harbinger of depopulation, disease and death, Vancouver's memory is universally respected. "His memory," says one historian, "is gratefully cherished by the natives, for his mission was one of peace and broad benevolence." "The three visits of Vancouver," says another, "form an era in the history of the islands, and his name is justly cherished as that of a wise and generous benefactor to the Hawaiian people."

Vancouver had been with Cook in his last and ill-fated voyage, and so had made some advance in the knowledge of the Hawaiians. A remarkable incident is told to show how well he was remembered. In the visit of 1793 he was approached by the chief Kaeo with the reminder that on the fatal visit of 1778 the two men had exchanged locks of hair as pledges of friendship. Subsequent conversation showed that all those fifteen years of absence the chief had carefully treasured the memory of the white man's affection. It is a good instance of the way in which from the first Vancouver captured the hearts of the islanders.

The English ships had been sent to receive the cession of Nootka Sound from the Spaniards, and to survey the northwest coast of North America. After accomplishing this, they sailed south and arrived off the Kona coast of Hawaii at the beginning of March, 1792.

Kamehameha, as we have said, was absent, but Kaiana was nothing loth to play the part of host for a while, and indeed would fain have displaced Kamehameha altogether in the minds of the visitors. He paid a formal visit to the ships, and with almost all the English he knew (for, in spite of his voyage to Canton and back, his linguistic progress had been but slow) begged for those treasures so dear to the heart of the savage,—guns and powder.

But Vancouver, wiser than his predecessors, refused resolutely to give firearms. "The ship," he said, "belonged to King George, and the arms and ammunition were all tabu to the king." Instead of such dangerous toys he distributed large quantities of orange-trees, grape vines, and garden seeds, which, however, they did not welcome so readily. The one thing which connected itself in the native mind with this first visit of Vancouver was this refusal to give away firearms. They could not understand his motive and in consequence treated him with some coolness.

About five days after their arrival, the British ships went north to Oahu, and on arriving at Waikiki, learned for the first time of island politics. The Oahu chiefs, Kahekili and Kaeo, were, they found, busily engaged in Maui preparing for what they justly deemed inevitable, a retaliatory invasion

of their dominions by Kamehameha. Vancouver was saddened to find prevailing so warlike a mania, saddened to note on every hand the insatiable craving for implements of destruction, but still more grieved to mark the terrible depopulation which he recognized as the harvest of those seeds of vice planted fifteen or sixteen years before. It is to his credit that so far as was possible he kept himself dissociated from the one evil and the other. He did not pander to the lust for iron; he did not do anything which might spread the deadly scourge which was the result of vice.

Pursuing his journey north, Vancouver made a week's stay at Kauai, and here made the acquaintance of a young chief who afterwards played an important part in Hawaiian history, Kaumualii, the son of Kaeo. He was only twelve years old at this time, but was already accustoming himself to warlike exercises, though the responsible regent in the absence of Kaeo was a chief named Inamoo. The young prince went about everywhere attended by a guard of thirty men who were armed with iron daggers and bore amongst them thirteen muskets tied up in three bundles, together with calabashes of powder and shot.

After staying a week the squadron went on its way to Nootka Sound.

It was during the interval between Vancouver's first and second visits that a deplorable event occurred which left a deep stain upon the character of the natives and had marked influence on the subsequent course of the story. This was the murder of Lieutenant Hergest and Mr. Gooch of the *Daedalus,* a store ship belonging to Vancouver's squadron

which arrived in the islands May 7, 1792, and anchored off Waimea, Oahu. While lying off this roadstead, a boat's crew was sent ashore, accompanied by Hergest and Gooch, to procure water. Here a lawless band had established itself under Koi, a chief who had taken part in the late unsuccessful invasion of Hawaii. Whether Kahekili and Kaeo had anything to do with the outrage that followed is doubtful. Vancouver certainly acquitted them of all complicity, and there is no evidence to show that Koi was other than the leader of a band of ruffians who in that time of martial madness had determined by fair means or foul to possess firearms. Yet it must be acknowledged that Kahekili and Kaeo had allowed it to be understood by the subordinate chiefs that though no attacks on foreign ships could be countenanced which were likely to be unsuccessful, or which, even if successful, might be found out and punished, yet to seize arms, under safe and secret circumstances, was not only no crime but even a high service rendered to the state. In fact, to the eyes of the king of Maui, Koi's real crime was his ultimate lack of success.

The watering party landed with eight men, but returned with only five, and the sad news was that the commander and astronomer and one of the men had been seized and slain. The last seen of the unfortunate Hergest and Gooch was amid a crowd of natives who were stripping them and driving them into the interior. The next day information was obtained that they had been slain and their bodies divided among seven of the chiefs.

The means of punishing the murder were not then at hand, so the *Daedalus* sailed away to join Van-

couver at Nootka Sound. The sad affair, says Fornander, was a tragedy "which, although entirely unprovoked by the foreigners, has not received a moiety of the sympathy and comments from the civilized world which have shed such a halo over the memory of Cook. "The natives freely admit that, in this case, they were in the wrong, and accepted as just the punishment subsequently inflicted by Vancouver. The only excuse that can be urged is that the affair was the work of an irresponsible crew of ruffians who were too eager to secure material for the approaching war with Kamehameha to consider the consequences of their misdeed.

At all events Kamehameha is entirely free from the least suspicion of any connivance in the atrocity of his enemies.

It was on February 14, 1793, that the *Discovery* was once more sighted, this time off the coast of Kawaihae, in Hawaii. Here Vancouver landed, not guns, but a bull and a cow, the first of the kind the natives had seen. It is probable, from the fact that the Hawaiian word for "goat" is "*kao*" (pronounced "cow"), that they had hitherto mistaken the goat for its bigger horned relation. This present was intended for Kamehameha, who now appears before Vancouver for the first time, at least since 1779. We can imagine with what interest the British sailor would look upon the renowned chieftain of whose prowess he had heard such wonderful accounts, as, clad in his famous yellow cloak, Kamehameha stepped on February 21st upon the deck of the white king's ship. He was attended by John Young, who acted as interpreter, and by his queen Kaahumanu, whose age Vancouver set down as

about sixteen, though she was really twenty-five. But foreigners never could get right about the ages of Hawaiians. Presents were liberally distributed and the soul of Kamehameha was not above a half childish delight in a showy scarlet cloak which Vancouver bestowed upon him. Arrayed in this the king strutted about the decks as though wearing the paludament of a Roman Emperor.

Next day, the ships came to anchor in Kealakekua Bay, the scene of Cook's murder. Happily there was no sign of any reawakening animosity in the memory of that tragic episode. On the contrary, the visit was marked by a grand ceremonial call on the part of Kamehameha on the officers of the ships. He came off with his retinue of *kahili* bearers, spittoon bearers and the rest, in a fleet of eleven large double canoes. He wore his feather helmet and cloak and, on stepping on board, bestowed upon Vancouver with royal munificence four beautiful feather helmets, ninety swine, and a large quantity of fruit and vegetables. Not to be outdone in generosity, the English commander gave Kamehameha in return five cows and three sheep. Kaiana and even Keeaumoku grew quite jealous.

The festivities were continued on the fourth day of March by a grand entertainment given to the visitors on shore. It took the form of a sham fight and a spear exercise between a hundred and fifty of the choicest Hawaiian warriors. Kamehameha himself took part, and it was on this occasion that Vancouver says he saw six spears hurled simultaneously at the king. Of these he caught three, parried two more, and avoided the sixth by an agile motion of his body. The Englishmen contributed their part

to the proceeding by giving a grand exhibition of fireworks in the evening.

It was Vancouver's plan, if possible, to make peace between Kamehameha and the Leeward Islands, and so prevent what seemed to him likely to become but a bloody and devastating war which would lead to renewed attacks upon foreigners such as that of Waimea. To this end, when he had secured the friendship of Kamehameha, he sailed for Maui and arrived at Lahaina on March 7th. Almost immediately after he was visited by Kahekili and Kamohomoho. These chiefs were probably anxious to anticipate him in his action on the *Daedalus* affair. To punish the murder of Lieutenant Hergest and Mr. Gooch was indeed one of the two pieces of business Vancouver had come to Maui to transact. He soon convinced himself, rightly or wrongly, that the chiefs were not concerned in the affray, and Kahekili informed him that he had already had three men executed for the crime. Kamohomoho seconded his relative's protestations and declared himself willing to accompany Vancouver to Oahu to secure and punish the rest of the culprits.

The second piece of business Vancouver had in hand was a putting a stop to the war. He discussed terms of peace with the chiefs, and found them only too willing to avoid the necessity of having to oppose Kamehameha's invading army. They suggested that Kaeo should go with Vancouver to Hawaii and there negotiate a treaty with Kamehameha. There was, however, no time for this, so Vancouver wrote a letter to John Young, who was in attendance on Kamehameha, explaining the

terms decided upon by the kings of Maui and Kauai. This was sent off in the hands of one of the chiefs. But the Hawaiian postal service was imperfect in those days. The message was sent off, but it was never delivered, for the chief was attacked on landing and had to flee for his life. Probably Kamehameha never intended his friendship with the white man to obstruct the way to victory, or to allow himself to accede to any demand for terms. He was ready with the characteristic Hawaiian word "*pelapaha,*" "perhaps," to those who approached him, but he was too obstinate easily to change his purpose and too wily to divulge it.

So Vancouver for the present had to be content with giving a few goats to the Maui chiefs, dazzling the natives with his fireworks, and concentrating his attention upon the avenging of the *Daedalus.*

For this purpose he set sail for Oahu and arrived at Waikiki on March 20th. No sooner had he arrived than a canoe put off to him with three prisoners and witnesses ready to certify that these were the guilty ones. The poor wretches were shot, but afterwards, by the confession of the witnesses themselves, it turned out that those who had been thus executed were only guilty of violating the native *kapu,* and had had nothing to do with the murder. Thus the whole action of the chiefs seemed suspiciously like an attempt to divert the Englishmen from the right scent, and put an end to the affair. Koi, the chief who had been the instigator of the atrocious deed, escaped punishment.

Still it would be unfair to accuse Vancouver, as Jarves seems to do, of any laxity in punishing the murder, or of any undue familiarity with the mur-

derers. The accusations of the witnesses were so emphatic, and the denial on the part of the accused of any knowledge of the outrage so manifestly untrue, that Vancouver can scarcely be blamed for the unfortunate miscarriage of justice.

More unfortunate still, at least at the time, appeared the failure of the English commander to secure peace between Kamehameha and the northern chiefs. But in reality this was but a seeming misfortune, for it led, as we shall see, to the ultimate consolidation of the government of the islands under one rule. This was surely better than a temporary truce, ending, as all truces did end, in fresh and more devastating and murderous campaigns.

Vancouver himself must have got to feel this in time, for on his way from Oahu to Kauai, he fell in with a great fleet of canoes which had just been engaged in a revolt in the northern island and were carrying the news and the prisoners to Kaeo. One of these canoes was sixty-one and a half feet long, beautifully carved and made of a single pine-tree which had drifted from the American coast. It contained the leg-bones, with the flesh still adhering, of two chiefs who had been recently killed. With this ghastly sight still in his mind, Vancouver anchored off Waimea, and there, with his customary philanthropy, he landed two girls belonging to the adjacent island of Niihau who the year before had been carried off by an English vessel and whom he had found in a destitute condition in America. He took the greatest possible trouble to provide them with suitable protection and land.

Having at last fulfilled to the best of his opportunities the objects of his visit to the islands, Van-

couver sailed away to the northwest coast, thus bringing to a close his second visit.

The third and last visit took place in the following year. On January 9, 1794, the English ships appeared off Hilo, where Kamehameha was then residing, keeping in connection with the Makahiki months the great festival of Lono. This celebration began some time in October and lasted four months, so that it was in the last month of the feast that Vancouver appeared. It was not a particularly good time for visitors to intrude, yet, such was the friendship between Kamehameha and Vancouver, that the king at once broke off his participation in the New Year festival and took passage to Kealakekua Bay.

Here they stayed six memorable weeks, during which the British visitors were treated with the most unbounded hospitality and received as the guests of the nation on the very beach which had drunk the blood of the murdered Cook. Vancouver for his part used the time well and wisely in tutoring the noble savage in the ways of true civilization. He landed cattle and sheep and was far-seeing enough to have a *kapu* put on them for ten years, to give time for increase.

During this stay, too, Vancouver's carpenters laid the keel of the first ship ever built in the Hawaiian islands. It was begun on February 1st and was called the *Britannia*. Though only thirty-six feet long, it proved of the greatest possible service to the king. More serviceable still was Vancouver's advice to Kamehameha with regard to the management of affairs, the discipline of the troops, the administration of justice, and the intercourse with

white men. For the first time, too, Kamehameha heard from the lips of the good explorer of a true God, to be served with love instead of with fear, a God to whom Kane and Ku and Lono were but shadows of the night. He heard also of that moral law which ought to take the place of the cruel *kapu,* and Vancouver promised that on his return to England he would ask King George to send a teacher of the true religion. Whether all this had much effect on the mind of Kamehameha or not, it would be difficult to say. Probably it did not altogether miss the mark, since, though the king was destined never to hear the voice of a Christian missionary, yet on his death-bed he expressed the wish that his son might learn the new faith. For himself, he said, he died in the faith of his fathers, but he would recommend his successor to test for himself the tidings from over the sea.

Beyond all this, a very delicate office fell to the lot of Vancouver in bringing about a reconciliation, temporary at all events, between Kamehameha and his wayward spouse Kaahumanu. She had been suspected, probably not without some reason, of playing the part of Guinevere to the Lancelot of Kaiana and had in consequence aroused her husband's jealousy.

But it would be impossible to crowd into a page or two all the good which Vancouver attempted and effected during his forty days' tutelage of a king. At the end he strongly recommended Kamehameha to be guided by the advice of Davis and Young and he also offered to remove from the islands seven other white men whose presence was not likely to be helpful. To this last suggestion, however, the

chiefs objected so strongly that the offer was not pressed.

Then came the important event which in a way gathered up the results of Vancouver's three visits to Hawaii.

On February 21, 1794, a great council of chiefs met on board the *Discovery* and decided to ask the protection of Great Britain, with the important reservation that all the internal affairs of the island should be managed, as before, by their own chiefs. It may be thought that Vancouver had pressed this unduly upon the mind of Kamehameha, but such does not seem to have been the case. The idea seems to have sprung from the brain of the king himself and certainly as the result of a conviction that an outside protectorate was necessary for the stability of the kingdom does credit to the statesmanlike quality of his far-seeing mind. Already the arrival of foreign ships was introducing new and perilous elements into the Hawaiian commonwealth. The sailors were often the chartered libertines of the nations they represented and considered man, woman and child their natural prey. In every affray with the natives the natives would always by the foreign powers be regarded as in the wrong, and the chiefs would be mulcted in heavy indemnities for acts in which perhaps they were more sinned against than sinning. All this came literally to pass in the next reign, and Kamehameha saw that there could be no security against it unless some strong foreign power undertook the protection of his realm against unscrupulous adventurers, leaving him to do what he felt well able to do, namely, govern his subjects according to his own ideas.

So the terms suggested were accepted on both sides, and four days later, on February 25, 1794, Lieutenant Paget went ashore and hoisted the British flag on Hawaii, thus taking possession of the land in the name of King George. A great shout went up from the natives,—"*Kanaka no Beritane,*" "We are men of Britain."

How was it that this so-called cession of Hawaii came to nothing?

Well, England was, as we know, busy at this time with matters which left little leisure to pay much attention to the acquisition of a single island in the Pacific. So the act was never ratified by the Home Government and the independence of Hawaii was left unimpaired. Vancouver sailed away to Kauai and, having promised to return to the islands with artisans and Christian teachers, he left them for the last time on March 13, 1794, for England.

Here he was given other work to do, for these were busy times for the British navy, and, as he died in 1798, he was unable to carry out his benevolent intentions.

Still, however far he fell short of accomplishing what he desired, his work is by no means to be forgotten, a work which reflects undying honour upon the great sailor who was so tender and so true, so upright and just, moreover, that no breath of calumny has ever arisen to smirch his fame.

It is a bright page, too, in the history of civilization, one of those pages which men of English blood and English speech will ever love to contemplate, a record of unpretentious yet noble philanthropy, of Christian wisdom and consideration in intercourse with the childlike natives of the Pacific seas.

XXV

CIVIL WAR IN OAHU

"Accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
And deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause:
And in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads."

AFTER Vancouver's departure, the year 1794 passed away almost without history so far as the one island of Hawaii is concerned, but on the other islands, by way of compensation, history was made rapidly and Kamehameha must have had all he needed to do in watching the combatants in Maui and Oahu prepare the way for his own victory by exhausting one another's strength.

It was with good reason that the Hawaiians had now come to believe in Kamehameha as the chief favoured by the gods, for he could not have arranged matters better for his own advantage if he had had committed to him the complete ordering of the fate of Hawaii.

First of all, there fell like a thunder-clap the news of the death of the mighty warrior and wily statesman, Kahekili, king of Maui, and reputed father of our hero. Though a very old man, over eighty, at least, he had taken an active part in war and politics up to the last. Only a year before his death he had gone over to Kauai to put down a rebellion to which some worthless foreigners had instigated the regent

Inamoo. This he successfully accomplished, and when he came back, though in appearance feeble and emaciated, he had no immediate apprehension of death. He died in July, 1794, at Ulukou in Waikiki, near Honolulu. It is significant of his relation to Kamehameha that immediately after his death his bones were claimed by the Hawaiian counsellors, Kameeiamoku and Kamanawa, whom some old legends declare to have been, like Kamehameha, Kahekili's sons, though the genealogies make them the sons of Keawepoepoe. The bones of the dead chief were taken to Kona and there concealed, according to custom, in a cave at Kaloko, North Kona.

It was to be expected that the removal of so commanding a figure would have an important effect on the drama. Kahekili fell

> "As falls on Mount Alvernus
> The thunder-smitten oak,"

and the force of the fall shook the throne which he had so tenaciously held and from whence he had so vigorously ruled.

It was a double gain to Kamehameha, for we cannot suppose he sorrowed much for one who had never been to him as a father, but only a relentless if admiring foe. In the first place, Kamehameha would feel that he was now about to enter upon his lawful inheritance. Kahekili had promised him the throne after his death and, though he had since shown a singular disposition to forget the promise, Kamehameha for his part had no intention to consider it other than binding. In the next place,

Kamehameha knew that there was no one among the sons of Kahekili of sufficient power and experience to oppose his way successfully. Indeed, the folly and treachery of Kahekili's acknowledged sons pulled their kingdom in pieces even before it was attacked.

Kahekili appears to have left his dominions divided in the following manner. Kalanikapule was to retain the kingdom of Oahu, and Kaeo was to rule over Maui and Kauai. But both knew it was necessary to combine forces to restrain Kamehameha from dispossessing them both.

In November, 1794, Kaeo decided to pay a visit to the most northern part of his dominions, the island of Kauai, to settle the affairs of that district and especially to look after the regent Inamoo whose loyalty was something less or more than questionable.

But on the way there broke out between him and Kalanikapule the strangest and most inexplicable civil war in the whole history of the islands. We have no account of any previous breach of friendship and no hint as to any possible reason for disagreement, yet no sooner did Kaeo attempt a landing at Waimanalo in Oahu, on the way to Kauai, than he found his presence regarded as a challenge to war and all Kalanikapule's troops drawn up on the beach to oppose him. If the Oahu chief took the arrival of Kaeo for an invasion, he was certainly mistaken, and for the mistake there was not the smallest excuse. It would rather seem that Kalanikapule was guilty of the basest treachery and regarded the presence of his brother chief as an opportunity to lay violent hands on the sovereignty of all

the leeward islands. It can hardly be urged that he was ignorant of the measures adopted by his subordinates. Still, the ways of the alii in their military operations offer many curious puzzles to the historian.

As soon as Kaeo found his landing resisted, he determined to force his way ashore, and a skirmishing fight began which was kept up until the arrival of Kalanikapule himself. Considerable mischief, however, had already been done, and the commander of the Oahu forces had been shot by Kaeo's foreigner, Murray, the Armourer. A conference followed and, to all appearance, a friendly understanding was reached, for uncle and nephew stayed together for some little time after this on terms of the utmost amity.

At last Kaeo determined to proceed on his way to Kauai and, leaving Koolau, the fleet sailed round the northern coast of Oahu, landing first at Waialua and then at Waiamae. It was while he was resting at Waiamae that there came to his ears the news of a formidable conspiracy among his chiefs against himself. It was decided, so he learned, to throw him overboard during the ensuing voyage.

It is hard to see the reason for this revolt Kaeo was no tyrant; on the contrary he had always been popular with the lesser chiefs and with the common people. The question naturally suggests itself, Had Kalanikapule a hand in the matter? Had he been at work bribing the chiefs in order to secure by treachery what he might possibly fail to obtain by force of arms?

But, had this been so, we should naturally have expected in the subsequent battle that Kaiana and

the other disaffected chiefs would have succeeded in saving themselves. There is another hypothesis which occurs as having some degree of probability, viz.—that Inamoo, the regent of Kauai, was sincerely desirous of thwarting Kaeo's visit to his regency and had been scheming, by ways familiar enough to the time and place, to foment discord between the two kings.

However, when Kaeo learned of the disaffection prevailing among his chiefs, he determined to stop it in characteristic fashion. Just as more civilized states have diverted attention from internal troubles by declaring war upon a foreign foe, so Kaeo knew that he had only to give his men a chance of plunder in Oahu in order to dispel the clouds of revolt from the sky of his fortunes. So, better relishing the prospect of dying gloriously, with the bodies of his fellows heaped around him like a hecatomb, than that of dying alone in the cold waves of ocean, he cried: "Better to die in battle; many will be the companions in death!" Then he ordered the canoes to be hauled up on the beach and prepared to march overland against Kalanikapule.

Instantly, as by magic, the mutinous spirit in the army disappeared; loyal chiefs and men gathered around Kaeo, and even the men of Waialua and Waianae, tired of the capriciousness of Kalanikapule, or anxious to fight for him they deemed the stronger warrior, flocked to his banner. The prospect of battle, booty, lands and fame never failed to reconcile an Hawaiian to the risk of wounds or death.

Had not Kalanikapule been aided more than a

little by his foreigners, it is probable that his adversary would have carried all before him.

On November 21, 1794, Captain Brown of the schooner *Jackal* and Captain Gordon of the *Prince Lee Boo* entered Honolulu harbour. It was then named Kou and had been discovered and used for the first time by Captain Brown, who, appropriately enough, named it Fair Haven. Here the two captains were joined by Captain Kendrick of the *Lady Washington* and it was from these three ships that Kalanikapule derived much needed assistance and the material with which to carry on the war. One may suppose that the foreigners were only led to take part in the savage contest from some chivalrous desire to help the weaker cause or from the feeling that it was proper to bolster up the lawful sovereign of the island. But it had been better for them if they had refrained.

Kaeo, in the first encounters, was victorious. Murray, the armourer, with his death-dealing gun and unerring aim, became a name of terror to the Oahu chiefs, and the invaders were rapidly advancing over the Waianae Mountains, thence across the plains, now green with rice, but then almost dry and lifeless, till they reached the Salt Lake in the Ewa district, near the famous Pearl Harbour. Now civilization has claimed the region for her own. Railway cars take gay parties of excursionists to pleasant resorts along the Pearl lochs; artesian wells have reclaimed the soil from the possession, hitherto undisputed, of the mimosa, and transformed the arid plain into a field of vivid green; and sugar and bananas grow freely from the soil fertilized over a century ago with Hawaiian blood.

It was at this juncture that the mate of the *Jackal* and eight others volunteered to assist Kalanikapule.

Several skirmishes took place between the advanced pickets and then Kaeo, with his main army, arrived at Kalauao, just east of Pearl Harbour. Here, on December 12th, a battle raged from morning till night, a battle fought to decide no quarrel, to settle no claims, but apparently to gratify the merely animal appetite for fighting.

When Kaeo brought his troops through the cultivated fields and taro patches below the Kalauao ravine, he found Kalanikapule occupying a strong position on the shore between Honolulu and the Pearl lochs. Kalani himself with his chiefs commanded the central division of his army at Aiea; the right wing occupied the elevated road running from Aiea to Kalauao and was under the command of Kalanikapule's brother, Koalaukani; his uncle, Kamohomoho, led the left wing along the shingly beach of Malei. On the shore, with the armed boats of the *Jackal,* Captain Brown held a commanding position.

"All day long the noise of battle rolled." A furious onset from the right wing on the uplands shattered the centre of Kaeo's army, while the fire from the boats poured volleys of death into the broken ranks, and panic came, endeavouring, but in vain, to make escape from death. Kaeo fought like a hero till all hope was gone. Then he fled with six of his followers to a small ravine, where he hoped to find means of escape. But, as Nelson's decorations exposed him to the aim of the French sharpshooters, so poor Kaeo's yellow feather cloak, which

he wore proudly as became his rank, made him a too conspicuous mark for the pitiless sailors in the boats. They fired till the pursuers, attracted by the noise, came down like hounds upon a lion at bay. And like a lion he stood, and fought, and died, having at least the grim consolation he coveted, for many indeed were the "companions in death." It is said that several of Kaeo's wives were killed in this battle, fighting bravely like their lord. Thus with chiefs, and wives and slaves, he went well attended to the shades below.

A wonderful story is told of one woman who fought in this memorable struggle. When evening arrived and the corpses were heaped high on the beach, there was thrown upon the ghastly pile the apparently lifeless body of Kahulunuikaaumoku, a daughter of the high priest of Kauai. Then the darkness fell and those hideous sequels of battle, the carrion birds, came for their prey. An owl, or some other night-bird, alighted on the woman's head and attempted to pick out her eye. The blow of the beak, and the smart of the torn eyelid restored her to consciousness, and, painfully slipping down from the pile of slain, she made her way by slow degrees to the shores of the bay. Accustomed from infancy to the water, she swam across the bay to the other side of Aiea, and managed to make her way into the secret recesses of the Halawa valley, expecting to die in the cave to which she had dragged her shattered body. But, next day, a friendly acquaintance discovered her hiding-place, brought her medicine and food, and kept her until an amnesty was proclaimed by Kalanikapule. Then she came forth and in due course recovered from

her hurts. Years after, Kahulunuikaaumoku became a Christian and died as recently as 1834.

The victory of Kalanikapule, which might have established his power from Maui to Kauai, had a long train of tragic consequences.

First of all, when Captain Brown's men came triumphantly back, a salute was fired in honour of the occasion, and a wad from one of the guns entered the cabin of the *Lady Washington* and killed Captain Kendrick, who was at dinner at the time. This was misfortune number one.

Then came the funeral on shore which was the first service of the kind the natives had seen. They thought it a kind of *anaana,* or magic to procure the death of Captain Brown. *Anaana* was a common practice among the Hawaiians under similar circumstances. The sorcerer would secure something belonging to his intended victim, such as a lock of hair, parings of the nails, or even saliva from the mouth, and with this as a bait would make the necessary incantations. Then it was expected that the object of imprecation would speedily pine away and die. Sometimes the *kahuna* would facilitate the operation with poison, but, with such fear was *anaana* regarded, that fear alone was often sufficient to procure the victim's death. The chiefs were, for this reason, always careful to have everything connected with them that was no longer of use burned or buried, so that the wizards might not get hold of it.

So the natives, measuring others by their own standards, believed that Captain Brown was doomed for having killed, though accidentally, the captain of the *Lady Washington.* Soon after, moreover,

they showed themselves willing to act as midwife for the labouring fates, though for the present they contented themselves with robbing the grave of the unfortunate sailor for the sake of getting the winding sheet. The *Lady Washington,* after the tragic death of her captain, sailed for China, but Brown and Gordon remained in port on the most friendly terms with the chiefs whom they had assisted to victory.

For his services in the battle of Kalauao Kalanikapule gave Captain Brown four hundred hogs, and the sailors were kept busy on shore butchering and salting them. It may have been reluctance to see all these stores become the white man's property, or it may have been, as suggested above, a simple desire to connive with Fate, which prompted the Hawaiians to the treacherous deed which followed.

It was on January 1, 1795, that Captain Brown sent his mate Lamport, with four men, ashore to the Kaihikapu salt-pond to procure more salt to complete the pickling of the pork, when suddenly, without warning, Kamohomoho boarded the ships with an armed force, killed both the captains, and made the rest of the crews prisoners. Those on shore, being unarmed and few in number, were totally powerless to prevent the outrage and were easily overpowered. When Lamport and his party returned from the salt-ponds, they were surprised to find the ships in the hands of the chiefs, but could make no resistance. They were beaten and treated with great cruelty, but, since the value of white men as a marketable commodity was rising in the islands, their lives were spared.

Kalanikapule was overjoyed to see so many guns

and so much munition of war in his hands, and, his ambition vaulting to the zenith, he perceived himself already the conqueror of Kamehameha and the master of all the archipelago. He resolved at once to sail with his newly stolen fleet to Hawaii and sweep his rival from the seas.

But he was reckoning without his host, having altogether too low an opinion, not only of his great Hawaiian antagonist, but also of the craft and resource of his white captives. It must be acknowledged, too, that he was a little intoxicated by his sudden and not altogether creditable success.

However, on January 11th, the king had all the arms and stores of every kind brought on board and, embarking some of the chiefs, he had the vessels anchored off Waikiki. Kamohomoho, who was not only older but wiser, strongly advised his nephew to put the foreigners in the canoes, and have natives only on board the ships, but Kalanikapule was not oversure of his own men's ability to handle the ships and decided that he would produce a much finer effect upon Kamehameha if he appeared with a whole ship's crew of foreigners to oppose the much vaunted prowess of Davis and Young.

So, reserving the ships manned by the white sailors for himself and his train, and with the soldiers following in the fleet of canoes, Kalanikapule set sail for his career of conquest.

Alas, as may have been anticipated, he did not get far. At midnight a signal was given and the white men rose up in a body, made a desperate attack on the royal retinue, cleared the decks, and succeeded in confining the king, the queen, and a few attendants in the cabin.

Then they set sail and stood for the south, after a while putting the king and queen and one attendant into a canoe which was being towed astern, and sending them ignominiously ashore.

Then they went on their way to Hawaii, where they received provisions, landed the three remaining prisoners, and informed Kamehameha of their adventures. They also gave up to the favourite of fortune the stores which Kalanikapule had collected for use against Hawaii, and so proceeded on their journey to China.

Thus, not only did Kalanikapule's vaulting ambition o'erleap itself, but all he had schemed and plotted to obtain fell into the very lap of his enemy. Kamehameha had fought hard to earn the smiles of Fortune, but now his wooing time seemed almost over, and the bashful maid seemed ready to surrender herself without a struggle to his arms.

He began at length to believe that the time was ripe to storm the last outworks which kept him back from the proud position of Overlord of the Hawaiian Archipelago.

XXVI

THE LAST STRUGGLE IN OAHU

"It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised."

EVERYTHING now conspired to show that the critical moment was come for Kamehameha to throw his forces against his last rival, Kalanikapule.

Accordingly, all over Hawaii the messengers flew, summoning the chiefs to muster their fighting men and canoes of war. The levy was the largest that had ever been made. No feudatory chief was excused, and when the muster was complete the greatest and best equipped army that had ever heard the strident blast of the Kiha-pu stood ready to follow Kamehameha to victory. It is difficult to estimate accurately the number of warriors engaged in this enterprise, but it was certainly over sixteen thousand, and these the pick of all Hawaii. Sixteen foreigners held commissions under the king, and of these, John Young, Isaac Davis, and Peter Anderson had charge of the cannon.

It was in February, 1795, that the *Great Armada* sailed, under the most favourable auspices. Its

first destination was Maui, where a landing was effected at Lahaina, and the town completely destroyed. The canoes, we are told, lay all along the beach from Launuipoko to Mala, a motley fleet. Some were made from a single tree hollowed out, with outriggers added; some were large vessels from fifty to a hundred feet long, made of planks sewn together, partly decked over, and with a raised platform in the middle for persons of rank. The sails were made of mats, triangular in shape and broad at the top. Some of these canoes must have been marvels of size and workmanship. The great war canoe of Peleioholani, king of Oahu, who died in 1770, held over a hundred and twenty men, besides large quantities of provisions and stores. One portion of a double canoe used to lie on the beach in the south of Hawaii which measured a hundred and eight feet long. Its mate had perished but, when perfect, the vessel must have been of enormous size.

So we may imagine that Kamehameha made with his fleet no inconsiderable show on the coast of Maui. No battle took place, for the victory of the Iao Valley in the last campaign had not been forgotten, and Kalanikapule's brother, Koalaukane, who was in command, fled at once to Oahu to join the main army. In order to destroy any possible chance of insurrection springing up behind him, Kamehameha laid the whole west side of Maui waste.

Then, the army once more embarking, the great array of boats moved on to Molokai, where a landing was made at Kaunakakai, and the beach was covered, as at Lahaina, for a distance of four miles.

It was here that Kamehameha had had his interview with the dying Kalola, at which he obtained charge of the princess Keopuolani. Now he was within measurable distance of fulfilling the vision he had that day had before his eyes.

But there was one little rift within the lute which was prophesying such sweet and melodious success. There had never been any great cordiality between Kaiana and the great Kona chiefs, and of late Kamehameha's opinion of Kaiana was taking form as suspicion and distrust. And not without reason, for Kaiana, vain of his foreign experience, and puffed up with the notice of the white men, and with the scarce-concealed favour of the queen Kaahumanu, felt himself slighted by not being more freely admitted to Kamehameha's councils.

A great council of the leading chiefs was held at Kaunakakai, and Kaiana was not invited. This was enough to kindle into flame the jealousy which had gradually been growing hotter and hotter. He had had no chance in Hawaii of fomenting rebellion, for the loyalty of the Kona chiefs was beyond corruption. Drawn by the magnetism of a will stronger than his own, he had come upon the expedition, contributing his quota of men, canoes and material. But now, under the smart of this last slight, he began to revolve in his mind the chance of finding himself better appreciated in the camp and council of Kalanikapule. By holding the balance in the campaign about to commence he might surely attain that consideration for himself which Kamehameha had enviously denied him. So there was treason in the camp.

The same night that the council was being held at

Kaunakakai, Kaiana was on his way to pay a visit to Namahana, the wife of Keeaumoku, and mother of Kaahumanu. The following dialogue ensued:—

"I have called," said Kaiana, "out of affection for you all, to see how you are. I thought after the sea-voyage that some of you might be unwell; and, as I was coming along, what do I find? The chiefs are holding a council. I was exceedingly astonished that they should do so and not have the grace to send me word."

"Oh," replied Namahana, "they are doubtless discussing secret matters."

"Perhaps," said the indignant chief, suggestively, for he thought that possibly these "secret matters" included some plot against himself.

So he returned to the camp, but on the way paid another visit, this time to Kalaimoku, a high chief related to Kalola and to King Kiwalao. He had been taken prisoner after the battle of Mokuohai, and had since remained the firm friend of his captor, Kamehameha. Kaiana possibly relied upon this common descendant of Keawe to give him some encouragement to revolt against the upstart younger branch of the royal house, but Kalaimoku was discreet and, not only refused to accept Kaiana's hints, but also went and informed Kamehameha of the disloyalty which was hatching.

Kamehameha had fought too many lions to be afraid of one vain and treacherous fox, so he magnanimously took no notice of the matter and allowed Kaiana to commit himself still more deeply to his new and suicidal course. The king knew, moreover, the very slight encouragement Kaiana would meet with, even from his closest associates

and friends. This was exemplified when Kaiana went to bid farewell to his own wife Kekupuohi, and to tell her of his intention to desert the cause of Kamehameha for that of Kalanikapule. She exclaimed with astonishment at his treason that he might do as he liked, but that for her part she would follow "her chief," Kamehameha. Rumour has it that, if Kaiana had succeeded in beguiling the fancy of Kaahumanu, Kamehameha had been no less successful with Kekupuohi. Others are of opinion that husband and wife had decided to remain on opposite sides so that defeat of the one side or the other would not entirely obliterate the hope of mercy.

With no further development of Kaiana's treachery and with no sign that it had been discovered, the fleet started once again. But, in the night, when the voyage to Oahu was more than half completed, Kaiana separated his canoes and followers from the main body of the expedition and landed at Koolau. Whether many followed him in his defection is uncertain, but his brother, Nahiolea, with his immediate friends and retainers, undoubtedly formed part of the deserting force, news welcome enough to Kalanikapule and not unwelcome even to Kamehameha, since, assured of treason, it was well to know its full extent.

These unexpected reinforcements for Kalanikapule crossed to Nuuanu and joined the Oahu army at the same time that Kamehameha was landing his forces at Waialae Bay, the canoes stretching from thence to Waikiki.

The Hawaiian king, however, was in no hurry to attack Kalanikapule, employing a few days arranging and preparing his men for what he meant

to be, as it actually turned out, the most decisive contest in his whole career.

Then he marched up the Nuuanu Valley to meet the forces of Oahu. There is no spot in the Hawaiian Islands so familiar to the outside world, which views the group in the few hours between the arrival and departure of a steamer, than that wonderful break in the mountain range known as the Nuuanu Pali. The mountain ridge runs right through the island of Oahu, rising in places to a height of 4,000 feet and presenting knife-like edges to the north. But it is broken up into a series of gorge-like valleys, each of which provides a death trap for an army. Of these valleys the only one affording easy access to the other side of the island is the Nuuanu Valley. Running, as it does, through the heart of the city of Honolulu, skirted by gardens bright with oleander and pomegranate, and fringed with feathery palms, it is one of the pleasantest drives in which a passing visitor may indulge. Further up, beyond the city and the cemetery and the mausoleum of the kings, the valley narrows, and the dark mountains, clad with forests of *kou, kukui* and *koa,* with thread-like waterfalls descending hundreds of feet to quench the thirst of the plain below, close in upon the road and seem to stretch out great ropes of scarlet *ieie* and other creepers towards the traveller. We pass an old palace of Kamehameha, now quite overgrown with luxuriant flowers and foliage, which fondly embrace the crumbling ruin. Then suddenly comes a *coup d'oeil* such as few lands afford. On either side, before and behind, roll the great Pacific waves towards the white line of the coral reef, and the

smooth, sandy beach. On one side rises the dull, dead crater of Leahi, or Diamond Head, like a lion couchant; on the other the mountains of Kaala with clouds veiling their distant summits. Below, embosomed in foliage, is a city of many thousands of people, and behind is the plain of Kaneohe, the semicircular amphitheatre of some half-submerged volcano, now green with fields of sugar almost to the ocean brink. Close on either side, rise the twin giant peaks of Konahoanui and Waiolani, the portals of the central highlands, through which, swaying the trailing masses of flowering vines, rush the trade winds with terrific force. And, right below, almost a sheer descent, a precipice which is enough to make the brain reel and the eyes swim. This is the Nuuanu Pali. Now there is a path by which a descent may be made with ease; but a century ago it was no place for warriors fleeing before the onset of an infuriated foe.

On the day that Kamehameha marched his forces up the famous valley the scene was much as has been described, except that there was no well-made road and no city nestling at the base of the mountain range. There were also then to be seen a few yards from the summit of the pass, under the shade of surrounding trees, two rude and shapeless idols, one on either side of the path. These were *"Akua no ka Pali,"* "The gods of the precipice." It was customary for every man who passed these images, descending the Pali, to propitiate the divinities by an offering of kapa or flowers and to render like grateful acknowledgment on his return.

All else presented much the same aspect that it does to-day. But what a change the rush of that

fierce torrent of men must have made! Borne on the wind comes the chant of the kahunas, reciting the deeds of the chiefs and urging the men to victory. Then come the shouts of defiant warriors, drowning the songs of the priests. Higher and higher rose the tumult till, like the clash of thunder-clouds in the Black Gorge of Iao, the two forces met, somewhere between Laimi and Puiwa. Whizz through the air went the blood-drinking spears; crash went the mallets and battle-axes; more awful still rattled the muskets and thundered the cannon of the foreigners; shrill came the cries of the wounded and the dying, till the two armies were one struggling mass.

The Oahu army made a brave resistance. At the beginning of the battle it had occupied a strong position behind a stone wall about three miles from Honolulu. Here they held their own obstinately, and here Kaiana, the traitor, stood grimly, reserving his fire, waiting desperately for the only victim he deemed worthy of his bullet. Kamehameha certainly did not avoid him. With the war-god, Kaili, before him, the "lonely one" seemed to tower above every combatant on this awful field, conspicuous everywhere by the insignia of his royal rank, and adding fresh impetus to the attack wherever he appeared among his enthusiastic soldiery. Yet Kaiana waited, watching for his chance.

But he waited too long. John Young brought his artillery to bear upon the wall which protected Kaiana and his men, and at the first discharge the deserter fell, mortally wounded. Then, with a roar like that of the breakers upon the coral reef, the Hawaiians charged up the valley. Kaiana still

lived, hatred keeping back his soul from the world of shades. With heart almost laid bare by his wound, and eyes fast glazing in death, he raised himself against the wall and fired towards the advancing host. But no favouring deity guided the bullet, as he had fondly hoped, to the heart of Kamehameha. It fell dead without its billet and, as though the ineffectual shot had been an emblem of Kaiana's life, he too fell back to the earth and died. Kaiana had the ability to have made a better use of life, but his vanity and ambition stamped all his talents with the curse of futility.

Then came the most awful moment of the battle. Were all the *akua* of Hawaii fighting for Kamehameha? Were the gods angry with Oahu, turning back the trade-winds so that the wet mountain mist filled the pass and hid the precipice from the eyes of the fighters? Kalanikapule and his men were being steadily driven back, then more quickly, then so quickly that the retreat became a rout, a mad, wild, *pilipili* rout, in which the one struggle was to escape the lightning-like spears of Kamehameha and his *alii*. Where they were they knew not, nor knew they that Konahoanui and Waiolani were towering close beside them, till with the shriek of a multitude, there was hurled a sudden avalanche of living men into the whirling caldron of mist,—a cataract of men poured bodily into the night of death a thousand feet below.

Some few escaped by climbing the sides of the adjacent mountains. Kalanikapule found refuge for a time in the secret caves of the highlands, but his army was no more, and most of the highest chiefs of Oahu had perished in the fight.

It was a day of great mourning in Oahu. In every house there was wailing and tearing of hair for the warriors transfixed by the sharp spears or battered to death on the rocks of the Nuuanu Pali. Never had such an array of heroes gone down to the abode of "the great woman of the night." But they had fought well, they were gone to Paliuli, the Blue Mountain, the land of the divine waters of Kane, and as the sun set, men saw the great procession of the dead in the western sky leaving the earth forever by the road of the gods.

Kamehameha recalled with difficulty his victorious troops and now knew that there was, for the first time in Hawaiian history, one king in all the group, and that monarch was himself. Kauai, it is true, still remained unconquered, but the resistance there would amount to little and would speedily die away.

So we may mark this April day of 1795 as a red-letter day in the story of Hawaii;—the day when all opposition to the dream of Kamehameha was broken down, and the Hawaiian chief commenced a reign no less remarkable than the struggle which had prepared the way.

The enthusiasm of the veterans of Hawaii, and specially of the Kona chiefs who had been the pillars of Kamehameha's house of fortune, might well be sufficient to drown even the *auwe* of the men of Oahu, and make them forget the dead for the living, the past defeat for the promise of future peace.[1]

[1] Mr. Ellis seems under the impression that Kalanikapule died in the fight. He says: "The natives still point out the spot where the king of the island stood, when he hurled his

last spear at the advancing foe, and received the fatal wound; and many, as they pass by, turn aside from the path, place their feet on the identical spot where he is said to have stood, assume the attitude in which he is supposed to have received his mortal wound, and poising their staff or their spear, tell their children or companions that there the last king of Oahu died defending his country from its invading enemies."

More authentic accounts say that after hiding for a time in the mountains of Koolau, Kalanikapule was captured in a cave just above Waipio. Like Saul, king of Israel, he could not live after he was fallen and his life was regarded, even by himself, as forfeited to the war-god. The ghastly sacrificial rite was carried out at Moanalua, and there Ku-kaili-moku received his prey.

XXVII

KAMEHAMEHA ESTABLISHES HIS RULE

"Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days.
. . . . . .
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say Amen!"

WHEN the conqueror had completed the division of the lands of Oahu and had to some extent succeeded in appeasing the greed and ambition of his followers, his first impulse was to sail on to Kauai and make thoroughly good his claim to be considered king of all Hawaii.

In order the better to carry his increasing store of artillery, he set his foreign carpenters to work to build for him a vessel of forty tons' burden. This ship-building was going on in February, 1796, when an English captain, not unlike Vancouver in spirit,—Captain Broughton,—came in the *Providence* and anchored off Waikiki. Kamehameha, as usual, visited the ship in state, but signalized his new advance towards civilization by wearing, beneath his feather cloak, an entire European suit of clothes, which added materially, if not to his comfort, to his dignity, at all events in his own estimation. He made very handsome presents to Captain Broughton, but was persistent in his request for

arms and ammunition. The captain, who had seen sufficiently the sad results of civil war in the islands, firmly refused to gratify this sinister appetite, thus following the good example of Vancouver. In other ways he was ready enough to be of service to his native hosts.

One good work accomplished during this visit was the complete survey of the harbour of Honolulu, now made for the first time.

But it was long before Kamehameha's hostile designs against Kauai became manifest to the Englishman, and Broughton, who was profoundly impressed by the awful waste of life which had taken place since he first visited the islands, and by the miserable condition of the people, set himself resolutely to dissuade Kamehameha from his ambitious design. The Hawaiian king, however, as we have already had occasion to note, was not easily diverted from a purpose which he had once deliberately entertained, even by foreigners whom he had learned to trust. So Broughton laboured in vain. He tells us that the conquerors seemed "intent upon nothing but seizing everything that they could grasp." With this sad conviction, he gave over what appeared to be a futile task and sailed for the northwest.

April, 1796, arrived, and Kamehameha's schooner was still unfinished; so the expedition was launched without it. A *heiau* was dedicated with human sacrifices in order to propitiate the divinities and insure success; then the army and the canoes were moved to Waianae. It was from this place they started for their destination, distant only a few hours' journey.

But this few hours' journey he was not destined to accomplish. Before his fleet was more than half-way across, it encountered an enemy against whom four-pounders were of no avail. A heavy storm swooped down upon them in mid-channel; many of the canoes were capsized and their crews given to the sharks; and the rest were glad enough to find once more the friendly shores of Waianae.

The suffering consequent upon the campaigns of the last two or three years was very evident in Oahu, but Kamehameha was not as yet moved to ameliorate it. He had many characteristics in common with William the Conqueror. One of these was that when he had subdued a district and was about to leave it for fresh fields, he would cause the whole stock of provisions in possession of the conqueror to be destroyed, so that the very pressure of famine might make insurrection impossible. So, prior to starting for Kauai, he destroyed the whole stock of hogs in Oahu. The consequences may be imagined. A famine ensued, aggravated by the fact that since the beginning of the war the lands had completely fallen out of cultivation. Nor was famine the only evil. William the Norman by cruel ravages first forced the people to theft and then punished them with barbarous forest laws. In the same way, Kamehameha first provoked the Oahu people to steal from the chiefs and relieve hunger by the breaking of *kapus,* and then punished them for their crime by measures of the most terrible severity, even proceeding to bury some of the offenders alive.

But just at this time an event occurred which confirmed to the mind of Kamehameha his belief

that, if he was to rule by force at all, no half measures were likely to be successful. This was an alarming insurrection in Hawaii, where one would have thought that all opposition had long since died away. The brood of treason, however, is prolific, and hard to scotch. Namakeha, the brother of Kaiana, had been at work ever since his brother's death and, by enlisting in his cause the former partisans of Keoua, had succeeded in raising a very formidable rebellion. At the outset he seemed to carry everything before him. Kau, Puna and Hilo were overrun, and considerable damage was done before the startling news reached the king in Oahu.

Surely this, if anything could be, was a test of Kamehameha's mettle. Could there be anything better calculated to discourage than to labour hard at a building all one's life, and then, just as the topstone, which will make the edifice an eternal monument of glory, is about to be placed with shouts of victory to feel the foundations crumbling? But Kamehameha knew that he had laid his foundations too securely for them to be disturbed by such as Namakeha. It was but a stone loose, and with characteristic stolidity and faith he faced the task before him. It was July, 1796, and Captain Broughton had just returned from Nootka Sound, having touched at Kealakekua Bay, where he was pleased to find that the cattle left by Vancouver had rapidly increased. So Kamehameha threw himself on Broughton's kindness and entreated him to give him a passage to Hawaii to put down the revolt. The captain, in obedience to the rules of the service, was obliged to decline.

Here was another obstacle, but Kamehameha was

not to be put down by the temporary frowning of fortune. His own shattered fleet was rapidly put in good condition and, in August, 1796, a large army embarked.

They landed in the district of Hilo and soon came up with the rebels at a place called Kaipalaoa. It is almost needless to say that the raw recruits of Namakeha could make no effective stand against Kamehameha's veterans, and a complete victory was gained which had the happy result of bringing to an end all opposition to the king's supremacy.

We have come, and (as it may safely be assumed) to the reader's great relief, to the last of Kamehameha's wars. Namakeha was hunted down and offered in sacrifice at the *heiau* of Puuhonua, in Hilo, and with this sacrifice Kaili had to be content for many a long year.

No more was Kamehameha called upon to launch a spear in battle, or summon with the blast of the Kiha-pu his warriors around him. Henceforth we see the king not on the battle-field but in the council chamber, and he who has shown himself in war brave as Ajax will now make his appearance a statesman wise as Ulysses.

No man ever assumed a new rôle with greater ease or greater success. What the "Iron Duke" did for England when, after having fought at Waterloo and secured peace with honour for his country, he found a second life of service as Prime Minister; what Grant did for America as the leader of her armies and as the President of the Republic, that Kamehameha did for the land in which his lot had been cast.

But, before we come to the history of Kame-

hameha's statesmanship, there is another "last thing" which in a way is as significant as the cessation of the battles. This was a murderous attack on some of Broughton's men at Niihau. The *Providence* had been visited many times by Kamehameha, and the queen Kaahumanu even presented Broughton with a canoe in which she had lately attempted elopement. She had nearly succeeded in reaching Kauai when overtaken. The fickle dame perhaps thought that unless she gave away the canoe she might be tempted a second time, or possibly that she might be luckier with another boat.

Broughton then went north and arrived at Niihau. The natives appeared friendly and he had no hesitation in sending the cutter, with only two armed mariners, for yams. But, oh, accursed lust of iron! The natives, perceiving the smallness of the party, immediately attacked and killed both the men. An armed party was sent to the assistance of the other men in the boat and, by way of punishment, the village was burned and sixteen canoes destroyed. Four natives were killed in the affray.

This, as we have said, is the last affair of the kind which we meet with in the history of Hawaii and so becomes another mark of the transition through which the country was passing on its way from feudal anarchy to constitutional government.

Kamehameha had become king and king he intended to be, not only in name but in fact. How he ruled and what he achieved it will now be our task to describe.

XXVIII

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION UNDER THE MONARCHY

"Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit."

THE transition from the heroic to the constitutional period of Hawaiian history is well marked, and perhaps the most remarkable feature of Kamehameha's career is the facility with which he threw aside the spear of the warrior to assume the sceptre of the administrator.

Great changes had necessarily to be made and in order that we may understand them it is necessary to have some idea of the social condition of the country at and up to this time.

The people as a whole were divided into four castes or classes: the chiefs, the priests, the citizens and the serfs.

The head of the body social consisted of the *alii,* or chiefs. These possessed a sacred character as the descendants of the gods, and, by a process of natural selection, had become physically almost a separate race. It is easy, even to-day, when the

old social distinctions have been obliterated, to tell the descendant of a chief from one of the common people. No one could rise to the rank of a chief and none could lose his rank by any process of degradation. Once a chief, always a chief, was the rule, and the most ignominious defeat could not deprive a man of his hereditary distinction. So it happened that when a chief was captured in battle he was as a rule slain or sacrificed to the gods. To spare him would but add to his humiliation.

Among the people the chiefs were treated with all the reverence deemed due to those who were reported to be the progeny of the gods, and in league with spiritual powers. Their birth was announced by supernatural signs, such as thunder, lightning, rainbows, and meteors, and to the hour of their death they were marked off from the populace by an intricate system of compulsory etiquette. They had the right to wear the ivory clasp called the *palaoa,* the sacred feather wreath, and the red feather cloak and helmet, while their canoes were specially marked out by being painted red, with sails of red and a red pennon. Wherever a high chief went he was attended by all sorts of functionaries, and bore about with him his *hokeo,* a calabash trunk containing his baggage. In most cases this included the bones of the famous warriors slain by him in battle. These grim relics were often made the means of identifying a chief who landed upon a strange shore without other credentials. It is even said that the *alii* had a special language of their own, the words of which were changed from time to time as they became known to the common people.

Next in order came the *kahunas,* or priests, who were of several orders which were preserved from generation to generation by hereditary succession. The highest order was that whose descent was traced from Paao, the priest who, in an early period of Hawaiian history, came from Upolo in Samoa and introduced the *puloulou,* or *kapu*-stick, still represented upon the Hawaiian coins. The last official representative of this line was Hewahewa, the high priest at the close of Kamehameha's reign. It was this man who played the part of Coifi, in early Saxon history, by assisting the king, Kamehameha II, in the destruction of the idols.

The priesthood had great power over the people, as was natural from the fact that they were believed to be in constant communication with the unseen powers. There was a very practical reason, too, in the fact that they had the selecting of the sacrifices to the gods. It was well to keep on good terms with such folk as these. Even the kings who ventured to quarrel with the priests generally came off second best in the end, and one of the most impressive of the island legends tells of the chief Hua who defied the priesthood and went mad. The terrible result of his sacrilegious opposition was summed up in the popular proverb: "Rattling are the bones of Hua in the sun."

The duties of the priests varied according to the particular order to which they belonged. Some formed the colleges of learning and kept up the sciences and arts, such as astronomy, astrology, architecture and medicine. Some were depositories of the genealogies and traditions of the land, and were entrusted with the duty of preserving and

teaching to the children the temple prayers, hymns, and ritual. Below these were orders employed in magic, such as the *kilokilo,* or diviners, the *kahunaanaana,* or sorcerers, and the *kahunalapaau,* or wizard doctors. The priest with his hair hanging to his knees, his face wrinkled with age, and his deep-set eyes, was a very important member of society.

The third class consisted of the large mass of free citizens who held land in feudal tenure from the chiefs under whom they fought in battle.

Lastly, at the bottom of the social ladder, were the serfs, who had no rights and were simply human chattels, hewers of wood and drawers of water for all and each of the classes above them.

Matters arising out of disputes between class and class, or between individual chiefs, were settled by a College of Heraldry whose work was of an interesting, complicated and delicate nature.

All land was taxed to contribute to the support of the king and his court. The smallest division of land capable of being taxed was called an *ili;* next came the *ahapuaa,* which had to contribute one hog monthly to the king; then came the *okana,* a piece of land comprising several estates or villages; and lastly, the *moku,* which consisted of a whole island or district.

The feudal system governed all relations between the various classes. Each class contributed its tax to the class immediately above it, and thence tribute was paid in bulk to the king. The material of taxation consisted of articles of food, such as hogs, fish, bananas, and sweet potatoes, *kukui* nuts with which to make torches, feathers with which to make

cloaks and helmets, and calabashes in which to deposit the food and treasures of the chiefs. Later on it included vast quantities of sandal-wood, which was so squandered in the trade with foreign nations that the tree, for purposes of trade, has by now become practically extinct.

Besides this, there was a labour tax, by virtue of which certain days in every moon had to be employed by the people in cultivating the taro patches of the chiefs. In addition to this, all public works demanded the free and unrewarded labour of the people, without distinction of class. Fish-ponds and heiaus absorbed an enormous amount of labour, owing to the difficulty of excavating and transporting the stone.

Lastly, every district was subject to irregular demands such as were occasioned by the visit of a chief with relatives and retainers. When it is remembered what a large retinue a prominent chief might bring with him, and the comprehensiveness of their needs, it may readily be understood that these irregular taxes were by no means the least irksome. It is no wonder that sometimes the inhabitants of a district became almost as restive under the inconveniently protracted attentions of one of their chiefs as the Kona people in general became during the sojourn of Captain Cook.

The most radical changes made by Kamehameha in the government of the islands were in the direction of centralizing all power in his own person. All the lands of the kingdom, he proclaimed, were his absolutely, by right of conquest. Everything the people possessed, their time, their labour, even their families, were his, and while the persons of

his subjects were always at his disposal for military service, their property was his to be apportioned, as he chose, among his followers.

The old system of district chiefs was regarded as dangerous, inasmuch as it left the chief the undisputed monarch of a whole district, and afforded temptation and opportunity for rebellion. Kamehameha had experienced the inconvenience of this method of distribution in the case of Keoua and Keawemauhili. So he minimized the chances of sedition by giving the chiefs land in detached portions, far apart, so that nowhere would one chief be strong enough to risk a show of disloyalty.

For the same reason, he thought it good that the more ambitious and restless chiefs should have plenty to do around him, instead of being allowed to stay at home and meditate revolt. This was a piece of policy he may have learned of Alapainui, who was king in Hawaii when Kamehameha was a boy. At any rate, wherever the king went, the court was swelled by the attendance of the boldest warriors and highest alii in the land, among whom the king lavished his favours and commands.

The court of Kamehameha was formidable alike in numbers and on account of the etiquette required. Attendants of all kinds performed all sorts of duties. *Kahili* bearers gracefully waved their feather standards above the royal head; spittoon bearers were busy in their humbler way; sleep watchers stood prepared to attend his majesty should he feel disposed to doze; stewards kept calabashes full of provender at hand to tempt and appease the royal appetite; massageurs were by his side to offer the grateful solace of *lomilomi,* should

he feel fatigue. Or if the king were on business bent, here were the messengers ready to run leagues with his messages; here were the spies ready to ferret out the secrets of his enemies; here the prophets and astrologers ready to counsel him as to the decrees of fate; and here were those very practical servants, the executioners, ready to shed blood for their master's security or pleasure. Or again, should the king be disposed to relaxation, there in a moment were the musicians beating their drums or twanging their strings; there were the *hula* dancers gliding forth with graceful but licentious movement; there the buffoons to make his majesty merry; there poets and historians to delight and instruct at once with the name-songs of olden heroes and the battle-lyrics of bygone days.

Kamehameha's reign became famous for the attention devoted to the *meles,* or historical chants, and many a one which is still preserved we owe to the days of peace when the court of the king occupied itself with hearing and committing to memory the deeds of Kualii and the demi-gods of the prehistoric times.

Altogether the etiquette of Kamehameha's court might not have proved uncongenial to the *Grand Monarque.* For every transgression there was one uniform penalty,—death. It was death to remain standing if the king's name were mentioned in a *mele,* so an audience must needs have been exceedingly attentive to the poets who sang their songs; death, again, if you remained standing whilst the king's food or water or clothing was being carried by; death, once more, to wear any of the king's clothing.

But why prolong the list of offenses? It is certain that in these times the chance of living to a green old age was not brilliant, and the man who never crossed the king's shadow, or stood at an elevation above the king, or did this or that, or omitted to do this or that, certainly deserved never to die at all.

Kamehameha kept up the court etiquette rigidly, believing that any relaxation of discipline would impair his influence. He also employed a large staff of informers and spies, preferring for this purpose the ladies of the court. He believed either that few men were so wise that they could not be revealed as foolish in the hands of the women, or else that few women were so incompetent as not to be able to twirl around their little finger the most reticent of conspirators.

The trustiest men in the whole court were selected as Governors of the several islands, and their proved fidelity had much to do with the establishment of the royal power on a solid basis. It is significant of this that when the monarch was shorn of much of his power by the Revolution of 1887, the abolition of the governorships was one of the very first steps taken in framing the new constitution.

In the appointment of Governors Kamehameha always had regard to fidelity and capacity rather than to rank. Indeed, he knew that a governor not of high rank would have so much less chance of becoming the king's rival rather than his representative. John Young was made Governor of Hawaii and proved a very able administrator, while Keeaumoku received the reward of his long and signal services by being created Governor of Maui.

The minor officials of the kingdom, such as tax-gatherers, heads of districts, district magistrates, and the like, were appointed by the Governors. At the court Kamehameha took no step without consulting the four great Kona chiefs, who had raised him from obscurity to supreme power. To these was now added Kalanimoku, "the iron cable of Hawaii," who acted as Treasurer and Prime Minister, and, in allusion to his distinguished services, received from the English sailors the alias of "*William Pitt.*"

Kamehameha preserved in his policy a judicious mean between the old traditional methods of government and those such as western civilization was in due time to bring into force.

With regard to the *kapus,* the king remained as strict as ever. He saw a most powerful engine of state in the respect paid by the people to traditional customs, and maintained the whole code, especially that part which hedged about the king's divinity, with the utmost severity. Barbarous as was the system, Kamehameha, from his own point of view, was undoubtedly right, and, until the Hawaiian had been enlightened by the introduction of the new law of the Gospel, it was certainly preferable for them to follow a harsh and capricious law rather than be given over altogether to moral anarchy. Kamehameha II probably did more harm than good by abolishing the kapus before the people had anything to put in their place. Negative and destructive work alone can never advance the morality of a nation, but may only expose it to those seven-fold worse evils which are always awaiting the permission to enter.

With regard to agriculture, Kamehameha showed himself thoroughly in earnest in promoting the true welfare of his subjects. Agriculture, it is true, was in a very primitive state. The earth brought forth so spontaneously and abundantly that very little labour was necessary to procure a crop of taro, yams, sugar-cane, bananas, gourds for calabashes, *wauke* for *kapa* cloth, *awa* for strong liquors, and the implements used did not go beyond the *oo* stick of hard wood, sharpened at one end and flattened like a spade at the other, with which to break up the harder clods.

Yet, on occasion, very extensive works were carried on. Terraces were built on the slopes of the mountains, the taro-patches were banked round to retain the water, and ditches for irrigation were constructed which were miles in length. All these works Kamehameha encouraged by every means in his power, in order that the ravages of war might be as speedily as possible repaired.

To the same end he adopted strong measures for the extermination of the bands of brigands, thieves and murderers, who had taken advantage of the disturbed condition of the country to establish their dens in various localities. By and by it could be said, as it was said of Saxon England at the close of Alfred's reign, that "the old men and the children could sleep unharmed on the highways."

In dealing with foreigners Kamehameha displayed uniformly the most remarkable shrewdness, intelligence and tact. Mr. Ellis relates that the king on many occasions prevented the murderous intents of certain chiefs from being carried into effect against the sailors, and it was his constant

endeavour to show every mark of friendship to those who visited his dominions, rendering to the captains who touched at his ports the promptest and most acceptable aid. He had learned, while on Hawaii, during the truce with Keoua, to what profit the visits of the foreign ships could be turned, and now that the opportunity was afforded him, he took care to turn his experience to practical account. So he protected the white men wherever they chose to stay, showed them abundant hospitality, set an example of fair dealing, and soon gained such confidence that a considerable and legitimate trade was established between Hawaii and the continents bordering on either side of the Pacific.

To this enviable reputation he owed not a little of the peace and prosperity which characterized the remainder of his reign.

XXIX

SOJOURN IN HAWAII FROM 1796 TO 1802

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd."

THE immediate occasion of Kamehameha's visit to Hawaii was, as we have seen, the suppression of the revolt of Namakeha, but, this accomplished, he stayed on in various parts of the island, principally in Hilo, for the greater part of six years. Hawaii, the island of his birth, was also the home of his affections, as well as the largest and, up to this time, the most important part of his dominions. Thus the king found ample employment in making the tour of the districts, encouraging people in the construction of fish-ponds and taro-patches, and in the erection of *heiaus* for the worship of the gods.

But what occupied his energies most of all was the building of a flotilla of ships and canoes in

which he might be able to pay his anticipated visit to Kauai. Nowhere was there in the islands better material for this than in the dense forests behind the village of Hilo, and here, week after week and month after month, the woods echoed with the crash of falling trees, from which might be fashioned the *peleleu,* or war canoes, such as the king desired. But Kamehameha was no longer satisfied with the open canoes which had contented his forefathers and, under the direction of a white carpenter, James Boyd, the natives succeeded in building several small decked vessels such as were more in accord with the ambitious views of the monarch.

The ships were equipped with all sorts of stores obtained by all sorts of devices and at all sorts of times. For instance, the wreck of Captain Barber's ship, *Arthur,* on what has since been known as Barber's Point, proved quite a godsend, inasmuch as it provided one or two more cannon for the royal armament. In such ways as this Kamehameha's fleet grew to a formidable size.

It was at this time that the incident occurred which showed that the king, with all his barbarity and revengeful disposition, could yet occasionally exhibit a generous and forgiving spirit. One day there were brought into Kamehameha's presence the fishermen of Puna who in the skirmish of 1783, already referred to, had so nearly diverted the stream of history by beating the king about the head with a paddle. In accordance with the barbarous custom of the time, their wives and children were dragged with them to share whatever punishment might be awarded. There was little doubt in the minds of those who stood by that the punishment would be

death, and the courtiers suggested, perhaps with an eye to their own pleasureable participation in the performance, that the culprits should be stoned. Greatly, however, to their surprise and doubtless to the surprise of the fisherfolk themselves, Kamehameha released the men unharmed, and immediately after published a decree known as *Mamalahoe,* "the decree of the splintered paddle," forbidding, under penalty of death, any of those wanton raids such as that in which he had so nearly come to grief.

This was a great victory for the king, since it had been gained over himself. Kings are not always so willing to pass retrospective judgment upon their own escapades. We may be quite sure that if the incident created surprise, the surprise, to the Puna people at least, was a truly pleasant emotion.

The most important event in connection with Kamehameha's stay at Hilo was the birth of an heir to the throne. Sons the king had already in plenty, some of them grown up, but all these were out of the question so far as the succession was concerned, because of the comparatively low birth of their mothers. Kaahumanu had, we may remember, made a bargain on her marriage that her own children were to be considered heirs to the exclusion of all others, but Providence had not blessed this lady with the issue she desired. However, Keopuolani, the latest wife of Kamehameha, fulfilled in every respect the requirements of a queen-mother. She had in her veins, as we have seen, the very bluest blood in all the islands, such rank as the king himself was fain to acknowledge on public occasions by approaching her upon his knees; she connected him also with the ancient and legitimate royal line; and

now, to crown all, in the year 1797 she presented him with a son through whom the dynasty might be carried on after his decease. The only circumstance which had anything of the nature of a *contretemps* was that the birth took place at Hilo instead of at Ewa. For as there was a proper place for chiefs to be buried, there was also a place in which it was meet that high chiefs should be born. This was Kukaniloku, an ancient sanctuary built by Nanamaoa, in the Ewa district of Oahu. Chiefs born here were born to rule, "born in the purple," and were entitled to rank as the very highest *kapu* chiefs. In the sanctuary of Kukaniloku hung the sacred drum, Hawea, and whenever the sound of this startled the inhabitants of the village, it was known at once that a chief was born destined to play a conspicuous part in the drama of his country's history.

It had been Kamehameha's fond design, prescient in this as in other matters, to fulfill every requirement of Hawaiian superstition, and to have his heir born in the auspicious spot. But his intentions were frustrated by the sudden illness of Keopuolani, and the young prince had to be content with Hilo as a birthplace. In this respect he was no worse off than many of his betters, and had he proved as strong and as brave as some of his Hilo-born progenitors, he might still have made a much kinglier figure than he did as the first successor to the illustrious founder of the line.

Disappointed as Kamehameha may have been at his son's birthplace being as it was, he was still vastly pleased to have an heir and delayed no longer than the boy's fifth year in proclaiming him heir-apparent, consecrating him to that position in the

temples by all the sacred rites known to the priesthood. The boy was named Kalaninuiliholiho, "the great blackness of the heavens," but for short he was generally called Liholiho, and afterwards Kamehameha II.

It may have been set down by the people to some divine participation in the above-mentioned rites that in the year 1801 a terrible eruption from the crater of Hualalai, in the Kona district, occurred. Perhaps it was the fairy godmother Pele coming to the baptism of Liholiho as heir, or perhaps, foreseeing that the boy was destined to abolish her cult, she was endeavouring to give him some taste of her displeasure. Hualalai is a crater upwards of 8,000 feet high in the western part of Hawaii, in North Kona, a district not nearly so actively volcanic as some other parts of the island. So much the greater therefore was the consternation of the people when suddenly the lava streams burst forth from the western slope of the mountain and rolled down in a fiery tide towards the Nawili Point. The fish-pond of Paiea was swallowed up by the devouring element, villages and cocoanut groves were swept before it and, as it rolled on to the sea, it threatened to spread out in a broad sheet of *pahoehoe* and lick up all the country in its fiery jaws. Sacrifices were made to Pele in vain, holocausts of hogs made no difference to the irate goddess, and but one hope remained. This was that Kamehameha, the friend of Pele, should come and exert his influence with the deity and stop the lava flow. Kamehameha came and, cutting off some of his hair, which was esteemed peculiarly sacred, offered this as a peace-offering to the goddess. Whether this was the love-

lock for which the capricious Pele had been pining or not we cannot tell, but certain it is that, a day or two after, the tide of fire stayed its course and the villagers of North Kona once more breathed a little freely. Never since that day has Hualalai ventured to open its fiery mouth.

Shortly after this Kamehameha, fearing perhaps that Pele might be claiming locks of hair in other places besides Hualalai and so leave him bald, left the island of volcanoes for the middle land of Maui.

XXX

KAMEHAMEHA STAYS AT LAHAINA

"The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms, and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise."

KAMEHAMEHA, in visiting Lahaina, was coming to a town which had been for many generations a royal court. In olden times it was called Lele, and it was here that Kakaalaneo first planted the bread-fruit tree which now flourishes so well in the locality. In 1793 Vancouver's description of "*Raheina,*" as he calls it, shows that the inter-island wars had seriously impaired its former beauty and importance. He says:

"The village of Raheina is of some extent towards the northwest part of the roadstead. It seemed to be pleasantly situated on a space of low or rather gently elevated land in the midst of a grove of bread-fruit, cocoanut and other trees. To the eastward the country seemed nearly barren and uncultivated, and the shores were bounded by a reef on which the surf seemed to break with so much

force as to preclude any landing with our boats. In the village the houses seemed to be numerous and to be well inhabited. A few of the natives visited the ships; these brought but little with them and most of them were in very small and miserable canoes. These circumstances strongly indicated their poverty, and proved what had been frequently asserted at Owhyhee that Mowee and its neighbouring islands were reduced to great indigence by the wars in which for many years they had been engaged."

The present writer would like to give Lahaina a much better character, though it is no longer so important as when it was the headquarters of the North Pacific whale fishery, and though the heat is at times more oppressive than anywhere else in the islands. But no change of fortune can take away the delight of the bathing on that wonderful coral beach, or the glories of the marvellous sunsets, with all the sky between Lanai and Molokai glowing with gold and crimson as the purple shadows of the islands deepen into the dark. And then, what unsurpassable valleys lie behind the town, valleys which open up a land of delicious coolness, a wilderness of fruits and flowers, a paradise of ferns, a land of rushing waters. Just out of Lahaina, the scenery is such as is often depicted in views of Palestine. Enormous boulders of stone, perpetually recurring streamlets or dry torrent beds, low scraggy bushes, clumps of *kukui,* or candle-nut tree, with silvery foliage,—all makes a picturesque foreground for the magnificent mountains illuminated with all the glory of the Hawaiian sunlight.

Well, it was to a spot thus favoured by nature and rich in historic and legendary association that

Kamehameha came in 1802 on a state visit, attended by the host of *peleleu* which had been constructed during his long sojourn at Hilo.

A suitable residence had already been prepared, since, a year or two before, two foreigners had built for the king a two-story brick house, a wonderful edifice in the native eyes. This building, known as the *Brick Palace,* stood for over seventy years on the site of the present market. It was a well-built structure, forty feet by twenty, divided on each floor into four rooms by well-boarded partitions. In the next reign it was used as a warehouse. So delighted was Kamehameha with this new abode that he stayed here over a year, making Lahaina the headquarters from whence he collected the trees from the people of Lanai, Maui and the adjacent islands. At Wailuku the taxes were paid on a square rock in the middle of the Iao River by all who crossed the stream. All kinds of goods were received, some paying in *kapa,* or mats, or baskets, and some in dogs, hogs, fowl or fish.

The king also filled up the time by consecrating many *heiaus* in different parts of the island, using the customary barbarous rites and training his youthful heir to participate in the various functions of royalty. A favourite Maui idol which gained much attention at the time was Keoloewa, a wooden image clothed in white *kapa,* with the head and neck formed of wickerwork and covered with red feathers to resemble the skin of a bird. On the head was a native helmet, and long tresses of human hair hung down over the shoulders. With the usual large distended mouth, it was not a pleasing deity to view.

It was while at Lahaina, moreover, that Kamehameha became the proud possessor of a new accomplishment, that of riding on horseback.

In May, 1803, Captain Cleveland, who was on his way from California to China, landed on the islands and brought with him the first specimens of the equine race the natives had ever seen. He landed a mare and foal at Kawaihae, in Hawaii, as a present for John Young, and, two days later, conscious no doubt that it would not do to honour the subordinate without remembering the superior, he sent a horse and mare for the king. The *lio,* as the animals were called, excited unbounded admiration and in the king's heart a new ambition was conceived. Kamehameha was well advanced in years, but he was not to be conquered, and, however amusing his first attempts at horsemanship may have been, he succeeded ere long in becoming a thoroughly good equestrian.

At the present day all Hawaiians are good horsemen, riding down some of the most dangerous *palis* with little or no diminution of speed. Drunken men, with arms and legs moving like the sails of a windmill, will gallop about recklessly, and yet by a miracle never seem to fall off. From childhood the boys and girls take to the wiry little mountain steeds as they take to the sea, and it is a picturesque sight to watch a company of men in scarlet shirts and garlanded straw hats, and women in the long, flowing, yellow *pau,* riding out on some moonlight excursion. It is interesting, as we watch, to remember that in this, as in so many other things, Kamehameha, old as he was, led the way.

Yet with all his vigour there were at this time

several reminders of the lapse of years and of the inevitable passing away of earthly things.

First, came the death of his old friend Kameeiamoku, at a good old age, at Puuki, in Lahaina. He had been a brave and faithful soldier, counsellor and friend, and left a son equally devoted, the well-known chief Hoapili, who was afterwards entrusted with the disposal of Kamehameha's bones.

A still greater loss came in the death of the "Crab of the Evening," the illustrious Keeaumoku, who passed away in 1804. His restless heart had found its ideal at last, the kingmaker had found and acknowledged his king, and now, as Governor of the Windward Islands, he passed peacefully away from the scene of his many vicissitudes, according to the prophecy of Keaulumoku. There was great grief through all the land, and part of the dirge which was sung in his memory has been preserved by Mr. Ellis, as follows:

"Alas, alas, dead is my chief,
Dead is my lord and my friend;
My friend in the season of famine,
My friend in the time of drought,
My friend in my poverty,
My friend in the rain and the wind,
My friend in the heat of the sun,
My friend in the cold from the mountains,
My friend in the storm, in the calm,
My friend in the eight seas,
Alas, alas, gone is my friend,
And no more will return."

With singular appropriateness might we place these words into the mouth of Kamehameha, for every expression is literally true.

XXXI

RETURN TO OAHU

"Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd without one hostile scar."

IT may have been the death of his old friend Keeaumoku which caused Kamehameha to desire a change of scene. At any rate, soon after the sad funeral rites, the king gathered together his fleet and army and sailed once more for Oahu.

The fleet was at this time of no mean proportions. Besides all the canoes which connected with the olden times, there were about twenty small vessels of from twenty to forty tons burden, some of them copper bottomed. For a schooner and a sum of money he also obtained from a Mr. Shales a brig of 175 tons. This vessel, the *Lelia Byrd,* had been aground in California and leaked badly, but was eagerly seized by the king as a means of undertaking, on his own account, a little trade with China. The king's carpenter, George McClay, put in the ship a new keel, and nearly re-planked her, and she afterwards made two or three voyages to China with cargoes of sandalwood. Finally, she sank near Canton and the king's trading venture came to an untimely end.

It may be surmised that Kamehameha had not entirely forgotten that Kauai was still nominally independent. Indeed, the anxiety to recruit the fleet

had been in great part due to the desire to take possession of the "garden of the north." In 1805 the preparations to this end were pushed on most vigorously and the coveted isle would doubtless have been compelled to yield but for another intervention of the powers unseen through which the expedition was postponed and almost half the army destroyed.

This mysterious visitation was the great pestilence, known as the *Mai Okuu,* which broke out among the troops and spread with such alarming rapidity that nearly half the army perished. It is impossible to say exactly what the disease was, but it is believed to have been cholera. Kamehameha himself was attacked but recovered, only, however, to mourn the death of more of his staunch friends and counsellors. Indeed, only Kalanimoku was now left, and the king must have returned to his task saddened by the feeling that his own work was almost over. The death of his great chiefs was half his own death: like Arthur in the "*Idylls*" he might have said:

"And they, my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me."

Two years later, or less, another misfortune came in the alarming illness of Queen Keopuolani. She was staying at Waikiki when she was attacked and the *kahuna* who was called in declared that her sickness was sent by the gods, who had been offended because certain men had partaken of the *kapu* cocoanuts. It appears rather hard that the offense should have been visited upon the innocent queen, but it shows how thoroughly every one believed in the

solidarity of the nation and its unity of interest, that no one could sin without the whole body of the people sharing the suffering. But Kamehameha, like Joshua in the case of Achan, was swift to avenge the iniquitous act which had produced such far-reaching consequences. Ten men were seized as victims, and would undoubtedly have been slain had not the queen recovered almost as suddenly as she had been taken ill. In such case the king was bound to show leniency, so he only executed three out of the ten who had been arrested. *Pour encourager les autres,* they were sacrificed in the *heiau* at the foot of Leahi, or Diamond Head.

We are able to form some idea of the king's style of living at this time from the description given by Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotch sailor who arrived about 1809 and spent about a year in Oahu. He gives one of the first descriptions of Honolulu that we possess.

It was a village, he says, of several hundred huts, well shaded with groves of cocoanut trees. Close to the shore was the king's house, surrounded by a strong palisading, and distinguished from the adjacent dwellings by the British colours hoisted from the house, and by a battery of sixteen carriage guns which belonged to the *Lelia Byrd.* The ship itself, meanwhile, lay unrigged in the harbour. "At a short distance," he adds, "were two large storehouses built of stone, which contained the European articles belonging to the king." The royal fleet was hauled up high and dry on Waikiki beach, and sheds were built over them to protect them from the sun and rain. One small sloop was employed as a kind of packet-boat to ply between Oahu and

Hawaii, in order to keep the king in touch with all parts of his dominions. Captain Harbottle, an old resident, we are told, generally acted as pilot.

From Campbell we also learn of the singular scene which was witnessed when Kamehameha's favourite brother, Keliimaikai, "the good chief," went the way of all flesh in this same year, 1809.

A great funeral was always an occasion for unrestrained anarchy and license, and though this time the license was more moderate than was the rule in previous reigns, still the conduct of the natives was most frightful and revolting. The knocking out of teeth and the general wailing were but mild manifestations of the universal grief; there was a general casting off of clothing and all the ordinary restraints of decency were forgotten wantonly and completely.

It might have been expected that Kamehameha would have taken precautions to stop so shocking an exhibition, but when appealed to by the captains of the foreign vessels in port, he replied that such was the law and it was impossible for him to alter it. Probably he was right. It was only by long experience of true civilization that the Hawaiians would be able to gain such control over their feelings as would enable them to mourn like men rather than like distracted children. Even a generation or so ago it was possible to see exhibitions of frenzied grief among the natives which were but a little removed from the madness of the old heathen days.

Kamehameha had had so many griefs of late that he may be excused if he speedily forgot them and turned himself once more to the task of government.

In 1810 the British man-of-war *Duke of Portland,* under Captain Spence, visited the islands, and Kamehameha bethought himself of all that Great Britain had promised him through Vancouver. No, not of all, for he seems to have overlooked the promise of the missionaries, and remembered only the promise as to ships and guns. So he brought on board a magnificent feather cloak to be taken as a present to King George III, and dedicated a letter to the same monarch reminding him pointedly of Vancouver's promise to send him a vessel with brass guns.

It is interesting to note this little episode which connects the two kings. Separated as they were by ten thousand miles of sea and land, Kamehameha and George III were almost exactly contemporaneous. Yet, what a contrast between "Farmer George" and the "Napoleon of the Pacific"! Perhaps if they could have changed places, a king of England, leading his armies in person, would have tasked the genius and courage of the Corsican and outshone the lustre of the "Iron Duke."

XXXII

THE CESSION OF KAUAI

"The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth."

KAUAI, "the garden of Hawaii," had, with its island satellite Niihau, so far remained outside the dominion of Kamehameha. The exception, as we have seen, was due more to the compelling force of storm and pestilence than to the prowess of the Kauai warriors. But Kamehameha was another Bruce in pertinacity and, having marched so far towards his goal, he was not likely to give up at the last lap. So far from this, every period of leisure allowed him by his other duties only intensified his longing to gain possession of the garden isle.

The ruler of Kauai was at this time the chief Kaumualii, who as a youth had attracted the favourable notice of Vancouver. For some time this able chief had been under the tutelage of the wily Inamoo, but he had now taken the reins of government into his own hands and was justifying all the promise of his early years. It was testified of him by Mr. Stewart, a missionary, that "he never knew of a word or action of his that was unbecoming a prince, or even inconsistent with the character of a pious man." Brave in war and the best surf-swim-

mer in the islands, as well as the only Hawaiian of his time able to read and write, he seemed predestined to success.

His success, however, did not lead him into a fool's paradise. He was intelligent enough to perceive that however well drilled and armed his warriors might be, they were in no respect equal to those of Kamehameha. He was not blind to the ultimate destiny of his island realm, and even seems to have contemplated flight to the American continent in the last extremity, for he ordered the mechanics in his employ to build him a ship in which, if need were, he could leave the land of his fathers of which fortune threatened to dispossess him.

Meanwhile, however, he contented himself with negotiations and on several occasions sent presents and messages to the conqueror of Oahu. Kamehameha reciprocated in friendly fashion, but allowed the young chief to see that the surrender of Kauai was necessary before peace could be regarded as secure.

At last Kaumualii, feeling the hopelessness of defending his patrimony by force, sent his cousin Kamahalolani to Oahu charged with the task of approaching Kamehameha and laying before him an acknowledgment of feudal dependence.

The submission was not quite abject enough for the proud spirit of Kamehameha, and he demanded that the Kauai chief, instead of treating through ambassadors, should come himself and in person make the cession of the islands. On his own part, he assured Kaumualii, there need be no fear as to his safety. For that he would pledge his honour.

Unfortunately, the memory of Keoua's end on the

beach of Hawaii was not yet faded from the minds of men, and Kaumualii may be excused for doubting whether Kamehameha's honour was a sufficient pledge with such a matter at stake. Happily, however, another pledge was forthcoming, thanks to Kaumualii's friendly relations with the white men. Among the foreigners then in Kauai was a genial American captain, Jonathan Windship, engaged in the sandalwood traffic. He had been attracted to Kaumualii by his intelligence, as shown by the already mentioned fact that he was the only native who could read and write. He was desirous, moreover, of terminating the long hostility which, though smothered, still smouldered unintermittingly between the chiefs of Hawaii and Kauai, and foresaw, in the union of the islands, security for good government such as was otherwise impossible. So Captain Windship came to Kaumualii and counselled him to sail with him to Honolulu to meet Kamehameha. His presence as passenger on a white man's ship would to a certain extent minimize the risk of treachery and, to show that he considered the risk of the very slightest, he left behind in Kauai his mate as a surety for the life of his charge.

With this arrangement Kaumualii was content, and in due course arrived in Honolulu. Here Kamehameha acted in the most generous and honourable manner. He came on board the ship as soon as it reached Oahu, and when Kaumualii had laid the lordship of the island at his feet, bade him rise and remain Governor of Kauai for the rest of his life, on the one condition that he recognized Kamehameha as his feudal lord and Liholiho as his heir and successor.

Kaumualii was then induced to land and was treated with the greatest consideration and hospitality. But Kamehameha in this negotiation showed himself infinitely superior to the chiefs who surrounded him. They could not endure the thought of Kaumualii going back on such easy terms. It was to them gall and wormwood that this chief, after so prolonged a resistance, was returning home in peace, and they perhaps saw in his friendliness with the whites a possible menace to the continued prestige of their king. So, going to Kamehameha, they endeavoured by the use of every specious art to obtain permission for the assassination of their guest. To his honour, Kamehameha indignantly refused and the chiefs retired baffled and confused.

But even Kamehameha's refusal was not sufficient to induce them to forego their murderous design, and Kaumualii would doubtless even yet have fallen a victim but for the vigilance of the white chief, Isaac Davis. Hawaiian chiefs knew other ways of dealing out death beside open assassination, and when Kaumualii was invited to partake of a sumptuous *luau*, or feast, spread for him on the beach of Waikahulu, it was intended that a poisoned calabash should do the work as easily and effectually as the blood-drinking spear. Davis, however, heard of the plot and sent the prince a warning.

So it came to pass that the chiefs sat down to their feast, eagerly expecting the guest in whose honour the banquet had been spread. But, lo, instead of Kaumualii, there came a messenger who reported that Captain Windship had been obliged to sail at short notice, and that the princely visitor had gone back to his home in Kauai. It is needless

to say that from this moment the feast lost its savour, and the pleasurable anticipation of Kaumualii's sudden illness and mysterious death had to remain unfulfilled.

The only unhappy sequel of the incident was the discovery that the good intentions of the chiefs had been betrayed by Isaac Davis. It was no doubt in revenge for this that, shortly after, in April, 1810, this able and humane counsellor himself met the fate from which he had saved the hereditary ruler of Kauai.

XXXIII

DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE AND ITS EFFECTS

"Now I see
Peace to corrupt, no less than war to waste."

THE last years of Kamehameha's reign were years of great advance in trade with foreign nations. The king, as we have seen previously, had keen commercial instincts and was not slow to perceive the advantages his country might derive from the fostering of foreign trade.

Unfortunately, instead of developing the resources of his country, he, in many instances, exhausted them and obtained in exchange merchandise of somewhat doubtful value to the people, such as guns, ammunition, liquors, silks, and other luxuries from the Oriental world, for which, it may be surmised, he gave a good deal more than the real value.

The exhaustion of the national resources is illustrated by the sandalwood trade, which for fifteen or twenty years continued to be the staple export trade of the Hawaiian Islands.

Eighty or ninety years ago, the sandalwood tree (*Santalum ellipticum*), or *Iliahi*, as the natives called it, was common throughout the islands. It was a straight, handsome tree, from fifty to eighty feet high, and from two to three feet in diameter at

the base. Its hard, fragrant wood, increasing in fragrance with age, was known to the natives as *laauala,* and was the first article of commerce which attracted trade to the islands. The trade was with China, where an immense quantity of the wood was sold for use in the manufacture of incense, or to be carved into boxes and fancy articles. It was bought by the *picul* of a hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds, and the price varied from $8 to $10. Everywhere the people groaned under the labour tax which compelled them to spend their time in the forests and among the mountains cutting sandalwood. Even in the next reign the missionaries relate that they passed through villages almost depopulated, owing to the inhabitants being all away in the mountains for sandalwood. They had to search for the coveted timber, fell it, cut it into pieces eighteen inches in diameter and from six to eight feet long, and then, like so many packhorses, carry their loads down to the royal storehouses, where, in spite of the enormous quantities despatched to the Canton market, as much again was suffered to rot and decay. It was inevitable that with no attempt to replenish the forests from which the sandalwood was hewn that such wastefulness would in time bring about a cure not to the advantage of the royal revenues. After a time, when the evil fruit was almost mature, an attempt was made to prevent further deforestation by placing a *kapu* on the remaining trees, but matters had gone so far that the trade died a natural death, and has never been revived. Only a few trees, since Kamehameha's death, have appeared here and there in the forests.

There was, however, another trade which, unfortunately for the islands, seemed little likely to be self-exhausting, viz.—the liquor traffic, which more than anything else has ministered to the deterioration and demoralization of the native races of the Pacific and counteracted the efforts made for their civilizing and Christianizing.

Before the coming of the white man neither fermented nor distilled liquors were known to the Hawaiians. The only indulgence resembling that in spirituous liquors was the *awa*-drinking custom. *Awa* was made from an infusion of the roots of the *awa* plant (*Piper methysticum*), which is still extensively cultivated. It was first chewed and then placed in a large calabash of water, where it was allowed to remain for some time, and then strained. After this it was ready for drinking. But the consumption seems to have been almost more ceremonial than social, like the drinking of Soma in India, and was apparently confined to the chiefs and priests. The plant was of too slow a growth to be easily obtainable by the common people. It was also used medicinally to cure skin diseases and prevent corpulency. The difficulty of making it in any large quantity was sufficient to prevent its working extensive moral harm. The effect of drinking *awa*, moreover, was narcotic and stupifying, but not in the strict sense of the word intoxicating.

But the coming of the white man linked the Hawaiian not only with the blessings but also with the curses of civilization, and, as the weeds grow more luxuriantly than the flowers, so the curses naturalized themselves in the soil more rapidly than the blessings.

Before 1800, some Botany Bay convicts introduced into the islands the knowledge of distilling, and grateful posterity has recorded the name of one William Stevenson as the first practitioner of the art.

Professor Alexander gives the following account of the method employed:

"The root of the *ki* plant (*Cordyline terminalis*) was first baked for days in the ground, after which it became very sweet. It was then macerated in a canoe with water to ferment, and in five or six days was ready for distillation. The rude still was made of iron pots, procured from ships, with a gun-barrel used as a tube to conduct the vapour. The liquor obtained in this way was nearly pure alcohol."

It would appear that the natives had used the *ki* before to obtain a kind of beer, but this new knowledge of distillation had very dangerous consequences. A still became one of the most cherished possessions of every chief of consequence, and the fire-water was not long in gaining favour as an article of consumption. Moreover, the islanders were not dependent upon the home-brewed article for their supply, as the traders, eagerly watching for an opening for their nefarious trade, soon began the importation of large quantities of rum and gin. This latter was of a quality which earned in time the designation of "*sand-paper*" gin, a soubriquet which is self-explanatory.

It is not surprising that Kamehameha, open, even more than the other chiefs, to the influence of the foreigners, should have himself fallen under the spell of this baleful importation; and for a time, we

are told, the king drank to excess. It even seemed that the reign which, notwithstanding its dark blots, had attained a pitch of glory unprecedented in Hawaiian annals, was doomed to set in shame and contempt, and that the king who had conquered till no human enemy was left to conquer, was himself to be overcome by the "bottle-imp." Such had been the fate of the great Macedonian; such seemed likely to be the fate of the Napoleon of the Pacific.

But Kamehameha was now to reap the fruits of his sagacity in surrounding himself with wise counsellors, whose advice, untinged with flattery, he knew was like the oracles of the gods. It is to the everlasting credit of the white races that, though they produced sailors and merchants such as those who imported ruin into the Paradise of the Pacific, they also produced men like Young and Davis. It is also vastly to the credit of Kamehameha that in all his intercourse with white men he never failed to regard Young and Davis as the type of men whom he desired as the pillars of his throne. Davis, as we have seen, had perished a victim to the treachery of the chiefs, but Young remained, and it was John Young who now, in Kamehameha's hour of peril, came forward to convince him of the necessity of abandoning the use of the foreign liquors. It needed no small courage on the part of Young to interfere with the appetites of an autocrat and it was no easy task to convince an incipient dipsomaniac of the inclination of the plane upon which he was walking. But Young did not shirk his task and it is to the credit of Kamehameha that he did not resent the advice tendered. The king first of all consented

to restrict his allowance of grog to a small fixed quantity per diem, and later on, seeing the need of stronger measures, abandoned the use of intoxicants entirely, and became a noble example to his people in a time of terribly rapid demoralization. Not content with a merely negative use of his influence, he exerted his royal authority to abolish the manufacture of intoxicating liquor, and near the end of his life summoned a great assembly of the leading men of Hawaii at Kailua, at which the decree was promulgated forbidding all further manufacture and ordering the destruction of all existing stills.

Other events in the life of Hawaii's first monarch may strike the imagination more, but perhaps no other event in his long career displays so truly the greatness of the man, who, under tempting circumstances, in the evening of his days, after long toil and bloody conflict, refuses to acquiesce in ease, but remains strenuous to the last, fighting against the moral enemies of his country with all the zest and courage he had displayed in his conflicts with the great chiefs of Hawaii. Kamehameha the Great, pagan as he was, put to shame his Christian successors to the throne.

Liholiho, who came to the throne as Kamehameha II, though playing no small part in the introduction of Christianity, discarded, like another Rehoboam, the old counsellors of his father and spent his time in idleness and drunken revelry. Kamehameha III, with many noble traits of character, shared the vices of his predecessor, and for a time all laws were practically abrogated, except those against murder, theft and sedition, while dis-

tilleries and grog-shops multiplied on every side. The reign of Kamehameha IV began with bright hopes but ended in disappointment and sorrow, the great tragedy of the reign being the shooting by the king, while drunk, of his private secretary, Mr. Neilson.

So the introduction of the fire-water cast a shadow upon the throne from above and undermined it from beneath, and no small share of the influences which led ultimately to the downfall and destruction of the kingdom was directly the work of the abuse of liquor in the court of the ill-fated Kalakaua. Alas, that the white men who in many cases were his chosen counsellors had neither for their king nor for themselves the courageous spirit of John Young.

With the subsequent history of Hawaii in view, we can afford to regard the resistance of Kamehameha to the liquor trade, whether we consider him personally or as the ruler of his people, as a piece of moral heroism lighting up, as with a flash of sunlight, these barbarous and benighted times.[1]

[1] After the introduction of Christianity, a woman, personating the goddess Pele, declared to the missionaries that "not Pele, but the rum of the white men, whose gods you are so fond of," had destroyed more of the king's men than all the volcanoes in the islands.

XXXIV

KAMEHAMEHA'S LAST TOUR

"Willing nations knew their lawful lord."

THE king was now seventy-five years old and had well earned a period of repose, but so far from yielding to the calls of nature in this respect we find him in 1811 starting on a comprehensive tour throughout his dominions.

Leaving Honolulu on his own schooner, the *Keoua,* he intended to superintend in Hawaii the collection and exportation of the sandalwood from which he was deriving the bulk of his revenue. The journey, however, was interrupted by what might have proved a very serious accident. The fleet had hardly arrived off Lanai, when it was discovered that the *Keoua* had sprung a leak, and for a few moments it looked as though the king and his retinue were to end their career in the deep waters of the Maui channel. But they were saved from a watery grave by the bravery and skill of an Hawaiian sailor, Waipa by name, who plunged into the sea and, thanks to his expertness as a diver, succeeded in nailing a piece of canvas over the leak, so that it was possible for the ship to put back into port at Honolulu.

Here Captain Jonathan Windship once more came to the rescue and gave the king passage on

board his ship for Kealakekua Bay. It must have occurred to Kamehameha as he landed that times had greatly changed since the English navigator expiated with his life his discovery of the group. Now he, the king, was travelling in the white man's ship and using the white men as the tools of government. No longer were they gods in his eyes, but no longer were they foes and strangers. Nor was he to them any longer a savage and barbarian, but a king whose word they could trust and whose judgment they could respect.

After a stay of some days in Hawaii, the king sailed for Maui, where he stayed at his Brick Palace in Lahaina, superintending the collection of the taxes. From thence he went to Molokai to fulfill similar duties in that island. The wily old monarch evidently believed it necessary to see to his own tax-collecting, and we may be quite sure he allowed neither chiefs nor people to rob him of his dues.

At the same time he used his visit, not merely to receive benefit through the gathering of taxes, but to initiate measures which might conduce to the prosperity of the island and restore the resources which had been so ruinously wasted. The sandalwood trade had led to worse evils than deforestation. So many had been pressed into service for the finding and felling and transportation of the timber that there had been none left to cultivate the fields. Consequently, agriculture had completely ceased, and when the time came for the people to reap the harvest of the land, there had been nothing to reap. The gods, *Ku-pulupulu* and *Ku-moku-halii,* were invoked in vain. No food was forthcoming to be taken with the red fish in the sacred calabash to the tem-

ple of Lono; much less did any remain for the use of the people. A famine broke out and threatened serious consequences.

Of course, since prevention is better than cure, it had been better if Kamehameha had been wise beforehand and seen to it that the selfish policy of the sandalwood trade did not interfere with the essential industries of the nation. It must be confessed, however, that once he realized the state of things, he did his best to repair the mischief. Believing that the best way of giving advice is to set a good example, he set his retinue to work tilling the ground and himself took the "digger" in hand and laboured as vigorously as the youngest. The piece of ground at which he worked personally is still pointed out by the admiring inhabitants. It was a sight to extort admiration from men of any time, this stern old despot, *oo* in hand, surrounded by the proud nobility of Hawaii, digging and planting the ground which by their thoughtless policy they had permitted to lapse from cultivation. No wonder the people followed the king's example with a good heart and, thanks to that glorious climate, where seasons are almost unknown, the worst effects of famine were soon averted.

Nor did the king stop here. He was ready to confess that in his haste to get rich he had overreached himself, and at once promulgated a decree by which the young sandalwood trees became *kapu*. We may suppose, moreover, that this threatened extinction of the sandalwood called his attention to the need for intervention in another matter. To secure the yellow feathers used in the manufacture of the royal cloaks, large numbers of birds were every

year trapped and strangled. There was really no need to kill the birds, since it is said that only one feather was taken from each bird, but with true Hawaiian recklessness killing was the usual practice. Even in Kamehameha's day the result was observable in the gradual extinction of the species from which the feathers were obtained.

The king was now in a reforming mood, so he ordered that from henceforth the birds should be set free when the needed feathers had been plucked, that other plumes might grow in their stead. To any one acquainted with the Hawaiian character, it will occur that the man who could at all rise to the height of considering the future and of retrenchment in matters of this kind, has every reason to claim a very exceptional position among his fellow countrymen.

And exceptional Kamehameha was in other respects, for, old as he was, on August 11, 1813, he welcomed the news that his august spouse Keopuolani had borne him another son. This was Kauikeaouli, who came to the throne on the death of Liholiho, under the title of Kamehameha III. This happy event took place at Kailua.

XXXV

FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS

"For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healtnful and good husbandry:
Besides they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all."

THE last chapter of Kamehameha's life is occupied with resistance to foreign invasion. It was evident that, as foreign nations, or rather their representatives abroad, became acquainted with the exceptional advantages of Hawaii, the island kingdom would have more to fear from outside encroachments than from internal rebellion. It was probably the anticipation of this which led Kamehameha years before to consent to the English protectorate proposed by Vancouver. In the succeeding reigns the kingdom became the football and shuttlecock of several nations in turn, but Kamehameha himself was not to pass away without experience of the difficult task of defending his conquest from foreign greed. But he may fairly be said to have proved equal to the demands upon him and, had his successors done as well, the integrity of the realm might have been secure for many generations.

The nation from whom Kamehameha received attention too close to be pleasant in his last years was

Russia. Perhaps we should rather say that the nationality of those who troubled him was Russian, for the nation itself treated him, so far as appears, with perfect courtesy.

The real author of the trouble was Governor Baránoff, the Russian Governor of Alaska, who as early as 1809 appears to have the design of forming a commercial colony in the islands. He had inaugurated a similar scheme in California where, in defiance of the Spanish government, he planted a colony at Bodega Bay and fortified the post.

Two years later this colonially disposed Governor sent a ship called the *Attawelpa* to the islands on a sealing expedition. Kamehameha had developed with the sealers quite a trade in salt, as he possessed near Honolulu a small circular lake so impregnated with salt that as much as two or three hundred barrels of fine, hard, crystallized salt was obtainable *per annum*. This was sold to Russian vessels from Alaska and other points in Northwest America. Some of it went as far as Kamchatka and was used for curing seal-skins and fish. The *Attawelpa* was, however, wrecked at Waimea on the coast of Kauai, and the valuable cargo was left in the care of Kaumualii. It was fortunate for the owner that Kamehameha did not claim the wreck for himself, as he had done the preceding year in the case of John Jacob Astor's ship, the *Lark*, driven ashore at Kahoolawe. Baránoff, however, did not forget the cargo of the *Attawelpa*, and in 1815 sent Doctor Scheffer to procure its restoration. Scheffer landed first at Kailua, where Kamehameha was staying, and after a very friendly reception was sent on his way on board the *Millwood*. Arrived at Kauai, he

regained his property, erected a storehouse, and started business as a trader.

After this Russian ships began to make their appearance so often as to excite alarm. First came the *Discovery,* a Russian seal ship, with thirty Kodiak Indians on board, all of whom were left at Waimea with Scheffer. A little while after came the *Ilmen,* a brig, on the way from Mexico, for repairs, and about the same time there arrived at Honolulu the *Myrtle.* The ship, sent by Baránoff, landed a force of men at Honolulu, who built a block-house, mounted guns and hoisted the Russian flag. Kamehameha's suspicions had already been excited, and when he heard of this last hostile move, he sent a force under the command of Kalanimoku to watch, and if necessary, to oppose the invaders by force.

The Russians, however, did not wait for Kamehameha's warriors, but sailed for Kauai, where a fort and breastwork were erected at Waimea. Here Scheffer had for some time been intriguing to gain from Kaumualii possession of Kauai, offering, according to some, to lease the whole island for a number of years, or to obtain the valley of Hanalei. But Kamehameha was equal to this emergency also.

First of all, he ordered the construction of a strong fort in Honolulu, the position of which is marked by the present Fort Street. It was about a hundred yards square, and was built by Kalanimoku under the direction of John Young. It seems to have included the fort which the Russians had left unfinished. About sixty guns were mounted and others placed on the Punchbowl Hill, so that the city of Honolulu, which had now grown to be a town

of six or seven thousand inhabitants, was able to feel comparatively safe.

Having secured Honolulu, Kamehameha now sent orders to his vassal Kaumualii on Kauai, commanding the immediate expulsion of Doctor Scheffer. That gentleman, however, thinking discretion the better part of valour, at once gathered up his possessions and sought refuge on the brig. Then he sailed to Hanalei and thence to Honolulu, where the king's orders were again given for his departure. Once more Scheffer complied, and the Russians took their leave, only the *Myrtle,* an old and unseaworthy ship, returning to sink in the harbour.

Baránoff's attempt thus ended in complete failure, and it would appear that the Russian government in no way countenanced his schemes, for, when a Russian war-ship called soon after at the islands, the captain expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with Kamehameha's action.

Yet it took some time to allay the suspicions of the people with regard to the Russian designs. Towards the close of the year another Russian vessel, the *Rurick,* arrived and for a time great agitation prevailed as to the object of its coming. However, on the captain disowning sympathy with Scheffer, confidence returned, and a remarkable interchange of hospitality took place.

Kamehameha remitted all charges for pilotage and anchorage, had the *Rurick* towed into port by eight double canoes, and supplied the ship with an abundance of provisions. One little misunderstanding took place while the Russians were surveying the harbour, owing to the fact that the strangers set up little flags along the shore, but the common

sense of John Young came to the rescue, and when he substituted brooms for flags the people were appeased. Then the festivities were resumed and a grand mock fight was given in honour of Captain Kotzebue, at which sixty chiefs displayed their prowess in the hurling and catching of spears. There had been no fighting for a long time now, but Kamehameha seems to have kept his troops in a high state of efficiency and ready for any emergency. He had not arrived at the state of feeling which prompted Kalaimoku some years later, after a rebellion in Kauai, to dismiss the prisoners who were brought before him with a present of *spelling-books* and the injunction to go home and live in peace. Some years after the death of Kamehameha, Mr. Ellis entered the house of a chief named Miomio, and remarked upon the splendid way in which the spears and other warlike implements on the walls were kept. The chief replied that Kamehameha always required his warriors to keep their weapons bright and polished. It was a proof of his influence that this order appears to have been everywhere obeyed until obedience had become a habit.

Kotzebue departed from the islands on December 14, 1816, and on this occasion, for the first time, salutes were exchanged between the guns of the ship and those of the fort.

Kamehameha was rapidly winning recognition for his kingdom among the powers of Europe and America, and these last years were for the most part years of honourable peace and prosperity.

One untoward event, however, has to be recorded of this last two or three years. Kamehameha had purchased in 1816 a ship called the *Forester* from

Captain Piggott, and had changed its name to *Kaahumanu,* in honour of his favourite wife. In March of the next year he sent her, laden with sandalwood, on a voyage to Canton, expecting to receive a handsome return in Chinese goods. Instead of this, however, there was a loss of about $3,000. The vessel came back nearly empty, and in debt. Captain Adams explained that the Chinese government would not recognize the Hawaiian flag, that some of the money had been stolen, and so much demanded for pilotage and port dues that nothing remained to fit the vessel for sea. Hence the debt.

Kamehameha was naturally chagrined, but his character comes out well as he makes even his misfortune a source of profit. He reasoned that if port dues were so profitable in China, they might very well be so in Honolulu. So, instead of $40 for anchorage, he decided that from henceforth every vessel anchoring in the outer harbour should pay $60 and $80 for entering the basin, or inner harbour.

Thus making friends of adversity, the king continued his trading ventures undauntedly, and was not always so unlucky as with the *Kaahumanu.*

XXXVI

THE DEATH OF KAMEHAMEHA

"Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Yet he shall have a noble memory."

FOR seven years previous to his death Kamehameha had been living at his favourite Hawaiian residence, Kailua. This town, situated on the shores of a fine bay on the Kona coast, had at this time a considerable population. Some years afterwards, Mr. Ellis counted here 529 houses and estimated the number of inhabitants as nearly 3,000. Neat houses, shaded with cocoanut and *kou* trees, extended along the seashore, and the ground around was cultivated wherever possible, so that small gardens appeared among the barren rocks on which the houses were built and, wherever soil could be found in sufficiency, the sweet potato, watermelon and tobacco plant struggled for existence. The great drawback was the want of water, none being nearer than four or five miles, and that only in small pools. Consequently, one of the best presents Kamehameha could obtain from a passing ship was a cask of water, and most of the vessels accustomed to trade with Kailua were careful to remember this.

Here then Kamehameha spent the evening of his days, and of him it may truly be said, as of Moses, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Eighty-two years of age, he yet kept a keen and vigilant eye on every part of his dominions and upon every department of his government, sending orders day by day to almost every island of the group, and watching narrowly the execution of his decrees and the administration of his laws. He kept his *kiaimoku,* or police officials, busy, and as late as 1818 had three men executed at Kealakekua for petty violations of the *kapu.* He defended his severity by saying that in all his enterprises his success had been owing to the strict attention he had paid to the service and requirements of his god. So the altars smoked on the neighbouring hills, the priests of Kaili received their victims, and Kamehameha remained in some respects a barbarian to the last.

Unlike his successor, he saw in the *kapu* the moral bond which kept his throne and kingdom secure, and was determined not to relax his rule in matters relating to the ancient religious customs of the people.

Even in the cruel custom of infanticide he remained an ultra-conservative, and when John Young haled before him a man who had broken the back of his child across his knee in a fit of temper, the king refused to see any cause for interfering with the personal liberty of the subject.

It may appear strange that, with so many white men coming and going and around him, no gleam of Christian truth appears so far to have penetrated his dark old heart. But the white men he was accustomed to see around him were not very zealous

witnesses for their religion, nor, it must be confessed, very shining examples of its influence, and Kamehameha was allowed to die as he had lived, a heathen. Had he been permitted to live a year longer, he would have been able to welcome the first band of missionaries, but it is doubtful whether he would have viewed with much favour the effort to break down the power of the priests and the authority of the *kapu*.

It is said that in his retirement at Kailua he heard of the change which the new faith had made in Tahiti, and earnestly desired that teachers should visit his people, but in all probability his thoughts about Tahiti were mostly of a material and worldly character. The dream had once taken possession of him to conquer Tahiti and make himself Emperor of the Pacific, and he had even conducted negotiations with Pomare I with a view to marrying his daughter Kekauuohe to the king of Tahiti, and receiving the daughter of that monarch as a bride for his heir Liholiho. The marriage would probably have been ratified, had not Pomare died while Kamehameha was waiting for a ship to take Kekauuohe to Tahiti. So the scheme came to nothing, and the dream of conquest faded.

There were to be no more conquests for Kamehameha. He had come into the near presence of that grim enemy of man before whom all alike, kings and peasants, men of war and men of peace, have to yield their homage. It became gradually more evident to all around that the "*lonely one*" was nearing the close of his earthly career. No more would he poise his swift-darting spear upon the field of battle, or utter the war-cry which rose

triumphant above the din of the fiercest conflict. Warriors in the dim halls of Milu would feel the stir of his coming, and rouse themselves from their ghostly sleep. A couch is set for him in the midst of the slain, and the great company of the Hawaiian shades await in trepidation the coming of the last and greatest of them all.

Years before Kapihe, the priest of Kuahailo at Kalapaua, had prophesied that, when Kamehameha died, the god Kuahailo would take his spirit to the sky and accompany it to the earth again, and give it a body beautiful and young in which he could resume his rule over the island kingdom. Many people believed the prediction, as Romans of old believed in a *Nero redivivus,* but no one could deny at present that Death had sealed the monarch for his own.

The *kahunas* gathered round the prostrate giant and muttered incantations, but all proved useless. They desired to resort to the extreme means of offering human sacrifices to avert the hand of death, but a gleam of humanity lighted up the smileless countenance, and with melancholy resignation to the fact that his rule was over and that he was no more the king, he replied: "No; the men are *kapu* to the king." He referred to his son Liholiho, who, at the prospect of his father's death, had departed for Kohala, in order that he might remain unpolluted for the ceremonies which were before him. The story of these last moments is so well told in a narrative drawn up from the witnesses and published in the *Moolelo Hawaii* in 1838 that the quotation will be pardoned:

"The illness of Kamehameha became so great

that the native doctors could not cure him. Then said the priest, 'It is best to build a house for your god, that you may recover.' The chiefs, sustaining the advice of the priest, built a sacred house for his god Kukailimoku, and a *kapu* took place at evening. The people, apprehending that the priest and chiefs were urging Kamehameha to have men sacrificed to his god for his recovery, were seen to fly, through fear of death, and remained in their hiding places till the *tabu* was over. Probably the king did not assent to the proposition, but was heard to say, 'men are *tabu* for the king'—alluding to his son. After the worship, the king's disease increased, and he became helpless. When another *tabu* day arrived for the new temple, he said to Liholiho, 'Go to the worship of your god—I cannot go.' Then was ended his praying to his feather god, Kukailimoku (an image of Juggernaut-like form, made of network and feathers). But he assented to the proposition of another worshipper who, having a bird-god called Pua, said, 'The sick will be cured by it,' though the body of the god was the bird *alae,* that is eaten. Two houses were therefore erected; but while occupying them, he ceased to take food and became extremely weak. His wives, children and chiefs, perceiving this, after three days, conveyed him to his dwelling house. . . . In the evening the feeble king was borne from his sleeping house to the front house, and took a mouthful of *poi* and a little water. The chiefs asked him for his final charge; but he made not the least answer. He was lifted back to his sleeping house; and near midnight brought again to the front house, where he took another mouthful of food with water. Kaikio-

ewa then addressed him thus, 'Here are we all, your younger brethren, your king, and your foreigner; lay down for us your charge, that your king and sisters may hear.' Not fully comprehending, he with difficulty enquired, 'What do you ask?' The chief repeated, 'Your charge for us.' He made an effort and said, 'Proceed only according to my policy, until ——' not able to finish his sentence, he embraced the neck of the foreigner and drew him down for a kiss. Hoapili was another whom he embraced, and pulling him down, whispered in his ear, and was then carried back to his sleeping house. In an hour or two, he was borne again, partially, into the front house, while most of his body remained in his sleeping house. He was once more replaced; and about two o'clock (May 8th), 1819, he expired."

The greatest of the Hawaiians was no more. Well did the queen Kaahumanu express the fact when in reply to the suggestion of the chiefs that the body should be divided among them, she said: "The body belongs to the new king; our part, the breath, has gone."

It would be impossible to describe the consternation which followed. The death of the king was literally the abolition or the suspension of law. In other monarchies the cry is, "*Le roi est mort; Vive le roi!*" Not so in Hawaii. When the king died an interregnum followed, during which anarchy was let loose, and the people delighted to show in every possible way that they were beside themselves, avowedly, on account of grief.

During this period of license men became demons. Not content with the ordinary signs of mourning, such as cutting off the hair, knocking out the front

teeth, and tattooing the tongue, they threw off their clothing, burned one another's houses, clothes and property, took revenge for every remembered or imaginary wrong, and initiated a veritable reign of terror.

In many cases there was only too much legitimate cause for terror, for the people, as they fled to the mountains, knew that there would soon be prowling about the streets that awful functionary known as the *mu-ai-kanaka,* or the "man-eating *mu,*" on the lookout for human sacrifices to form Kamehameha's "companions in death."

Moreover, in the temples, the *kuni* sorcerers were at work, using their unhallowed rites to discover any who had been engaged in praying the king to death. Sitting round the *kuni-ahi,* or broiling-fire, the priests worked their charms, strangling a dog, decapitating a fowl, and placing the carcasses on the broiling-stones, praying meanwhile that the culprits might speedily sicken and die. Then the priest would sleep, and in his sleep, if his prayer had been strong, there would be revealed to him the guilty party or parties. It is needless to say that a priest often used his imagination or his private grudge to eke out the deficiencies of his inspired vision. Hence the terror of the people and, even in Christian times, we hear of the natives, as at the death of Keopuolani, taking refuge with the missionaries to protect their lives and property from these cruel abominations of paganism.

Meanwhile, the immediate entourage of the dead king was busy with the funeral rites. Even in recent years one has been made aware of the enormous amount of work involved in preparing for a royal

funeral in Hawaii, and although the ceremony of a hundred years ago was vastly different from that of to-day, it was not less but more hedged about with the details of a meticulous etiquette.

The corpse was first enveloped in wrappings of banana, taro, or palm leaves, and placed in a shallow trench. Over this a fire was kept burning to hasten decomposition, and for ten days prayers were repeated over the temporary grave. Then the body was disinterred and the flesh stripped from the bones. The latter were tied up in a bundle with cimet, and made into what was termed a *unihipili,* by being covered with *kapa* and red feathers. The deification of the bones was now complete, the sacrificial hog was offered, and the heir returned from his seclusion on the tenth day after his father's death.

But there still remained a very important part of the ceremony, namely, the disposal of the bones. This ceremony was known as *huna-kele,* and consisted in the concealment, by some intimate friend of the deceased, of the *unihipili.* Before death some trusty friend would be chosen for this office. "I do not wish my bones to be made into arrows to shoot mice with, or into fish-hooks," the chief would say, and his comrade would swear the vow of secrecy.

Strange methods were adopted to ensure this secrecy. In the case of Kualii, an Oahu chief of the seventeenth century, the *kahu,* or friend, chosen to perform the *huna-kele,* took the bundle and went off as every one supposed to hide it in a cave, or sink it in deep water. Instead of this, he ground the bones into fine powder, and mixed it in a calabash of *poi.* When the feast was over, the chiefs enquired

whether he had faithfully performed his duty for his dead friend. The *kahu,* with conscious pride, pointed to the stomachs of the chiefs and related how he had hidden his master's bones in a hundred living tombs.[1]

The bones of Liloa were sunk in the deep waters off Kekaha, in Hawaii, and at the death of Umi, his friend Koi secretly took away the body, leaving another in its place, and deposited the hero's bones, some say in the great Pali of Kahulaana, others say in a cave at Waipio at the top of the Pali over which the cascade of Hiilawe hurls its foaming waters. The bones of some were laid up in the sacred shrine of the temple of Honauaau, others rested in a cave at the head of the Iao Valley, others again found a fiery home in the crater of Kilauea, whither they were flung as an offering to Pele.

It may be supposed, therefore, in accordance with custom, that no little care would be taken to preserve inviolate the last resting place of Kamehameha.

And inviolate it has probably remained.

As soon as the king had breathed his last, Kalaimoku expressed the feeling of the chiefs that the occasion was exceptional by exclaiming, "This is my thought; we will eat him raw." This suggestion, however, was overruled, and it was determined to go on with the *huna-kele.*

The friend chosen for the last sad offices was, according to one account, Hoapili, according to another, Hoolulu, and what was done with the bones no man knows to this day. Mr. Ellis supposes that Liholiho may have carried a portion of them about

[1] Fornander, II, 283.

with him as an amulet, but it is generally believed that somewhere in a cave in the district of North Kona, perhaps among the hills behind Kailua, the remains of the first monarch of Hawaii found repose. In testimony to the truth of this belief, it is said that, soon after the death of Kamehameha, one of his most trusty friends was encountered by two natives as he was returning from the mountains. He stopped them and sternly enquired whether they had seen any one that day passing to the hills. They denied having seen any one, and the story goes that had they answered otherwise, the chief, who is called Hoolulu, would have slain them both.

Years afterwards, King Kalakaua tells us, when there was no longer any desire to conceal the bones of the dead, Kamehameha III, on a visit to Kailua, almost prevailed upon Hoolulu to unbosom himself of the secret. They started together for the hills for that purpose, but when Hoolulu saw others following beside the king, he turned back and the mystery remained undivulged.

During the reign of Kalakaua a singular attempt was made to discover the bones by resort to something resembling the ancient sorcery, including the employment of inspired swine. But the bones which were thus procured, though deposited with ceremony in the Royal Mausoleum, are not generally regarded as having any overwhelming claim to authenticity.

The mystery of the bones of Kamehameha remains, therefore, unsolved, and we need not be sorry that such is the case. As was said of Moses, when the great lawgiver was laid to rest in a valley of the

land of Moab, so it may be said of Kamehameha, sleeping his long sleep among the hills of Kailua,— "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

What advantage was it for Hawaii to possess the bones when she had lost the spirit? The Hawaii of the after-time with all its boasted advance into the full glare of civilization's light, could only "sweep heroic dust for hour-glass sand." It was in vain, with the blight of leprosy and other forms of death upon the race,—the terrible legacy of her contact with the civilized world,—for her graves to remain, to "implore her people to be strong and not afraid."

If Kamehameha inspires men now as when he lived, it must be mainly men of another race who will learn to claim him, a brother worthy of honour and renown. If he rule now, it must be over the half-legendary heroes of the past, not over their degenerate offspring of to-day.

Yet Kamehameha could not altogether die. There was something after all in the prophecy of Kapihi that he would come again and rule. Sometimes, in the silent night, some imaginative native may still see the *oio,* or spectral procession of Kamehameha and his warrior host. Many an one has been ready to swear to his appearance in the valley of Waipio, and instances are not wanting of men left dead in the ghostly track. Even as recently as 1887, the night before Princess Likelike passed away, the writer heard men declare that the long procession of kings and chiefs, headed by the giant spectre of the first Kamehameha, had been seen passing silently through the Nuuanu Valley.

It was indeed Kamehameha I who ruled long after his own death. He overshadowed all his prog-

eny, and was the real king till the sceptre dropped from the hands of his last successor. Alas, then there were no longer the same men around the throne!

Here is a story which is also the story of the race.

A man in the southern part of Kona retired to rest, but was transported in his sleep to the spirit world. Here he saw Kamehameha, who enquired of him as to the government of Hawaii, and of the welfare of Liholiho and his other children. He then requested the man to return to earth and take certain messages to Liholiho and to the chief Kuakini. If he fulfilled his embassy, he promised to show him special favour. If he failed the penalty would be death. The man returned home, told what he had seen, but, instead of setting out at once for Kailua, he stayed at home to dress a hog, and prepare provisions for the way. The food was prepared, but before the man could taste thereof, he was dead.

And Hawaii, for all the world like this man, with the commands of Kamehameha upon her heart, has chosen to dally and defer, to eat and to drink,—and to die.

Alas, the greatest child of the Pacific "*mai ka po mai*,"—"from chaos until now," the Alexander, the Cæsar, the Alfred of his race, has appealed in vain to his posterity! It is in the humble hope that he may still appeal to others, who have inherited the domain he won, and who, in spite of all difference of colour, are still his brothers in blood, that this memoir has been penned.

Glossary

Of principal Hawaiian terms used

Ahupuaa, a piece of land taxable one hog monthly.
Aku, a fish frequently subject to *kapu*.
Akua, a divinity.
Alii, a chief.
Anaana, a species of witchcraft, used to procure an enemy's death.
Anu, the place of an oracle in a temple.
Auhuhu, a narcotic plant (*Tephrosia piscatoria*), used to drug and catch fish.
Aumakua, a household divinity.
Auwalalua, a mythical sea-monster.
Auwe, the Hawaiian wailing.
Awa, an intoxicating drink brewed from the *Piper methysticum*.
Hale, a house.
Hale mua, the apartment of the men.
Hale noa, the apartment of the women.
Haole, a white man.
Heiau, a temple.
Hokeo, a calabash trunk, carried by the chiefs.
Holua, a game resembling a toboggan slide.
Hunakele, the ceremony of concealing the bones of a dead chief.
Ieie, an Hawaiian creeper, the *Freycinetia Arnotti*.
Ili, a small taxable division of land.
Iliahi, the sandal-wood tree, *Santalum ellipticum*.
Imu loa, the great oven, used for human sacrifices.
Iwipolena, a beautiful scarlet bird, prized for its feathers.
Kahiki, "the old country," *i. e.*, Tahiti.
Kahili, a feather standard, the insignia of a chief.
Kahu, a guardian, nurse, keeper.
Kahuna, a priest.
Kanaka, a man ; pl. *Kānaka*.
Kapa, cloth made from the *wauke*, or paper mulberry.

Kapu, or tabu, a restriction placed upon places, things, persons, and days.

Kaua, war.

Kauila, an Hawaiian wood, *Alphitonia ponderosa*.

Ki, or Ti, *Cordyline terminalis*, a plant from the root of which a beer is brewed and a spirit distilled.

Kilokilo, a species of diviners.

Lama, an Hawaiian tree, *Maba Sandwicensis*, the seeds of which are eaten by the natives.

Lani, the heavens, a word incorporated into many royal names.

Lehua, the first slain in battle, offered as a sacrifice.

Lei, a wreath or garland.

Lele, the altar in a temple.

Lio, a horse.

Lomilomi, an Hawaiian form of massage.

Luau, a native feast.

Lunapai, the herald sent to summon warriors to battle.

Mai okuu, a disease, probably cholera.

Maile, a fragrant shrub, *Alyxia olivaeformis*, much used for *leis*.

Malo, a loin cloth.

Mele, an Hawaiian song, or saga.

Moi, a king.

Moku, a district comprising an entire island.

Mokumoku, a form of boxing.

Mu-ai-kanaka, "the man-eating *mu*," a priest who chooses human victims for the sacrifice.

Noni, a native tree, *Morinda citrifolia*.

Ohia, a native forest tree, *Eugenia Malaccensis*.

Oio, a spectral procession of the chiefs.

Okana, a division of land made for purposes of taxation.

Okolehao, a spirit distilled from the *ki* plant.

Oo, an Hawaiian hoe.

Opelu, a fish frequently put under *kapu*.

Pahe, a game played with darts.

Pahoa, a dagger.

Pahoehoe, a sheet of hardened lava.

Palaoa, an ornament of bone or ivory, insignia of the chiefs.

Pali, a precipitous cliff.

Papa-he-nalu, the "wave-sliding" or surf-board.

Pau, a long, flowing garment worn by women on horseback.

Pea, a cross or sign placed at the entrance of a city of refuge.

Peleleu, a war-canoe.
Pilipili, headlong.
Polulu, a long spear.
Puloulou, the *kapu* stick, sign of a tabu.
Puhenehene, an Hawaiian game.
Puuhonua, a city of refuge.
Uki, an Hawaiian herb, *Dianella odorata*.
Ulua, a fish used in the sacrifices.
Unihipili, a bundle made from the bones of a dead chief.
Wahine, a woman.
Wai, water.
Wauke, the paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*), from which the kapa is made.

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